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Holiday Anniversary Issue

WE INTERVIEW THE AMAZING ROBIN WILLIAMS

20 QUESTIONS WITH THE UNLIKELY STUD-MAN OF THE DECADE, WOODY HARRELSON

PLUS: CRAIG VETTER ON RELIGION AND SEX, GARRY WILLS ON COLUMBUS, JOE BOB BRIGGS ON ARNOLD, ARTHUR C. CLARKE ON THE TALK OF THE FUTURE

IT DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS!

PLAYBOY PRESENTS

THE SWEDISH BIKINI TEAM

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE NINETIES! A SPECIAL REPORT ON THE "GET REAL" DECADE

THE HIGHLIGHTS OF A PRODIGIOUS YEAR IN SEX A FABULOUS PLAYMATE REVIEW

COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

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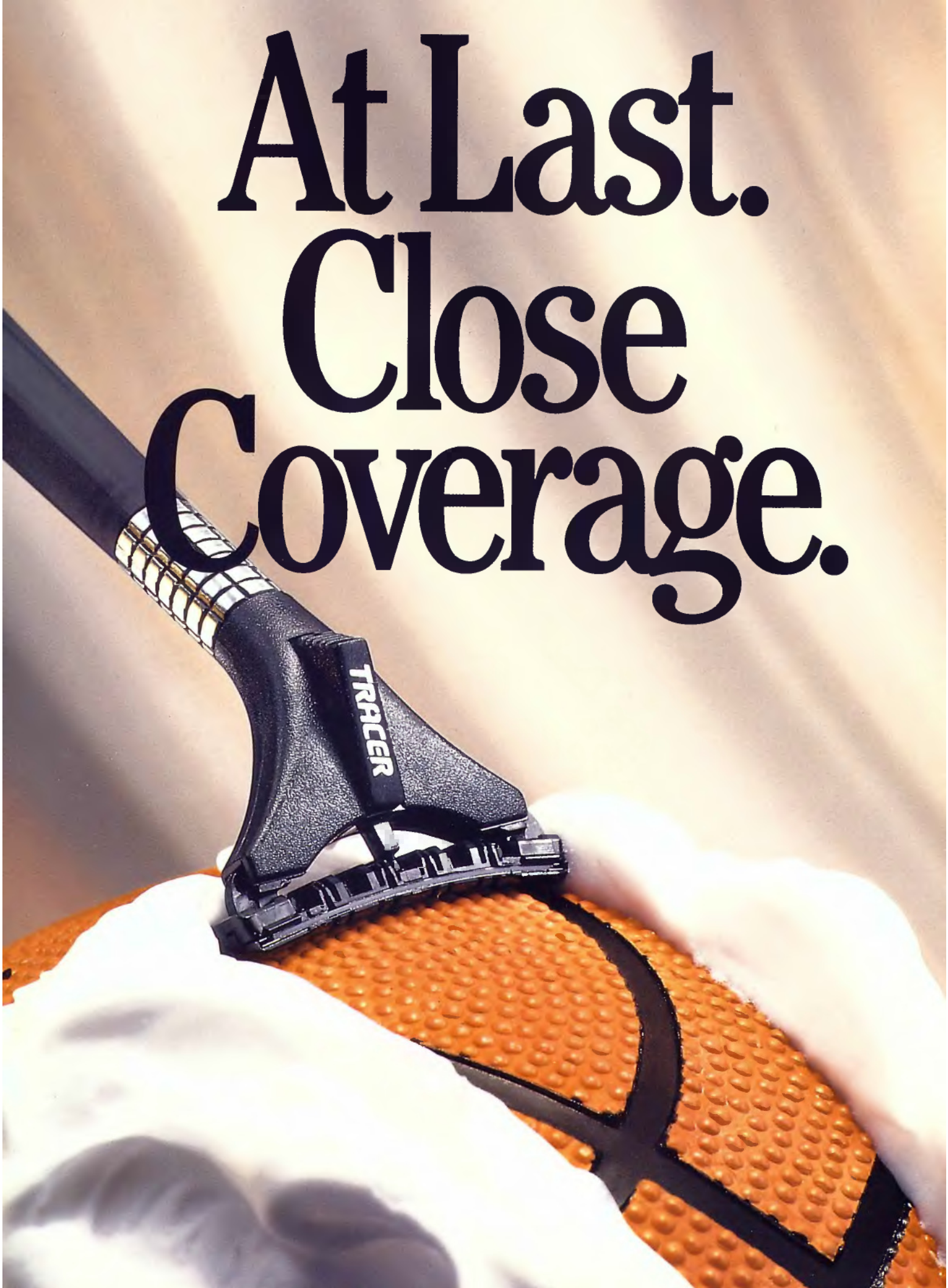

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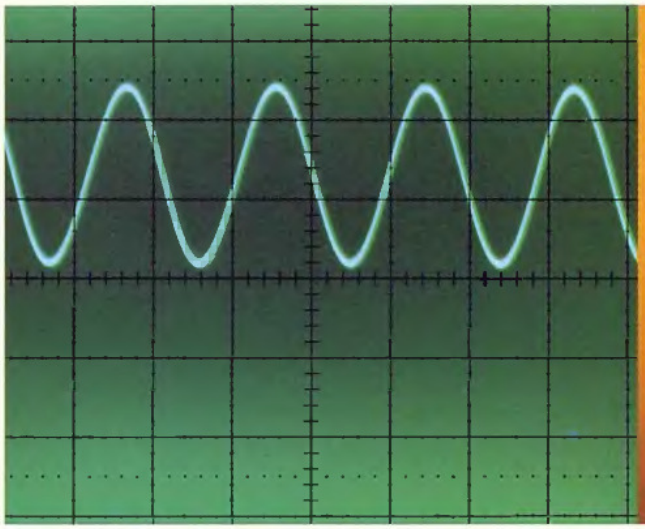

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their means of pursuing it. Out of this pursuit comes a new series of Elite components.

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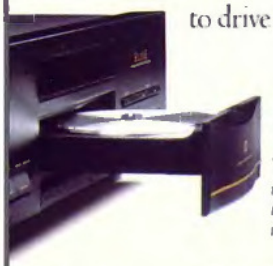

The Elite stable platter is the most significant innovation in CD players since their introduction.

As with all Elite systems, detail is everything. Gold-plated terminals minimize signal loss. Complementary player, Dolby S, its performance is further enhanced by Super Auto BLE. BLE analyzes each tape before recording, optimizing its bias, level, and equalization.

One of the most significant audio innovations in many years is incorporated in the Elite PD-41 CD Player. It's called the stable platter. By providing a rock-steady platform for a CD disc, it improves the quality of the sound dramatically. Creating what one critic calls "a new standard of CD players."

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PLAYBILL

OUR SUGGESTIONS FOR a happy New Year? A couple cups of kindness, another log on the fire and the January issue of *Playboy*. We've got it all—the thrills, the stars, some fact, some fiction and 1992's college basketball preview—all in one place. When we interviewed **Robin Williams** in the early Eighties, he was a wild man—funny, inventive and out of control. The Robin Williams Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** found this time has lost none of his creative edge, but his humor is richer and deeper. You can see it in this month's *Playboy Interview* and in such movies as *The Fisher King* and the Christmas blockbuster *Hook*. We also have the goods on two other pop giants: *Whatever You Say, Arnold*, a tribute to **Arnold Schwarzenegger** by America's king of drive-in culture, **Joe Bob Briggs,** and **Lewis Grossberger's** *Madonna, Inc.: The Annual Report*, a bottom-line look at the Material Girl's assets. P.S.: The figures are real.

It's the Nineties now, and aside from denouncing the Eighties, what's left to say? A lot. Best start with our survival pack, *Wake Up and Smell the Nineties* (introduced by **Joe Queenan**). It contains everything you need to navigate this tricky decade, from how not to put your foot in your mouth (*Navigating the Nineties: A P.C. Survival Guide*, by **Peter N. Nelson**) to what happens if you do (*The Politics of Everything*, by **Roger Simon**). We even tell you whom to invite for dinner.

On a more serious note, we went to three experts to examine our past, present and future. Social historian **Garry Wills** tackles the 500th anniversary of the discovery of the New World. Columbus a hero? A lot of folks wish he'd stayed in Spain, as you'll see in *Columbus, Go Home*, illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft.** *The Serpent in the Chapel* (illustrated by **Amy Crehore**) pits writer **Craig Vetter** against the conservative elements in American churches who can't seem to reconcile religion with sex. Vetter, who was educated by the Jesuits, talks about both wanting sex and fearing it. Finally, our favorite seer, **Arthur C. Clarke,** shares with us (from his forthcoming Bantam book) *Reach Out & Teleport Someone*, about telecommunications to come.

Rounding out this month's nonfiction are a very funny **Woody Harrelson** *20 Questions* (by Contributing Editor **David Rensin**), **Robert Wieder's** *Resolutions of the Rich and Famous* (they're too busy to make their own, so we did it for them), **Robert Scheer's** provocative *Reporter's Notebook* on the legitimacy of being illegitimate and **Gary Cole's** uncannily accurate *Playboy's College Basketball Preview* (complete with the Playboy All-America team, photographed by **Marc Hauser**). Cole picks Indiana to take it all. But, he says, Duke's **Blue Devils,** the defending champs, are serious contenders.

Robert Silverberg's story, *It Comes and Goes*, is about a recovering addict and a beckoning beauty—or is he only imagining her welcoming wave? The illustration is by **Martin Hoffman.** In *The Second Bakery Attack*, by Japan's hot young novelist **Haruki Murakami,** newlyweds awakened by extreme hunger discover unsettling things about his past and their future.

What else is on tap for your January enjoyment? *The Year in Sex*, the annual feature for which our indefatigable sex team collects 12 months' worth of news—both silly and serious. You say you didn't know we had a sex team? Senior Editor **Gretchen Edgren,** Senior Art Director **Bruce Hansen** and Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet** deserve your cheers. Thank Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag,** too, for training his camera on *The Swedish Bikini Team* (for a more personal jump-start, call the team hotline). Now's the time to revisit a year's worth of centerfolds in *Playboy's Playmate Review*; we're providing a 900 number so you can support your favorite lady. And to get an edge on the competition for 1993, welcome Playmate **Suzi Simpson** to the first issue of the new year. Pass the champagne.

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GROSSBERGER

NELSON

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CRAFT

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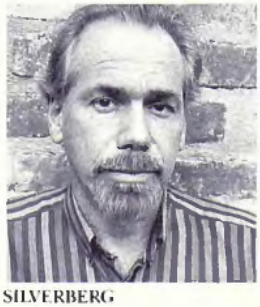
SILVERBERG

HOFFMAN

WIEDER

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PLAYBOY

vol. 39, no. 1—january 1992

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COVER STORY

Meet the five buxom blondes of the Swedish Bikini Team, who are making Old Milwaukee famous. Are these Scandinavian sirens sent from heaven or Stockholm? Does it get any better than this? Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Francesca Passeri and shot by Contributing Photogropher Arny Freytag. Thanks to stylist Tracy Cianflone for hair and make-up. The Robbit quips: "I love a Swedish smorgasbord."

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A BLOW FOR FREEDOM

I found Lawrence Block's short story *A Blow for Freedom* (*Playboy*, October) thought-provoking. Is Block's protagonist, Elliott, a bad person because he carries a handgun illegally and lets his aggression go unchecked, or is he justified because he wants to do only what we all should be able to do—take walks in our neighborhoods without being afraid?

Block's story points to an unfortunate fact. We have, at least in urban areas with high crime rates, become a society of cave dwellers. The sun goes down and we hide in our homes, locking every door and window. We don't trust strangers.

For Elliott, it's a matter of personal protection that becomes an obsession rather than a solution. For myself, the story lets me know that I'm not the only person who has thought a handgun might solve part of my personal- and family-security problems.

Mark R. Williams
Van Nuys, California

CAMILLE PAGLIA

Thank you for Warren Kalbacker's *20 Questions* with professor and author Camille Paglia in your October issue. When I read her book *Sexual Personae*, it proved to be a heady and invigorating breath of fresh air. Over the past 20 years, many of us have grown tired of the pedestrian, party-line clichés that suffocate most discourses on gender and sexuality. Paglia's insightful views deserve to be widely read.

Larry Larson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

In his *Whiz-Bang* collection of humor in the Twenties, Captain Billy said, "A sailor should have no objection to a girl who smells like fish." Camille Paglia says, "There's an ancient analogy between the smell of marine life and the female genitals." I like the way she says it better. Nothing can compare with a plate of cherry-stone clams at the beginning of a gourmet feast—hold the lemon. Paglia may be the first woman to crack the hard shell of puritanism. I'm going out to buy a copy of *Sexual Personae*.

Harvey E. Roenicke
Seabrook, Maryland

Camille Paglia is representative of so many men and women of her generation who are blessed with a superior intellect and a mind so hard and disciplined that it holds no tolerance for error. In her, I see what I call a "walking computer chip disguised as a human being," totally programmed for high-speed responses on a single frequency. There is one factor missing in Paglia. She has no soul.

Jerald Miller Seff
Denver, Colorado

ROBERT MAXWELL

Congratulations to Contributing Editor David Sheff for taking on a difficult job in conducting the October *Playboy Interview* with British publishing magnate Robert Maxwell, the new owner of the New York *Daily News*.

But your statement in the introduction that the newspaper had "a circulation of more than 1,000,000" is putting it mildly. The *Daily News* once sold more than 2,500,000 copies every day.

Shame, shame, shame on the Tribune Company for allowing such a great franchise to dwindle to the verge of oblivion.

Can Maxwell resuscitate the ailing *Daily News*? Only time will tell.

Thomas D. Bratter
Los Angeles, California

G STRINGS AND THE LAW

Hooray for Robert Scheer's *Reporter's Notebook* "No G Strings Attached" (*Playboy*, October). It's good to know that someone in the media sees the Rehnquist Supreme Court's ruling for what it is.

I agree with Scheer but have another question of law: Is it not sexual discrimination to ban the female nipple and not

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the male nipple from public view? Are women in this society supposed to be unable to be visually stimulated by male nipples? I'm one woman who certainly can be turned on by a beautifully formed male chest.

J. M. Cating
Newmarket, New Hampshire

Somewhere in his determined diatribe against the need for G strings on nude dancers, Robert Scheer has overlooked an essential point. The main function of the G string is as a repository of cash tips.

Linda S. Emery
Pullman, Washington

Finally, an opinion column by Robert Scheer with which I can agree. Seduced by Reagan's economic philosophy, I never bothered to wonder where Government would *go* once it was off my back. The answer is "in my bedroom."

Gary H. Stewart
Houston, Texas

CHERYL BACHMAN

I would like to thank the mother and sister of Playmate Cheryl Bachman (*Coming of Age*, *Playboy*, October), who "encouraged the pretty baby of the family to get out and make something of her life." This advice benefited not only her but also all of us who are captivated by her stunning beauty.

Steven Donald
Oak Brook, Illinois

Cheryl Bachman is not only one of the best-looking girls ever to grace your pages, she is also one of the few to admit (on her Data Sheet) that she enjoys sex! Thanks, Cheryl, for your honesty.

Brian Phillips
Kingsport, Tennessee

GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN

Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey are to be congratulated for rendering each beauty in *Girls of the Big Ten* (*Playboy*, October) so flawlessly. Or is it that the flawlessly beautiful Big Ten girls made Chan and Mecey's work look good?

Whichever the case, this pictorial is total viewing pleasure. What would really be breath-taking would be to see Ohio State's Kimberly Paul as Playmate of the Month.

Douglas L. McRae
Vernon Hills, Illinois

A LUCKY WINNER

Imagine, my first trip to California and I attend a pajama party at Playboy Mansion West. I was the proud winner of the *Women of the Women's Colleges* sweepstakes (*Playboy*, April 1991). I attended the Midsummer Night's Dream party at Playboy Mansion West and had the privilege of meeting several Playmates, all of whom are as beautiful as they appear in your magazine. Everyone I met was nice—*extremely* nice. I would like to thank *Playboy* for such a terrific sweepstakes. I'd also like to thank Denise Chiocci and all the folks at *Playboy* who made the party and my tour of the West Coast studio possible. Thank you!

Anthony Zakolski
Dearborn, Michigan

TAI COLLINS

After reading the text accompanying the pictorial *The Governor and the Beauty* (*Playboy*, October) and reviewing the photos of the lovely Tai Collins, I can only say that I hope Senator Charles Robb has designs on the White House.

In elections, I carefully evaluate all the issues and qualifications of the candidates and then vote for the one who has been linked with the best-looking woman. Collins has my vote for Cover Girl of

the Century, and thus Senator Robb, should he decide to run for President, has my support.

Jon S. Denzin
Palmyra, Wisconsin

Tai Collins: Wow! She makes me wish I'd been governor of Virginia. And if Charles Robb can convince the public that he pursued this incredibly beautiful woman just to get a massage, he is the greatest politician of all time.

Myron Harrod
Lexington, Kentucky

If Chuck Robb expects the people of this country (particularly heterosexual males) to believe he was in bed with Tai Collins and stopped at getting a massage, he must be a master of will power. After viewing Collins—what a beautiful woman!—I think he has grossly underestimated the intelligence of his constituents.

Tom Rule
Plainfield, Indiana

After seeing the photo spread on Tai Collins and hearing Senator Robb's explanation that he only got a massage, I'm left with the conclusion that Robb is either a fool for putting himself in that position or more of a fool for not taking advantage of the situation.

Andy Richter
Brooklyn, New York

RUDE BOYS

I found the article *Rude Boys*, by T. J. English, in your October issue extremely informative. I had heard about Jamaican gangs but had no idea of the extent of their growth and power in New York. Since the article was billed as first in a series on The New Mob, I look forward to the next installment. I'd like to know what other cities the Jamaican gangs have penetrated and whether they're operating in Los Angeles. After all, it seems we've got gangs of every other nationality.

Todd Schliewen
West Hills, California

T. J. English's *Rude Boys* will hit a raw nerve with those who excuse blacks' role in the drug trade. Such apologists often point out that blacks don't own the boats and airplanes that bring illegal drugs into the U.S., but that doesn't negate the complicity of smalltime entrepreneurs who, without conscience, sell addiction and death for profit, resulting in slavery and genocide for fellow blacks.

Now it becomes evident that blacks, albeit Jamaicans rather than Americans, do indeed have high-profile positions in the deadly drug trade.

But whether it's the dreadlocked Rastafarian, the teenaged street dealer or the corporate WASP in a high-rise office, all are equally guilty. Ditto for the Mafia men, Colombian exporters or Yuppies needing quick cash to purchase a new BMW or condo. A pox on them all.

Samuel I. Tesch
Vallejo, California

EXTRA HOT, EXTRA GOOD

In your August article *Great Bowls of Fire*, by John Oldcastle, the author reviewed a number of hot-pepper sauces, including Melinda's Original Habanero Pepper Sauce (XXXTRA Hot).

While we were flattered by the inclusion of Melinda's, we were also somewhat disappointed by the description. Our sauce is neither thin nor translucent. Frankly, we are perplexed as to what pepper sauce Oldcastle sampled.

Other publications have described Melinda's as a thick, vegetable-based pepper sauce that is more flavorful than common vinegar-based pepper sauces.

We appreciate the opportunity to set the record straight.

R. Michael Rood
Vice-president, Operations
Melinda's Gourmet Food Products, Inc.
New Orleans, Louisiana

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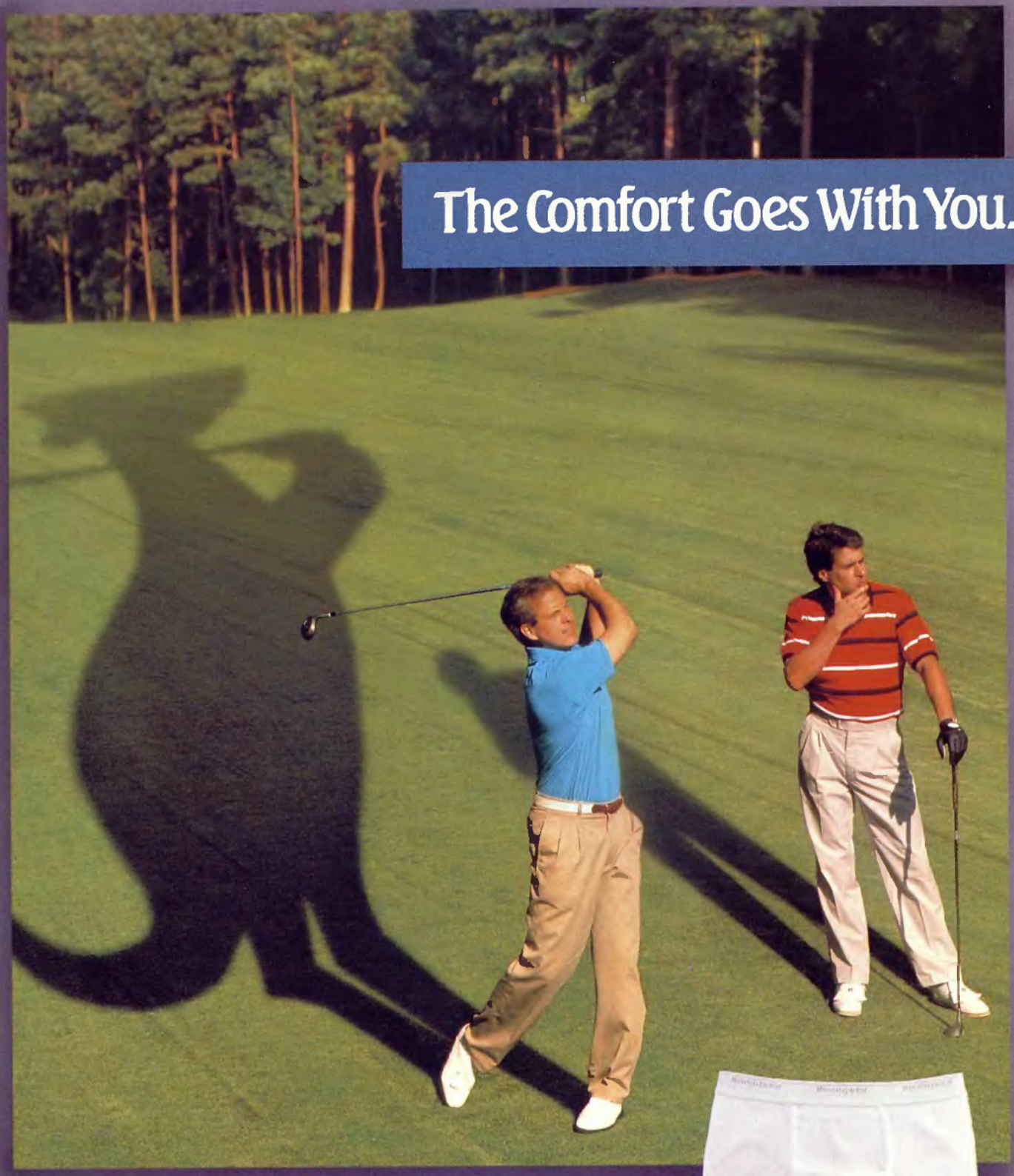

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

GOING ONCE, GOING TWICE

Dead French painters aren't the only ones making impressions at auctions. Rock-and-roll memorabilia first rocked the block in 1981 and still sell for outrageous prices. Jimi Hendrix' handwritten lyrics for *Room Full of Mirrors*, for example, recently fetched $35,200; and the haul for Buddy Holly's acoustic guitar was $242,000.

Blame it on Yoko Ono, who electrified the collectibles market in 1984 when she consigned to Sotheby's—the chicest of flea markets—jewelry, furniture, musical instruments and John Lennon's old station wagon. According to Dana Hawkes, head of collectibles at Sotheby's in New York, the auction house's yearly take for rockers' hand-me-downs is approximately $500,000. Initially, buyers were part of a fan market, driven by their mania for individual performers. The more memorable collectibles to trade hands have included Holly's black-rimmed glasses and Hendrix' LOVE belt. For Beatlemaniacs, Christie's—Sotheby's archrival—plans to bring down the gavel on one of George Harrison's socks, a cigarette butt retrieved from his car and a fossilized morsel of toast from a breakfast he ate sometime in 1963.

These days, fans must outbid big guns for the great goods. Hard Rock Cafe acquisitions guru Steve Routhier has nabbed over 10,000 items for the tony eateries: guitars played by Lennon, Hendrix and Stevie Ray Vaughn; handwritten lyrics to tunes by Jim Morrison; Prince's high-heeled boots; and a black-and-gold bustier once owned by Madonna. Speaking of whom, both Hawkes and Routhier say the blonde goddess will be the big seller of the future. Which leaves us wondering what sort of skintight collectibles are now gathering dust and value between the sofa cushions of Sean Penn, Sandra Bernhard and Warren Beatty.

THE NEXT 12-STEP PROGRAM

While George Bush lay in bed recovering from his thyroid thing, photogs caught him playing with his favorite toy thing: Game Boy, a hand-held, multigame video entertainment system from Nintendo. He wasn't the first to regress. On the rails in and around Boston, some gray-flanneled execs have been choosing Game Boy over the *Globe* to ease the morning commute.

Most surprised by adult America's latest obsession is Nintendo itself, which claims that 41 percent of Game Boy users are over the age of 18—and almost half of them play every day. "We hadn't expected this," said product analyst Howard Phillips. "Suddenly, adults are going crazy." The Walkman-sized object of desire has a two-inch LCD screen, three buttons to control game action and two others to select options. It accommodates accessories—such as the Light Boy screen enlarger—and interchangeable game cartridges. The game of choice among the suit set is Tetris. (We warned you about Tetris in our June 1991 issue.) As variously shaped blocks descend from the top of the screen, players must arrange them in even, horizontal lines. Sounds benign, but Tetris is notoriously addictive. "I bought this for my kids as a Christmas present and got hooked instantly," confided an anonymous Boston businessman. Nintendo plans to set the hook firmly with such new games as Hatris, Chessmaster and Super Scrabble. Now, if they could only develop a cartridge for George Bush: Domestic Policy.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

EMERGENCY ETIQUETTE TIPS

Last month, we gave you some Christmas dos and don'ts in our *Guide to Holiday Deportment*. As a member of the slam-dance generation, cub reporter Shane Dubow thought there were glaring omissions. He starts with the bird:

- When carving the turkey, it is impolite to steady it under your arm.
- Don't drink from the baster.
- If you must gnaw from the bone, maintain eye contact with your host so as not to seem self-absorbed.

When overcome by the desire to play footsie under the family dinner table, remember to:

- Remove your skis.
- Be careful to put your feet in the right person's lap.
- Wear five little rubbers.

To work off that overstuffed feeling, try sledding—but remember these simple rules:

- Use fat relatives for air bags.
- Send little Joey down first to make sure the pond is frozen.
- Offer to lie on the bottom of the sled so that women can sit on top of you.

When non-Christian friends come to help decorate your Christmas tree:

- Pretend there's a right way to do it and constantly rehang their ornaments.
- Tell them that untangling the strings of lights is a coveted Christmas task.

When ancient relatives sleep over, junior family members are often booted from bed onto the couch. Here's how to get back:

- Watch MTV all night and, in the morning, speak only in rap lyrics.
- Throw the cat at their stockings.
- Unscrew one light on the tree and watch Uncle Al look for the problem.

If you make love with your girlfriend

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"It would take me three weeks to wash the windows in this place."—LUBOS DOBROVSKY, DEFENSE MINISTER OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA AND FORMER WINDOW WASHER, REFERRING TO THE PENTAGON

PAJAMA GAME

According to Host Apparel, the country's largest maker of men's sleepwear, the percentage of increase in sales of men's pajamas from 1989 to 1990: 11.

•

Percentage of men's sleepwear that is purchased by women: 80 to 85.

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Percentage of all men's pajamas sold that are of a conventional style (long pants and sleeves), 56; that are of a conventional style with a designer label, 20; that are nightshirts, ten.

•

Number of pajamas of the same style currently owned by Hugh Hefner: 85 pairs, all silk, in 16 colors.

LOSING IT

Percentage of men in a 1989 survey by the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction who believe that the typical American first has sexual intercourse by the age of 13, 21; by the age of 14 or 15, 40; by the age of 16 or 17, 25; by the age of 18 or over, seven.

•

In the same survey, percentage of women who believe Americans first have sexual intercourse by the age of 13, 29; by the age of 14 or 15, 33; by the age of 16 or 17, 24; by the age of 18 or over, eight.

DESERT DUDS

Percentage of Americans who, according to a survey by Bruskin Associates taken at the height of Desert Storm, believed that the President of the United States should wear a uniform: six.

JOHN ZIMMERMAN

FACT OF THE MONTH

Swimming to England: The width of the English Channel from Calais to Dover is equivalent to 680 laps in an Olympic swimming pool.

CHEERS!

Average weekly beer consumption per person since English law was changed to allow pubs to stay open all day, 4.5 pints; the amount consumed when pubs were closed between 3:00 and 5:30 P.M., 4.5 pints.

HIGH COST OF LIVING HIGH

According to the 1990 Moët Luxury Index, the cost of a Rolls-Royce Corniche III convertible, $226,700, represents a five percent increase over the price in 1989; the cost of a man's Rolex Oyster Perpetual Day-Date Watch with President Bracelet, $13,750, up 17.5 percent; the cost of a New York–to–Paris round-trip ticket on an Air France Concorde, $5840, up ten percent; the cost of a 750-milliliter bottle of Hennessy X.O. cognac, $90.65, up four percent; the cost of a 750 milliliter bottle of Cuvée Dom Pérignon champagne, $79, up four percent; the cost of 30 grams of Petrossian beluga caviar, $69.50, up 15.8 percent; the cost of one pound of Teuscher imported chocolate truffles, $40, up 11 percent.

•

The average cost of a dinner for one, including beverage, at The Hilltop Steak House in Saugus, Massachusetts, the highest-grossing restaurant in the United States, $10; at the Tavern on the Green in New York (ranked second), $45; at the Rainbow Room in New York (ranked third), $100. —BETTY SCHAAL

while staying at your parents' house:

- Bring your own sex toys.
- Put the dog out.
- Avoid reading Freud.

Finally, there are fun things to do while sweeping snow from the stoop:

- Air guitar.
- Air *ninja* with a fighting staff.
- Shoo away UNICEF collectors.
- Pat the mailman on the fanny.

•

Curb Records is issuing a collection of audio outtakes from Liberace's Fifties TV shows titled *Liberace: The Golden Age of Television*. The record company assures us that hits included in the package—such as *Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White* and *The Darktown Strutters' Ball*—are laced with the maestro's rococo piano stylings and "capture Liberace's charm and virtuosity [and] his warm, intimate way with his TV audience." Can there be a down side? Yes. The album is subtitled "Volume I."

BRATWORST

We got our hands on *A Piece of My Mind*, an unpublished manuscript of poetry by Charlie Sheen that will certainly speak to today's Beat Generation. The cover—with a drawing of a bloody patch of scalp dangling by a thread—sets the tone for the cerebral stuff within. Consider this, from the poem *A Goat in My Ass*, which captures Sheen at his most whimsical:

There's a goat in my ass,
Living mainly on grass.
They say the creature was stolen,
Yet he feeds on my colon.

Many universities have established a chair in poetry for outstanding writers. Perhaps Charlie can be given a stool.

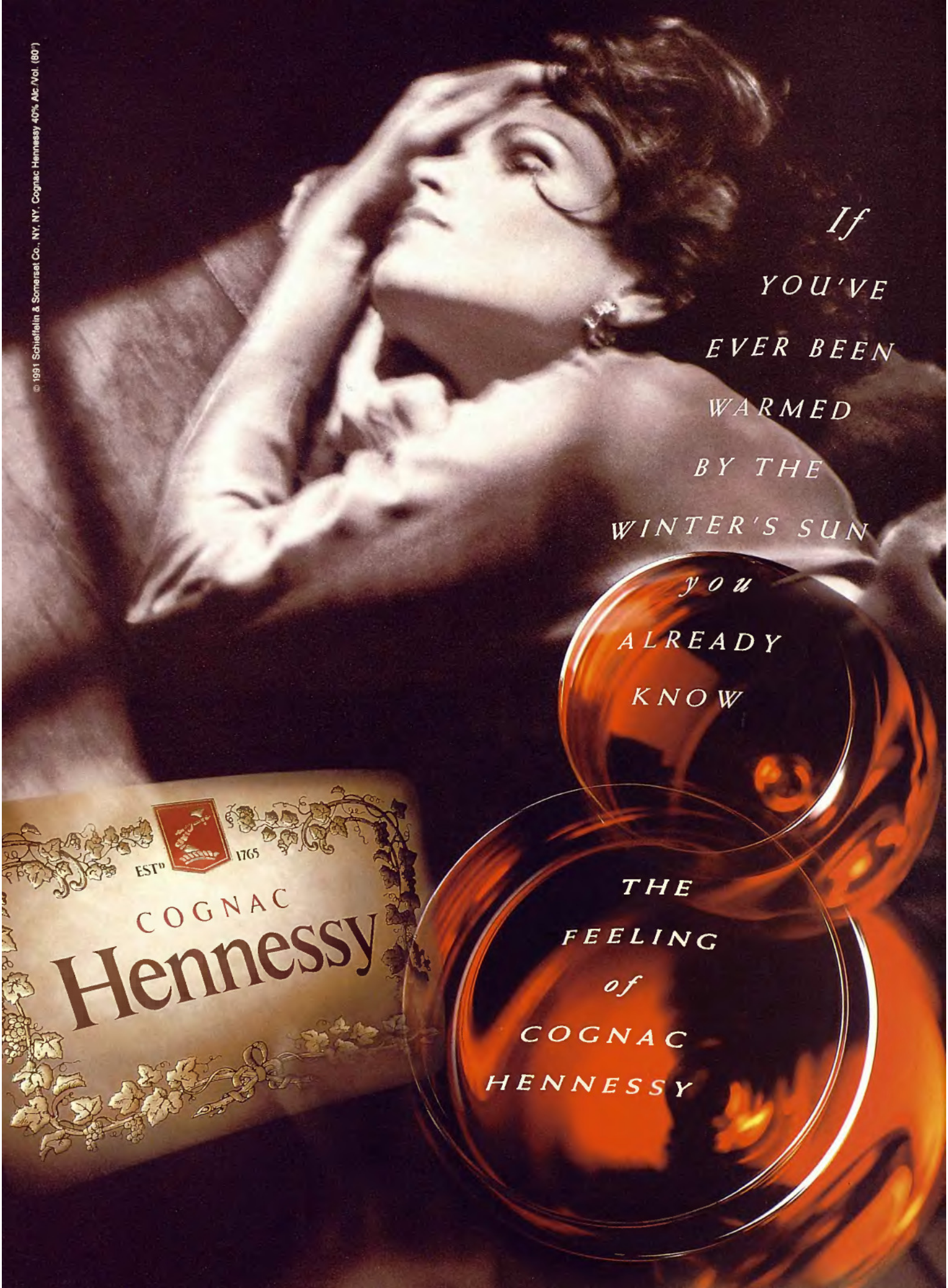
COFFEE BREAK

Krups, a German-based manufacturer of coffee makers, recently tested America's intelligence about espresso and its trendier brother, cappuccino. The results showed an appalling lack of sophistication. While 80 percent of the 1000 respondents knew that espresso was a coffee drink, ten percent of Southerners thought it was an "overnight delivery system." (A few tagged the beverage an "Italian opera.")

Cappuccino—espresso with steamed milk—proved more difficult to define. Some mistook the frothy beverage for "an exotic wild mushroom" or a "French actress popular in the Sixties."

•

The Oklahoma Daily captured the gist of Marvin Gorman's sticky $90,000,000 defamation suit against fellow has-been preacher Jimmy Swaggart in one line: "EVANGELIST SAYS SEX EXPLOITS EXAGGERATED; MINISTER SUCCUMBED TO SEDUCTION BUT PULLED OUT EARLY."



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CHARLES M. YOUNG

GUNS N' ROSES exudes the aura of collective genius and defiance that one senses about all great bands, from the Stones tó the Sex Pistols. So I thought all the hype about the unprecedented simultaneous release of two albums of original material, ***Use Your Illusion I*** and ***II*** (Geffen), was justified. I was as desperate as any other fan to see how they would follow up *Appetite for Destruction*.

My sense of the *Illusions* is that they are full of wonderful moments and musical detail, but it's hell assigning them a number. Hugely talented but utterly at the mercy of whatever emotion erupts out of his unconscious, singer Axl Rose has become more interested in cathartic ranting than in the poetic compression that is usually an ingredient in transcendent songwriting. Listening to two and a half hours of his monster riffs in a wide variety of styles, I often felt I was hearing too many words, particularly repetitions of the word bitch, as most of his rants attack annoying females.

On two songs, *Garden of Eden* and *Civil War*, Axl combines emotional truth with a political overview that bodes well and ill for the band's future. It bodes well because it reveals a budding consciousness that women may not be the problem, that a culture built on lies and violence may be the problem. It bodes ill because Axl brings his honesty and charisma to the real problem: The secret police won't let him live. Hear him now, while you can. You'll have to buy your *Illusions*, because most of the best songs contain words that the FCC won't allow on the radio.

NELSON GEORGE

A Tribe Called Quest is a charter member of the Native Tongues, a loose collective of New York–based rappers that includes De La Soul, the Jungle Brothers and Monie Love (whose style is as far removed from gangster hip-hop as baseball is from the World Football League). Allusive, cool, rhythmically complex and urbane, the Native Tongues are something of an acquired taste for the masses used to the simple rhymes of M. C. Hammer.

Quest is one of the most creative members of this collective, as its second recording, ***The Low End Theory*** (Jive), illustrates. Led by the smooth, abstract rapper Q-Tip, this trio has a whimsical, tongue-in-cheek approach full of inside jokes and weird juxtapositions. "What's a fat man without food in his gut? What's Duke Ellington without that swing? What's S&M if you don't have chains?" from *What?* is a prime example of Quest's idiosyncratic musings. *The Low End Theory* is dark, almost subdued, in keeping with the band's rap style. Jazz samples in the form of sax and trumpet riffs abound. Jazz bassist Ron Carter even appears on several tracks, enhancing the decidedly mellow proceedings. A Tribe Called Quest alludes to social concerns throughout this collection, but its approach is truly defined by an off-kilter point of view apparent in titles such as *Excursions*, *Scenario* and *Verses from the Abstract*.

JOE FOURNIER

Guns n' Roses' *Use Your Illusion*.

Axl combines truth with politics, and Public Enemy strikes back.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Public Enemy is riding the kind of groove that only the greatest groups ever get near. Harsh, hectic, undercut by an irritating background buzz that proves an excitant once you adjust, it turns urban stress into music, with relief of sorts provided by Chuck D's orotund preachifying, Flavor Flav's wild hilarity and a pulse that keeps you so busy dancing your ass off, you forget to worry about breaking your neck.

Despite all the pigheaded controversy P.E. has waded into, that sound has never quit. Its fierce militancy has been bitten by hard guys both gangsta and political, its multilayered dissonance by everyone, but the originals are still the greatest. To complain that 1990's *Fear of a Black Planet* or the brilliant new ***Apocalypse 91 . . . The Enemy Strikes Black*** (Def Jam/Columbia) breaks no new ground is like saying *The Beatles' Second Album* didn't top *Meet the Beatles!*, or *Sticky Fingers* represented no advance over *Let It Bleed*.

Unlikely as it may seem, the first half of *Apocalypse 91*—which builds from a mouth-dropping we're-here shout to Flav's nasty, swinging, catchy *I Don't Wanna Be Called Yo Niga*, then winds down in the well-named *How to Kill a Radio Consultant* and an assault on Martin Luther King Day boycotters—is Public Enemy's most exciting sustained sequence ever. The rest is more mortal, its failings pointed up by Chuck and Flav's latest antimedia whine. But the second side of *Let It Bleed* also had its duff moments. And 22 years later, every one stands up.

DAVE MARSH

Bob Seger's ***The Fire Inside*** (Capitol) is as heartless and dull as are the other recent heartland-superstar albums. Its

GUEST SHOT

Nanci Griffith's *music evades description. "I usually just say I'm a singer—some folk, some country, some adult contemporary." The Texas native is also a songwriter. Griffith's ninth LP, "Late Night Grande Hotel," is her latest. It's often said that Nanci Griffith is one of music's best-kept secrets; Griffith says the same about Cliff Eberhardt.*

"The Long Road is Cliff's debut album in Windham Hill's singer-songwriter series. I think Cliff and others get slotted as New Age because of their label, and potential fans miss out. He has a very Southern voice—which is perfect for the title song here, a duet with Ritchie Havens. The album has a very stark sound, but it's a big sound, too, with emphasis on Cliff's guitar playing. In the lyrics, you can see who Cliff *is*: someone with great affection for humanity. Just listen to *Your Face*—I love the fact that Cliff isn't afraid to say he relies on others. Think about this: *The Long Road* features *real drums*. One more entry on a long list of reasons to own this record."

main themes are artistic depletion, emotional claustrophobia and morbid fear of risk. Sound boring? Good, you've come to a stronger conclusion than Seger did in the five years it took him to produce this song cycle.

They Call Me the Fat Man (EMI), a four-disc set, presents 100 tracks, including all the important hits, by Antoine "Fats" Domino, the most joyously freewheeling of all Fifties singers. Fats scored 100 times on the pop charts, even though black performers were basically banned on white radio for the first five years of his career. Fats was a true rocker; all popular vocal music served as his back yard. His hits included folk songs (*Bo Weevil*), gospel-jazz (*When the Saints Go Marching In*), pop and Creole standards (*Blueberry Hill, Hey! La Bas Boogie*), country (*Jambalaya*), minstrel tunes (*Swanee River Hop*) and R&B hit remakes (Roy Brown's *Let the Four Winds Blow*). The flow finally ended, not because Fats ran dry, but because of the British invasion. Anglophilia notwithstanding, Domino's music remains eternal. These decades-old sides certainly sound fresher now than the brand-new formula repetitions of Seger and his peers.

VIC GARBARINI

Remember guitars? Those six-stringed wooden things that formed the backbone of rock and roll before drum machines and synths arrived to notify us that dancing like nihilistic robots would save our souls? Well, the guitars that dominate John Mellencamp's **Whenever We Wanted** (Mercury) are as raw, scrappy and unvarnished as the songs they fuel. Since *Big Daddy*, he's been struggling to articulate his tangle of disillusionment and defiant hope. But, like Springsteen, who realized that *Nebraska* was a state of mind you worked through, not settled in, Mellencamp has the character and inner strength to confront his darker side, without losing touch with his vibrancy. True, he sings that "love and happiness have forgotten our names." Yet he intuitively knows we need to rise to a more mature level of these virtues (*Now More Than Ever*). America's best rhythm section and *Honky Tonk Woman* guitars supply the no-frills vitality reflecting the character that keeps Mellencamp fighting to face his doubts and fears, as in *Last Chance* and especially in *They're So Tough*. An album to respect as well as enjoy.

Bryan Adams loves guitars, too. On 1984's *Reckless*, he created melodic light-metal gems, though he overreached later on. Now **Waking Up the Neighbours** (A&M) attempts to recapture that spark of innocence. Generally, he's too cautious to be reckless, so the feistiness and bravado sound forced. He can do better.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Public Enemy *Apocalypse 91 . . . The Enemy Strikes Black*	9	8	8	10	6
John Mellencamp *Whenever We Wanted*	6	9	6	4	8
Guns n' Roses *Use Your Illusion I*	7	7	10	9	7
Guns n' Roses *Use Your Illusion II*	5	8	8	9	9
A Tribe Called Quest *The Low End Theory*	7	7	7	7	6

DOO-WOP CHRISTMAS DEPARTMENT: No holiday party will be complete without some singing around the tree. If you get a copy of *Street Carols*, you won't even need a piano. Performed *a cappella* by **Jerry "Iceman" Butler, Ronnie Spector** and the **Chi-Lites,** among others, these songs give Christmas soul as well as heart.

REELING AND ROCKING: Music giant **Quincy Jones** is branching out, teaming up with **Francis Ford Coppola** to produce a movie about **J. Edgar Hoover** based on the recent best seller by **Curt Gentry.** . . . Actor **Edward James Olmos** is being considered for the **Jim Croce** bio. . . . After **Whitney Houston** finishes her debut movie with **Kevin Costner,** she intends to remake **Leslie Caron's** *Daddy Long Legs*. . . . **Cher** is considering playing **Gypsy Rose Lee** in *Gypsy and Me*, based on the book by Lee's son **Eric Preminger.** . . . **David Bowie** got a part in **David Lynch's** feature film of *Twin Peaks*.

NEWSBREAKS: Record producer **Richard Perry** is putting on a Broadway producer's hat to make *Moondog Matinee*, a musical based on Cleveland d.j. **Alan Freed,** who claimed to have created the phrase rock and roll. . . . Just a reminder to concert promoters: The summer's concert business was down between 20 percent and 40 percent, with the notable exceptions of the **Grateful Dead, Jimmy Buffett, Steve Miller** and the **Lollapalooza** tour. Why? Fans will pay for what they know they like, and they will also take a chance on a tour like Lollapalooza, which gave concertgoers a big bang for the buck. . . . Another reason to get the **Tina Turner** LP *Simply the Best* besides the oldies and her duet with **Rod Stewart** is that Tina talked **Phil Spector** into remastering *River Deep, Mountain High*. . . . The special limited edition of the **Doors** videos now on sale will be available for only a limited time. So if you want your copy of *Live at the Hollywood Bowl* shot in July 1968, hurry up. . . . Actor **Lou Diamond Phillips,** who played **Ritchie Valens** in *La Bamba*, is in a real band, the **Pipefitters,** now on the road. . . . **Def Leppard's** fifth album will be ready for a spring release—and they will be touring. . . . A Louisiana school board defeated a recent proposal that would have required drivers to tell parents what radio stations would be played on school buses. Is there no end to this nonsense? . . . The **Stevie Ray Vaughan** LP was released with a long-form video. The footage came mostly from a Toronto club appearance in 1984. . . . **Paula Abdul's** Under My Spell tour will continue in the U.S. until the first of the year. . . . Finally, we do love the story that New York's **John Cardinal O'Connor** turned down a request from **Ozzy Osbourne** to appear in a video documentary called *Don't Blame Me: The Tales of Ozzy Osbourne*. You may remember that the Cardinal mentioned Ozzy (negatively) in a St. Patrick's Cathedral sermon. The documentary looks at all sides of the controversies that have plagued Ozzy's career. The note from the Cardinal's secretary said, in part, "His Eminence normally restricts his interviews to those which touch on specifically religious, theological or moral matters rather than particular personalities. . . . He is grateful for your patient understanding." And we thought Ozzy had theology and morals covered.

—BARBARA NELLIS

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AN OLD WOMAN leaning against the wind in a violent rainstorm is the final, most memorable image a viewer will take away from ***Rhapsody in August*** (Orion Classics). Pointedly symbolic, the scene recalls the day the U.S. dropped an atom bomb on Nagasaki. Japanese director Akira Kurosawa, arguably the greatest living film maker, has made *Rhapsody*—his 29th movie—a rueful, conciliatory and quietly humorous family drama about the poignant aftermath of war. Richard Gere, the first American star ever hired by Kurosawa, stands out in a key secondary role as Clark, the half-American nephew of a victim of the atomic catastrophe. He's a rich man's son who visits Nagasaki because his father is dying in Hawaii and wants his elderly sister to come and say *sayonara*. Gere is entirely right in a self-effacing role opposite Sachiko Murase as Grandmother, his reluctant old aunt. In Kurosawa's almost delicate treatment of U.S. guilt and corresponding resentment in Japan, the younger Japanese—who wear American-style T-shirts and seem uniformly Westernized—appear more embarrassed than angry over a past as distant to them as a samurai legend. Only the living relatives remember the terror that *Rhapsody in August* brings back with the haunting beauty of a dark reflection in a lily pond. ¥¥¥½

•

Women should feel a happy jolt of recognition watching ***Antonia and Jane*** (Miramax), a delicious, literate British comedy about friendship. Two life-long chums (Saskia Reeves and Imelda Staunton) complaining about each other as they tell all to the same therapist (Brenda Bruce) is a cliché that the movie conquers with trenchant wit and originality. Written by Marcy Kahan and directed by Beeban Kidron, the movie is a tour de force of raging female hormones. The one more or less omnipresent man is an artist named Howard (Bill Nighy) who marries glamourous Antonia after discovering Fellini movies with Jane. "Somewhere between *La Strada* and *Amarcord*, we started sleeping together," reports Jane, a fairly dumpy, bohemian type who is forced to settle for a bloke who can get sexually excited only when she reads Iris Murdoch novels aloud. Despite its bitchy streak, *Antonia and Jane* has a heart of gold. ¥¥¥½

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Doggedly uncinematic, ***Mindwalk*** (Triton) is all talk, likely to empty some theaters at the speed of sound, if not faster. That said, it's also true that intellectual movie buffs will give high marks to an astounding performance by Liv Ullmann.

Murase, Gere in culture clash.

This month, go to the movies and see the world.

She plays a disillusioned physicist who has retreated to Mont St. Michel, the island landmark off the coast of France. During a long day with two American visitors—Sam Waterston, as a politician who has failed in his recent Presidential bid, and John Heard, as an expatriate poet—Liv combines a conducted tour of the island with a marathon gabfest. She is by far the most articulate of the trio, seeking in vain to wring drama from this adaptation of a weighty book by Fritjof Capra, directed by his brother, Bernt Capra, with occasionally arresting music by Philip Glass. While she lost me in thickets of theory about the flaws in Cartesian logic, about atoms, particles, impressionists, Isaac Newton and global warming, the Norwegian lady appears to know exactly what she is saying at all times. *Mindwalk* may be a cerebral maze, but Ullmann is a marvel. ¥¥

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Outstanding performances lighten the load on the down side of ***Let Him Have It*** (Fine Line). Director Peter Medak's recreation of a famous 1952 English murder case ends with the hanging of an epileptic, slow-witted 19-year-old named Derek Bentley. Justice miscarried when a jury ruled that Bentley, in shouting "Let him have it!" during a flubbed robbery attempt, meant not for his younger accomplice, Chris Craig, to surrender his weapon but, instead, for him to shoot a policeman. As Bentley, Chris Eccleston is superb, with Paul Reynolds in a chillingly maniacal portrait of Craig, the actual triggerman, who was too young to be sentenced to death for murder. Tom Courtenay and Eileen Atkins, two top-notch British actors, play Bentley's anguished parents with wrenching authenticity. ¥¥½

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Two inept lawbreakers carom from one disastrous scam to another in ***We're Talkin' Serious Money*** (New Line). James Lemmo directed, collaborating on the screenplay with actor Leo Rossi, who also doubles as the squarest of the misguided con men. Dennis Farina, who starred in TV's *Crime Story*, plays Rossi's partner. At times, they look like the Laurel and Hardy of wrongdoing as they bungle, blame each other and try to elude hit men by flying to L.A. Rossi reaches his comic high when he encounters embarrassing technical glitches while secretly wired to talk big money with some ruthless people. This good movie might have been even better if Fran Drescher had more to do as Farina's wry New Yorkese girlfriend, who runs a beauty parlor and keeps nudging him to get a decent job. ¥¥¥

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Society's outsiders are invariably attractive to British writer-director Mike Leigh, and ***Life Is Sweet*** (October Films) has an even harsher edge than his previous movie, *High Hopes*. Here, Leigh concentrates on an English suburban family with twin daughters—one (Claire Skinner) a plumber who enjoys playing pool, the other (Jane Horroks) a stubborn dropout who covers herself with chocolate sauce for her boyfriend to lick off during sex. Food looms large in the film: A family friend opens a restaurant that features such specialties as "liver in lager." Although it's clear that Leigh has a warm spot for these losers, his wry view of the sweet life in England is unlikely to bring on a rush of immigration. ¥¥

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Sissy Spacek, William Petersen and Brian Kerwin deftly flesh out a love triangle in ***Hard Promises*** (Columbia). At first glance, the romantic comedy directed by Martin Davidson resembles a small-town, working-class rehash of *The Philadelphia Story*. Spacek is a young mother who has divorced her roving, adventure-hungry husband (Petersen) in absentia, and is about to marry a local merchant (Kerwin). The comedy becomes a bit too cute at times, but it has a few satisfying final twists that steer its feisty threesome in unexpected directions. ¥¥½

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On screen, ***Other People's Money*** (Warner) comes across as a wicked, worthy vehicle for Danny DeVito. The long-running play by Jerry Sterner was both tighter and sharper in its depiction of a

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proxy battle to win control of New England Wire & Cable. Gregory Peck is in fine form as the elderly owner of the folksy company. DeVito plays a manipulator known as Larry the Liquidator, so earthy and direct it's easy to forget he's a shark who smells blood. There's a kind of love story buried within the Big Business spoofery, with Penelope Ann Miller miscast but appealing as the sexy New York lawyer hired to stop him. DeVito, of course, is an unstoppable half-pint of star quality who makes *Other People's Money* his own thing. ¥¥¥

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The man behind ***Frankie & Johnny*** (Paramount), adapted by Terrence McNally from his successful two-character play *Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune*, is director Garry Marshall. Since Marshall also directed *Pretty Woman*, it's not surprising that he strikes another rich lode of romantic comedy with this grittier urban love story about a short-order cook's avid wooing of a disillusioned waitress in a Manhattan diner. In the title roles, Michelle Pfeiffer and Al Pacino are flawless, despite their movie-star glamour. McNally has opened up his stage version with new characters, played by Hector Elizondo, as the diner's owner, and Kate Nelligan, in high gear as a tough, randy waitress. A love idyl with the legs to outlast current competition, *Frankie & Johnny* looks like a winner. ¥¥¥½

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Zentropa (Prestige) begins in Germany in 1945. The title (abroad, it was called *Europa*) is the name of a railroad empire. Much of Danish director Lars von Trier's dense, surreal postwar fantasy happens on a train and concerns dark forces colliding in Germany at the end of World War Two. Jean-Marc Barr portrays an apprentice sleeping-car conductor, a naïve American pacifist who somehow hopes to save the world. Barbara Sukowa is the railroad tycoon's willful daughter, who at one point seduces Barr amid the jumble of a model-train layout; her father, a suspected former Nazi, commits suicide by slashing his wrists in his bath. Max von Sydow, an off-screen voice, narrates *Zentropa* in a largely English version that switches from black and white to color at the director's whim. Von Trier describes it as "a thriller in the Hitchcock style." No way. But the movie *is* epic, ambitious, visually a feast for awestruck eyes and strong stomachs. ¥¥

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Even without the handicap of a language barrier, ***The Double Life of Veronique*** (Miramax) arrives replete with other problems. Director Krzysztof Kieslowski's French-Polish drama opened this year's New York Film Festival in high style but with negligible substance. Two young women, born in different countries at the same time, are virtual replicas of each other. Although they clearly cannot be twins, both Veronique and Veronika are left-handed, musically gifted and suffering from heart ailments. Both are also portrayed by beautiful Irene Jacob, and that's the good news: She's a joy to watch in a chic, cerebral cinematic exercise that ultimately doesn't amount to much. ¥¥

Chao: Wow!

OFF CAMERA

Her glowing reviews as the heroine of *Thousand Pieces of Gold* (see our December review) have given a boost to California native **Rosalind Chao,** whose Chinese-born parents own a restaurant called Chao's "in Anaheim, right across from Disneyland." On hearing her Asian surname, she says, people expect to see her serving tea or doing laundry. "They're shocked when I show up in blue jeans and a T-shirt. I'm more all-American than they expect." Still, ethnicity dominates Chao's breakthrough *Pieces of Gold* role as a 19th Century Chinese girl sold into slavery and winning her self-respect in an Idaho brothel.

After a summer doing Shakespeare in L.A., Chao resumed her recurring part as Kiko, the ship's botanist on TV's *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Other fans recall her as Jamie (Klinger) Farr's Korean bride in the last TV episode of *M*A*S*H*. A USC journalism graduate who used to write radio news for CBS in L.A., Chao thanks the late acting coach Peggy Feury for her current success and bright future. "She was the person who opened my eyes to the fact that art is color-blind—that I didn't have to play characters who were fresh off the boat." Chao's latest gig is in Chevy Chase's new comedy, *Memoirs of an Invisible Man*. Is hers the main female role? "Of course not," she says, laughing. "The blonde—Darryl Hannah—is the lead. I'm Chevy's secretary before he becomes invisible. I may wind up as a telephone voice, who knows?"

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Antonia and Jane (See review) It's a woman thing, cleverly done. ¥¥¥½
La Belle Noiseuse (Reviewed 12/91) She's French, beautiful, nude. ¥¥½
Billy Bathgate (Listed only) Loren Dean and Dustin Hoffman flesh out a deft movie version of the best seller about the rise of a young hood. ¥¥¥
The Boy Who Cried Bitch (12/91) Smother love with a vengeance. ¥¥½
The Double Life of Veronique (See review) Irene Jacob as a twosome. ¥¥
The Fisher King (11/91) Jeff Bridges and Robin Williams jazz up Terry Gilliam's Manhattan dreamscape. ¥¥¥¥
Frankie & Johnny (See review) The 1991 version, with true grit. ¥¥¥½
Hard Promises (See review) A man, a woman and her husband-to-be. ¥¥½
Homicide (11/91) Ethnic awakening of a Jewish cop (Joe Mantegna). ¥¥¥½
K2 (12/91) Some mountain climbers who really scale the heights. ¥¥¥
Let Him Have It (See review) An innocent goes to the gallows. ¥¥½
Life Is Sweet (See review) British social comedy with a sharp edge. ¥¥
Little Man Tate (Listed 12/91) Tale of a boy genius marks Jodie Foster's impressive directorial debut. ¥¥½
Meeting Venus (12/91) Glenn Close plays a diva into dalliance. ¥¥¥
Mindwalk (See review) Double-talk singularly spoken by Liv Ullmann. ¥¥
My Own Private Idaho (12/91) A stylish take on male hustlers. ¥¥¥
Other People's Money (See review) Danny boy going for broke. ¥¥¥
Prospero's Books (12/91) Greenaway tackles Shakespeare with Gielgud and stark-naked multitudes. ¥¥¥
Rambling Rose (11/91) It's Laura Dern as a Southern girl who nearly always says yes. ¥¥¥
Rhapsody in August (See review) Gere does Kurosawa's ode to Japan. ¥¥¥½
Stepping Out (Listed 12/91) All that pizzazz, with Liza Minnelli. ¥¥¥
Thousand Pieces of Gold (12/91) The main dish is Chao. ¥¥¥
29th Street (12/91) Christmas in Brooklyn, featuring Anthony LaPaglia as a reluctant lottery winner. ¥¥¥
We're Talkin' Serious Money (See review) Unskilled con artists. ¥¥¥
Year of the Gun (12/91) A Yank caught in Italian cross fire in John Frankenheimer's taut thriller. ¥¥½
Zentropa (See review) Far-out doings aboard a fast German train. ¥¥

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¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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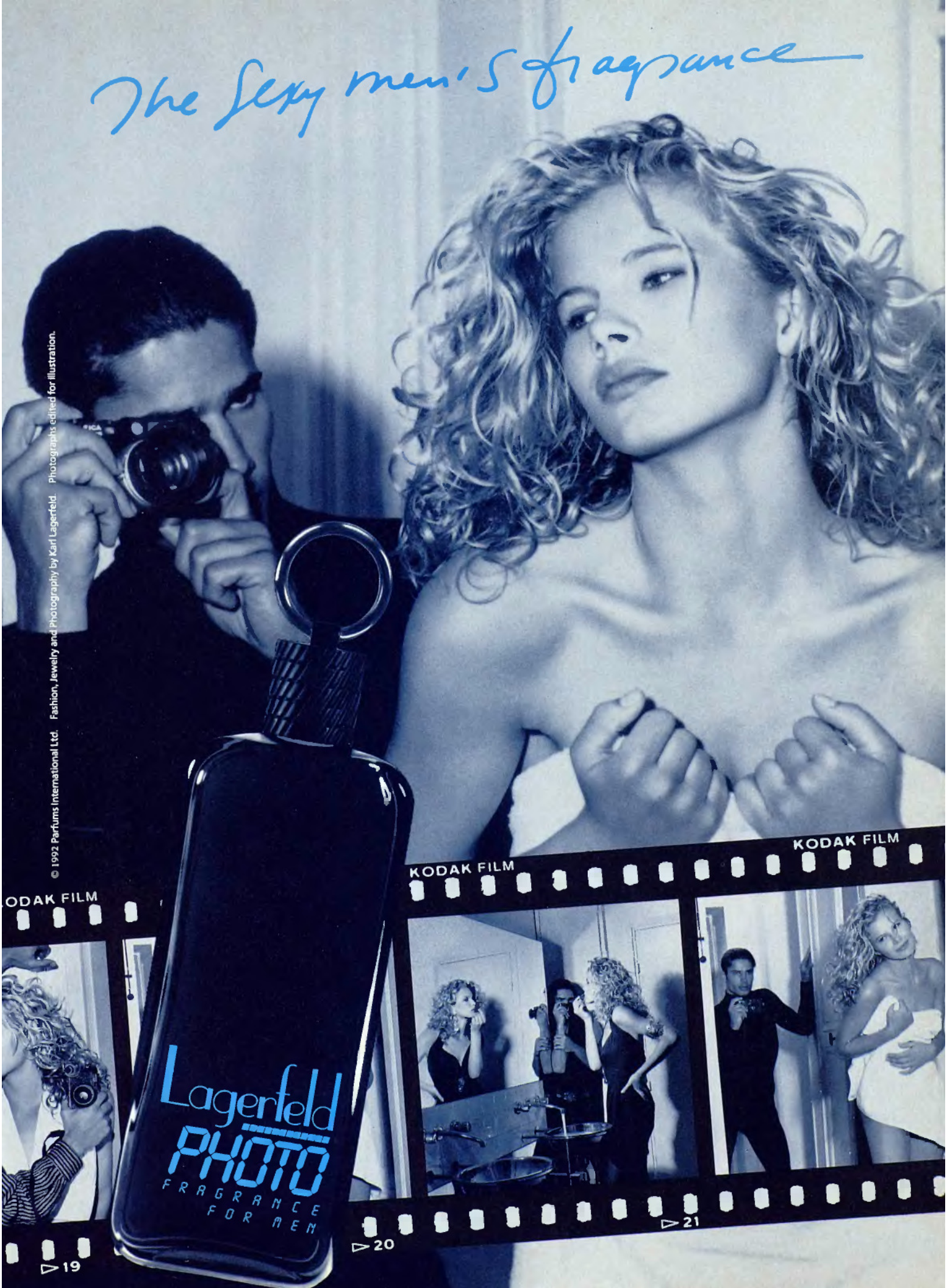
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FRAGRANCE FOR MEN
19
20
21

VIDEO

VIDEO SIX-PACK

this month: what's new for New Year's?

Voices of the New Age: Baba Ram Dass and others trace the rise of New Age culture (Hartley Film Foundation).

New Deal: The Thirties: Two-volume recap of the Thirties focusing on F.D.R.'s political agenda and narrated by Lowell Thomas (Commtron).

The New Immigrants: Meet your new neighbors—the latest ethnic arrivals changing the face of America (Video Knowledge).

A New Leaf: Roguish Walter Matthau woos a botanist/heiress who's testing out a life-prolonging plant (Paramount).

New Orleans: Vivid vid travelogue of one of the New World's loveliest cities. Not a bad place to spend New Year's Eve, either (Academy).

Entre Nous: OK, so *nous* isn't new, but this memorable tale of two women (Isabelle Huppert, Miou-Miou) exploring new emotional and sexual frontiers is the perfect champagne-at-midnight movie (MGM/UA). —TERRY CATCHPOLE

1-800-VIDEO

You've seen them all over late-night TV: the 1-800 come-ons that hawk magazine subscriptions by throwing in video freebies. The clips look great, but are the tapes worth a twirl? We gave a few a try.

People: A subscription to the pop weekly brings you ***Diana: The Making of a Princess,*** a vid built on the principle that too much footage is never enough. Yup, you'll O.D. on Di—and those *hats*! The girl does for headgear what Imelda did for shoes (bottom line: 55 issues for $79.95).

Life: Your freebie here is ***Life in Camelot: The Kennedy Years,*** a look back at the nearest thing America had to a royal family. Included: bittersweet home movies of the young J.F.K. deep-sea fishing, Jackie with the kids, and footage of one of the few Presidents who knew how to read a poem aloud (13 issues for $32.50).

Sports Illustrated: The vid offer seems to change weekly, but our fave was ***True Blue: Giant Steps to the Super Bowl,*** which tracks the New York Giants' tightwire trip to the 1991 classic. See Bill Parcells crank up his smash-mouth offense—with unbleeped side-line chatter and plenty of in-your-face clips (54 issues for $69.66).

Time: The bait here is ***The 10 Most Important People of the 20th Century,*** a rundown of heavyweights from Lenin to Lennon, complete with historic footage. But a suit as narrator? Come on, guys—did someone forget to call Charlton Heston's agent (52 issues for $61.88)?

OK, add it up. Your checkbook's almost $250 lighter, and your mailbox is jammed with magazines, video and junk. Fun, right? Call now. Operators are standing by.

—DANIEL NEIDEN AND THOMAS PATRICK

SCREAMIN' MIMIS

la bo knows video

Puccini's *La Bohème*, one of the world's best-loved operas, is a bona fide tearjerker: ill-fated romance, tuberculosis, the works. Opera buffs and tyros alike can sniffle through several video versions, rated here in teardrops.

San Francisco Opera: Both Mirella Freni and the portly Luciano Pavarotti appear surprisingly healthy as the sickly Mimi and starving poet Rodolfo. But romantic sparks fly, and there's nothing like Pavarotti daring the high Cs in "O soave fanciulla" (Home Vision). ♦♦♦♦

Metropolitan Opera: Lavish Franco Zeffirelli production brings Musetta (Renata Scotto) on stage in a horse-drawn carriage, while Teresa Stratas, looking frail, and handsome José Carreras are convincing lovers (Paramount). ♦♦♦

Royal Opera, Covent Garden: Ileana Cotrubas is an irresistible Mimi, outclassing Neil Shicoff's Rodolfo. And Marilyn Zschau's Musetta not only sings but shoots a mean game of pool. Avoid the version without subtitles unless you're fluent in Italian (Home Vision; HBO production). ♦♦½ —GRETCHEN EDGREN

VIDBITS

Looking for a special how-to vid? ***The Complete Guide to Special Interest Videos*** (James-Robert Publishing; $14.95) is a compendium of more than 7500 titles—from *Algebra Basics for Beginners* to *Zen Shiatsu*. Call 800-383-8811. . . . Strand VCI's ***Search for Adventure*** series is, let's say, adventurous. *Raft of Zaire* takes you down African rapids, *Cave Diving Down Under* explores the Aussie underwater world and *Birdmen of Kilimanjaro* is hang gliding at its best—and scariest.

GUEST SHOT

"The six o'clock news has raised the ante for horror films," says **Robert Englund,** the actor under Freddy Krueger's crater-face mask. When he isn't slicing and dicing his way through your (and *Elm Street*'s) nightmares, Englund searches for the right videos to spook his Laguna Beach house guests. His favorite fright-night features: Brian De Palma's *Sisters* and the bizarre thriller *White of the Eye*. Toss in Rutger Hauer's *The Hitcher* and you have "the ideal desert-island videos—the ones you watch over and over again." What wouldn't Freddy be caught dead watching? "*Ghost*. I thought the effects were cheesy." On the demise of America's scariest horror-meister in *Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare*, Englund is emphatic: "This is the last one . . . it really *is* the end of Freddy." Uh-huh.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING FANCIFUL	***Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*** (nice-guy nobleman Kevin Costner rouses Sherwood's rabble); ***Marvel's Universe of Super Heroes*** (cartoon do-gooders Spider-Man, Hulk et al. make the leap to VCR); ***Chronicles of Narnia*** (BBC's live-action journey to C. S. Lewis' land of myth and magic; a beaut).
FEELING HOMICIDAL	***Mortal Thoughts*** (with hubby iced, best pals Demi Moore and Glenne Headly face the cops); ***A Kiss Before Dying*** (heiress Sean Young suspects Matt Dillon killed to marry her); ***One Good Cop*** (his partner slain, Michael Keaton adopts the orphans and nabs the killer).
FEELING HISTORIC	***Dinosaur!*** (A&E Network's "visual encyclopedia" of earth's biggest critters ever; Walter Cronkite narrates); ***American Indian*** (PBS' five-part educational series goes dancing with wolves, and beyond); ***Vincent & Theo*** (Altman's soulful portrait of painter Van Gogh and his bro).
FEELING TUNEFUL	***Simply Mad About the Mouse*** (classic Disney ditties courtesy of Billy Joel, LL Cool J, others); ***Harvest of Seven Years*** (salute to country star/pop androgyne k. d. lang); ***The Beatles: The First U.S. Visit*** (vid scrapbook of Fab Four's famed 1964 trip—Ed Sullivan, screaming chicks and all).

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By STEPHEN RANDALL

IT'S TOUGH being a man these days. Sure, we still get some nice perks, such as running the world and making most of the money, but lately we've been facing the down side of being a guy: the image shortfall.

Of course, men have suffered bad PR for decades. We're always the boobs on the sitcoms. We're always the mass murderers and failed talk-show hosts. There seems to be a general consensus that men, as a group, need improvement. But through it all, we've managed to keep a certain go-ahead-and-complain-I'll-just-watch-the-game veneer that, if nothing else, made us appear competent even during life's rough patches. This was easy enough to accomplish: After all, we controlled the media, too.

Those days are gone, and the media have turned on us. Watch TV or thumb through a magazine and this is what you'll see: men in mud. Men crawling around on all fours butting shoulders. Men banging on drums in order to get in touch with some fierce warrior within. Men chanting. Men sweating. Men hugging. Men weeping.

Feeling silly? Welcome to the men's movement.

The men's movement is based on the notion that men are suffering. We tried so hard to please the women in our lives that we've forgotten the good aspects of being male. It's not that no one likes us—that's pretty much business as usual—it's that we don't like ourselves.

So, in order to regain the upper hand, to define ourselves, we go off on so-called wild-man weekends—no girls allowed, of course. Once there, we rage at our fathers for neglecting us, confess our innermost feelings to total strangers and co-opt the rituals of trendy cultures—African drum beating, native American chants and sweat lodges—to bring us closer to our Anglo-Saxon roots. Three days later, we go home as new men.

At least that's the picture painted in the media. But do everyday men actually do this? Hardly. One wild-man honcho described his clientele to *Esquire* this way: "Twenty-five to thirty percent are therapists, and forty to fifty percent are in some kind of twelve-step recovery program." Judging from a quick perusal of newsstands, we can safely assume the rest are journalists.

Who can blame them? Not since feminists burned their bras has a movement provided such great visuals. If you have any doubt about its being a media event, ask yourself this: How many movements have a beginning that you can actually rent at your local video store?

LINDA BLECK

Is it a movement or a media event?

Why the press went wild over wild-man weekends.

Called *A Gathering of Men*, it stars Robert Bly, the respected poet and pater-familias of the men's movement, and Bill Moyers, the man who gave him legitimacy. During this 90-minute PBS version of an infomercial, Bly told a couple of fairy tales, pounded on a drum, recited a poem or two and held forth on the sorry state of men today. We're grieving, he said, we're soft. We're too close to our mothers. The industrial revolution stole our fathers away. We lack mentors and rituals to help us become men. He even bemoaned that the Revolutionary War took away the king figure he said we so urgently need.

With his brocaded vests and luminous white hair, Bly is as telegenic as the movement he started. His charisma seems to overshadow even his most ludicrous comments, allowing him to get nostalgic for the good old days in New Guinea, when tribesmen would kidnap young boys, drag them at spear point from their parents and hold them prisoner on an island in order to initiate them into manhood.

Moyers was clearly smitten by such forward-thinking rhetoric. Give Moyers a politician and he'll ask tough questions. Put him across from a self-appointed pseudo shrink and Moyers leans forward, puts his finger to his chin and stares with bovine sincerity. If you look closely through his aviator glasses, you can see his mind turn to mush.

Moyers may be a mush brain, but he's a popular mush brain. That means that the media are full of Moyer clones and Bill wanna-bes, most of whom, with a few renegade exceptions, followed his fawning lead. Hugh Downs attended a weekend moan-in for ABC's *20/20* and was positively mesmerized. He hadn't seen so many tears since his stint as Jack Paar's side-kick. A *Newsweek* cover story told how the men's movement could rescue us from our "lives of quiet desperation." Even *Playboy*, usually, for obvious reasons, my favorite magazine, announced: "The wild man lives in every man. He is beautiful and divine." Perhaps my friend, Asa Baber, who wrote the article, has a wild man in him. I'm not sure I do. If I do, however, I certainly don't want to meet him.

Major articles in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and *Los Angeles Times* tossed around such words as mythopoetic as if we were all in graduate school. The *Utne Reader* published a special section on the plight of the modern man, including six tips to help the sad, friendless male meet a buddy ("No. 2: Identify a possible friend; No. 3: Be sneaky; No. 6: Sit down and talk about your friendship"). Bly quickly turned his roadshow into a best-selling book, *Iron John*. The media loved Bly—what makes better press than a *manly* poet?—and women loved him, too. According to *USA Today*, a large percentage of *Iron John*'s buyers are women.

What we're left with is a portrait of men as lost, lonely, poorly defined father-haters who lead lives of quiet desperation. Where's a press agent when we really need one? Something is terribly amiss in a world where Dan Quayle appears competent while regular men seem to be wallowing in primordial ooze, whining that Dad worked overtime.

Fortunately, the media will soon tire of the men's movement and will be forced to manufacture another trend—perhaps some sort of gerbil liberation front or an all-egg diet. There's only so much mileage to be made off a movement with virtually no followers.

Unfortunately, the day will come—and it's not that far off—when the media will do a retrospective of the early Nineties. You remember those wacky Nineties, they'll say, back when ground wars lasted four days, when the only practicing Marxists were a couple of waitresses in Berkeley and when men put on loincloths and bayed at the moon in order to get in touch with themselves.

Then everyone will have a good laugh. The only problem is: They won't be laughing with us.

HOME IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.

Shelly looking forward to the holidays

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STYLE

STRIPE HYPE

Prints and solids have dominated menswear style the past few seasons, but this spring, stripes are back big. Chalk, rep, ticking, awning, regatta, baseball, rugby and pinstripes—it's the new vocabulary. Horizontally striped T-shirts, reminiscent of Dennis the Menace and the Brady Bunch, are typically vivid (the three shown here are by Communique, $35 each). Other companies, such as Tommy Hilfiger ($55) and Blueprint ($22), are offering a sharp selection of colorfully striped polo shirts. And, as part of its Original Collection, Hang Ten has reintroduced its classic striped shirts from the Sixties and Seventies ($48). Yes, it *is* safe to mix and match stripes, especially if you want to liven up a conservative suit. A thin pinstriped model, for example, goes fine with a chalk-striped shirt (quarter-inch stripes) and a subtle-colored rep tie. J. Crew is a source for the shirts ($48) and XMI and Andrew Fezza offer some of the best ties ($56 to $65). So, go ahead, tiger, change your stripes.

FORMAL FLUX

Color's everywhere this year, from neckwear to swimsuits, so why not in a tux? No, those radioactive crushed-velvet jackets and ruffled shirts from your junior prom haven't risen from the grave. Today's styles are much more refined and tend toward muted earth tones. Christian Dior, for example, offers a subtly striped olive tux ($475) with a matching vest ($40), and the Firenze Collection includes a mahogany-hued dinner jacket ($525). There's also a new interest in patterned tuxes as evidenced by the gray, shadow-plaid model from 23 Night for Michael Jordan ($495). And to punch up a traditional tux, check out Nicole Miller's funky printed waistcoats ($95) and formal shirts ($155).

HOT SHOPPING: PHILADELPHIA

When it comes to fashion, Philly's a tale of two cities. Upscale shopping is centered around Rittenhouse Square, while stores along South Street satisfy more eclectic tastes. *Uptown:* Boyd's (1818 Chestnut St.): A mansion full of men's clothing to fit all budgets. • Allure (1509 Walnut St.): Another menswear mansion with the best collection of cutting-edge fashions. • Wayne Edwards (1521 Walnut St.): Adds a hip twist to classical looks. *Downtown:* Classics Illustrated (322 South St.): A tongue-in-cheek take-off on Ralph Lauren, with great vintage styles. • Zipperhead (407 South St.): Doc Maartens, T-shirts and rock-and-roll rags. • Neo Deco (414 South St.): The strip's best selection of contemporary fashions.

VIEWPOINT

There's no mistaking country singer-composer **Alan Jackson,** whose second album, *Don't Rock the Jukebox,* went gold within weeks of its release. He's the guy who performs in the signature white Stetson—"the hat" as he calls it. "It was my first real Stetson," Jackson says. "It's even been to the White House." Currently touring the U.S., the former forklift driver for K mart favors "Wrangler jeans and custom pigskin boots from the Kolton Boot Company in Olney, Texas." The dressiest jacket this down-home guy claims he owns is by Manuel. "He's famous," according to Jackson. "He has a place in Nashville and has made clothes for Elvis and everyone else." Call it fashion fit for the King.

THE CLASS OF '92

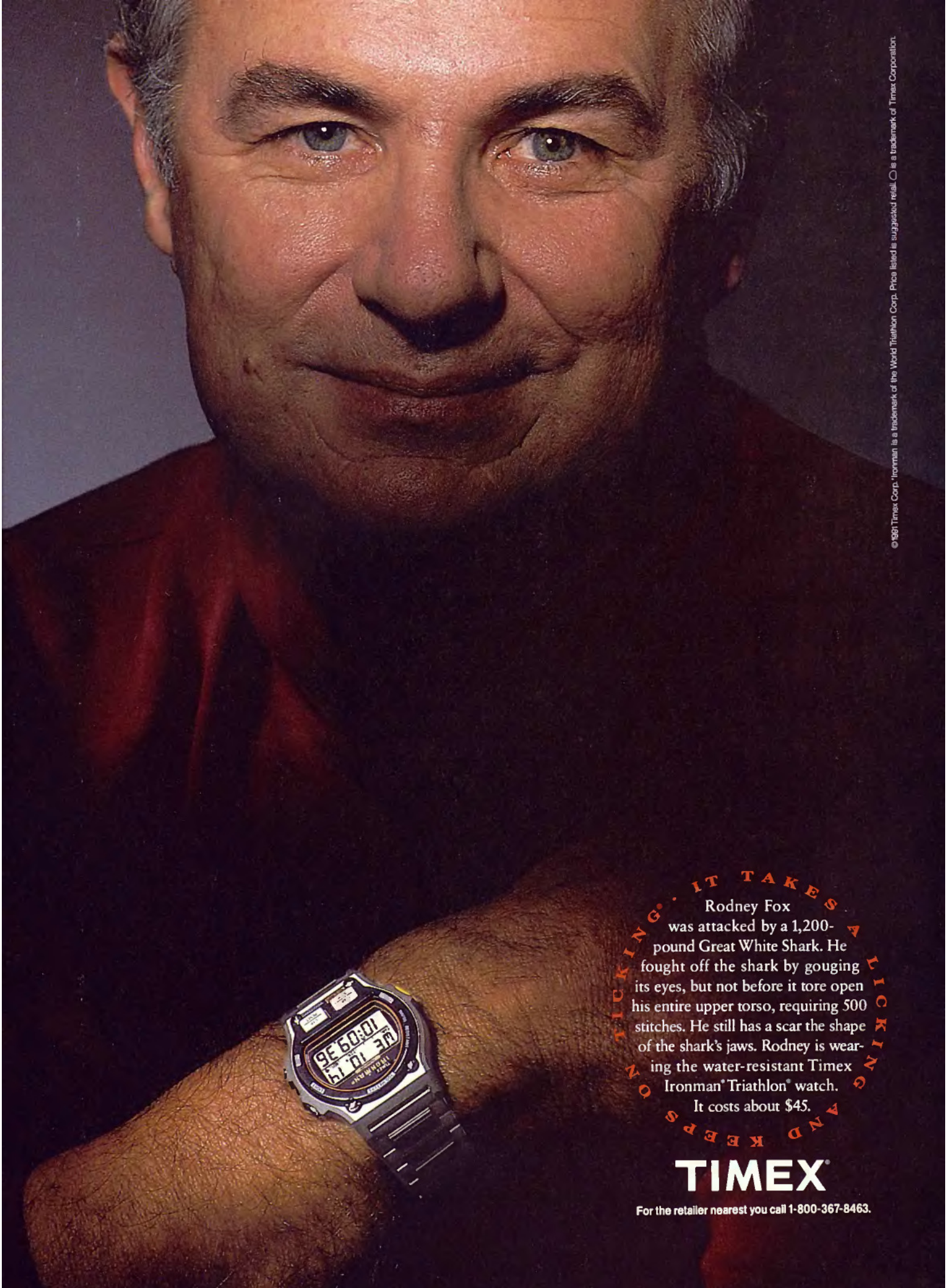
Thanks to a host of newcomers to the world of men's fashion, 1992 promises to be an exciting year. *Donna Karan:* Now that she's conquered the women's market, D.K. is moving on to menswear. *Michael Kors:* Another women's-fashion crossover, his debut menswear will feature uncomplicated cuts and luxurious fabrics. *Marcos Ergas:* His styles range from unconstructed, five-button jackets to Lycra knits. *Brian Bubb:* Former designer for Perry Ellis Menswear, Bubb is on his own now with a line of offbeat neckwear and formal accessories. *Calvin Klein:* In fall 1992, he'll reintroduce a menswear collection for the first time since the mid-Eighties.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SHOES	IN	OUT
DRESS	Brown suede lace-ups; wing tips; cap toes; tassel loafers in black or brown leather	Any shiny leather; superthick soles or high heels; two-toned shoes; anything in white; excessive detailing
CASUAL	Deck shoes; indoor soccer shoes; high-vamped penny loafers; biker or cowboy boots	Ultra-high-tech athletic shoes; military-inspired shoes in pale leathers
FORMAL	Black suede slip-ons; monogrommed slippers; black leather lace-ups	Day shoes worn as formal shoes; any color other than black; sneakers

Where & How to Buy on page 205.



IT TAKES A LICKING AND KEEPS ON TICKING.

Rodney Fox was attacked by a 1,200-pound Great White Shark. He fought off the shark by gouging its eyes, but not before it tore open his entire upper torso, requiring 500 stitches. He still has a scar the shape of the shark's jaws. Rodney is wearing the water-resistant Timex Ironman® Triathlon® watch. It costs about $45.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

WHETHER YOU'VE BEEN inventively naughty or accommodatingly nice this year, if you're on our gift list, you're going to get a book. And what an extraordinary diversity of books there is this season.

From the eerie portrait of a nude John Lennon wrapped around the passive figure of Yoko Ono to a folksy shot of Louis Armstrong running riffs on his trumpet at home, ***Annie Leibovitz Photographs 1970–1990*** (HarperCollins) dazzles with more wit and insight than anything since Henri Cartier-Bresson. This 232-page rogue's gallery of celebrities captures all the idiosyncratic fun and flair of the past two decades. The contrast between her let-it-all-hang-out, improvisational character studies and the elegantly composed photographs of Irving Penn in ***Passage*** (Knopf) is provocative. Leibovitz captures moments of human revelation; Penn, in this monumental retrospective of his career, proves himself the master of the painterly image.

If you are in a mood for laughs, take a look at ***Comedians*** (Thomasson-Grant), by Arthur Grace, who takes his camera backstage with Robin Williams, Whoopi Goldberg, George Burns and 14 more of America's best comics. ***The Rolling Stone Book of Comedy*** (Bulfinch/Little Brown) takes a slightly different approach, presenting individual profiles of the comedians by Bill Zehme and photographs by Bonnie Schiffman, with equally hilarious results.

Comic-book characters are out in force for this season's books, led by ***Marvel: Five Fabulous Decades of the World's Greatest Comics*** (Abrams), by Les Daniels. The remarkable success story of this creative company—from its first comic book in 1939 (which has been valued at $82,000) through Captain America, Spider-Man, Conan the Barbarian, X-Men and She-Hulk—is copiously illustrated. Alfred E. Neuman was the first symbol of a newly discovered audience in 1952, and ***Completely Mad: A History of the Comic Book and Magazine*** (Little Brown), by Maria Reidelbach, shows that Alf is still potently outrageous almost 40 years later. Reidelbach gives us an appropriately irreverent romp through America's most-enduring satirical magazine. Tweety and Sylvester are celebrating 50 years of animated antics, with ***"I Tawt I Taw a Puddy Tat"*** (Holt), by Jerry Beck. Mickey Mouse, now a venerable 65, is such a familiar international symbol that more than 100 noted artists have interpreted him in ***The Art of Mickey Mouse*** (Hyperion). The book was edited by Craig Yoe and Janet Morra-Yoe, with an introduction by John Updike. More than 300 ghoulishly funny cartoons are included in ***The World of Charles Addams*** (Knopf), with an introduction by Wilfred Sheed. Included are the original inspirations for the Anjelica Huston–Raul Julia movie. The entire story of how comic-book characters, including Batman, Dick Tracy and Superman, made the transition into the movies is told by William Schoell in ***Comic Book Heroes of the Screen*** (Citadel).

JAMES FRIED

We wrap up the season's best gift books.

Even Scrooge would buy our holiday fare.

Surprisingly, some of the most stunning gift books this year are cookbooks, such as ***Spirit of the Harvest: North American Indian Cooking*** (Stewart, Tabori & Chang), by Beverly Cox and Martin Jacobs. This gorgeously illustrated volume features unusual recipes along with native-American myths and culture. ***Kwanzaa: An African-American Celebration of Culture and Cooking*** (Morrow), by Eric V. Copage, explains the history and folklore behind the week-long African-American festival that begins the day after Christmas. He provides more than 200 recipes for dishes—from *doro wat* (Ethiopian chicken stew) to jambalaya *classique* and hopping John. The authors of *The Encyclopedia of Bad Taste*, Jane and Michael Stern, lick their chops through ***American Gourmet*** (HarperCollins), which takes you back to the Fifties and Sixties for 100 recipes to try while twirling your Hula-Hoops.

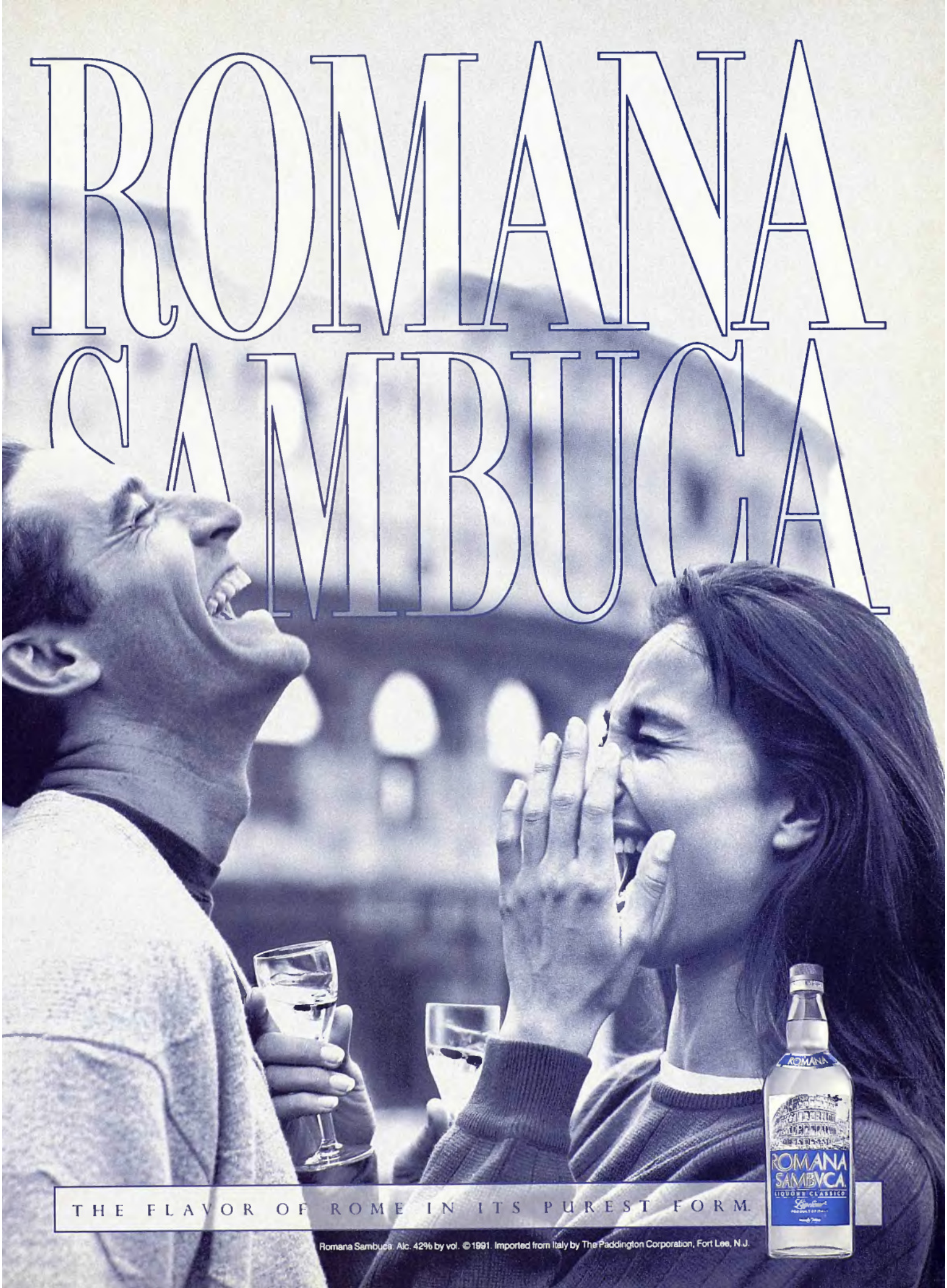
But what would food be without wine? Luckily, there's Kevin Zraly's ***Windows on the World Complete Wine Course*** (Sterling), an excellent guide for beginners that can turn you into the terror of the wine list. For more sophisticated wine drinkers, ***The Winemaker's Year: Four Seasons in Bordeaux*** (Thames and Hudson), by Michael Buller with photographs by Michel Guillard, weaves a knowledgeable narration of life in the vineyards through beautiful photos of the Bordeaux chateaux.

Topping the list of illustrated books on rock music is ***The Unseen Beatles*** (HarperCollins), text by Martin Harrison, with photographs by Bob Whitaker. In 1964, Beatles' manager Brian Epstein granted Whitaker access to the Beatles at concerts and in their homes. These pictures, never published before, have an unusual freshness and intimacy as a group portrait of the Fab Four in the happy flush of youthful success. Perhaps the Beatles' biggest fan is Geoffrey Giuliano, who includes 1500 photographs of material from his collection in ***The Beatles Album: 30 Years of Music and Memorabilia*** (Viking Studio). ***The Rolling Stones' Rock and Roll Circus*** (Chronicle), by Mike Randolph, is a collection of previously unpublished photographs from a never-aired 1968 BBC-TV special, in which the Stones were joined by such pals as John Lennon and Marianne Faithfull. This book is the next best thing to a video of this historic show. Tony Bacon's ***The Ultimate Guitar Book*** (Knopf), featuring more than 800 photographs of every guitar imaginable—from Gibson's Les Paul Gold Top to the Fender Stratocaster—is the book for anyone who has ever wanted to be Eric Clapton.

Egypt (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), by Mary Cross, is the most awesome travel book of the year. Beautifully designed and printed, it encompasses the vast expanse of this ancient country with exceptional pictures of people and landscape. Cross is a rarity, a photographer of unfailing perception as well as a graceful, intelligent writer. Novelist Tony Hillerman writes mysteries (such as *Talking God*) that take place in Southwestern settings. In ***Hillerman Country*** (HarperCollins), with photographs by his brother Barney, Hillerman takes us on a moving personal tour of the majestic places that have been the backdrops for his fiction. A study of the endangered rain forests in the Amazon Basin combines ecological consciousness with aesthetics: ***Amazonia*** (Sierra Club), by Loren McIntyre, explores with a sensitive eye the vast scope of terrain along the river. With perfect timing, as national attention focuses on the future of Fidel's island, photographer Michael Reagan presents a stunning ***Portrait of Cuba*** (Turner). The text is by Wayne Smith.

The film-making trio of producer Ismail Merchant, director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala has a long

ROMANA SAMBUCA



THE FLAVOR OF ROME IN ITS PUREST FORM.

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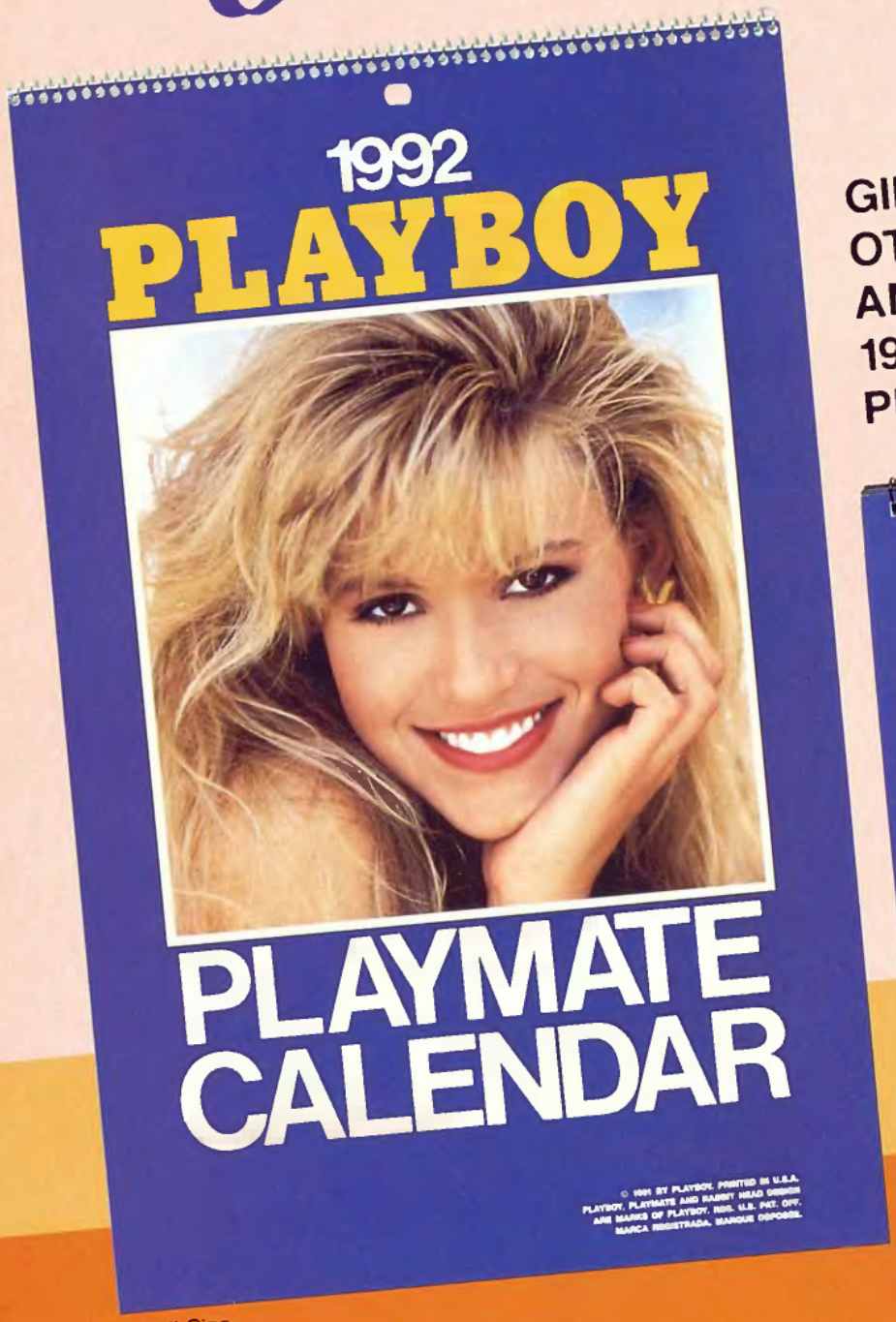

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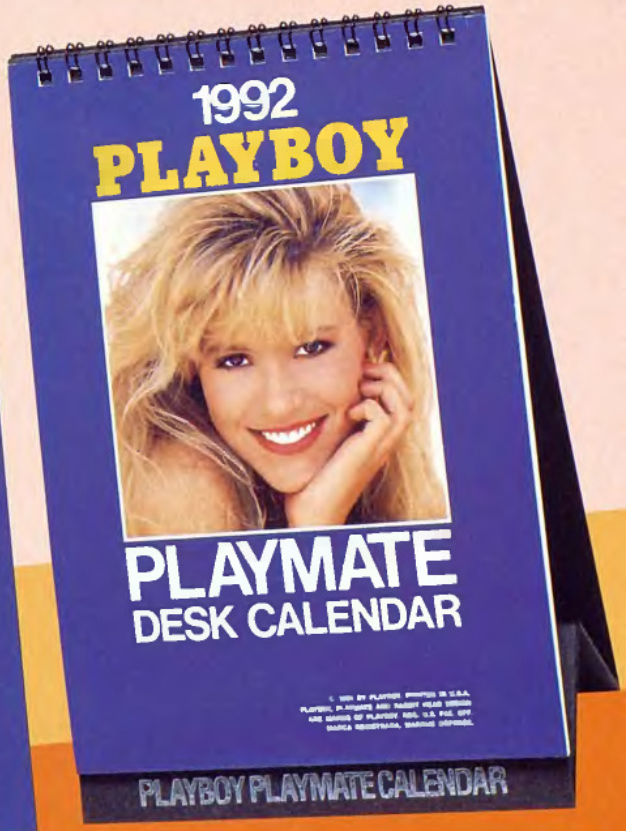

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and unusual history recorded in ***The Films of Merchant Ivory*** (Abrams), by Robert Emmet Long. Among the 32 projects analyzed and illustrated here are *A Room with a View*, *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* and *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe*. ***MGM: When the Lion Roared*** (Turner), by Peter Hay, takes us from the studio's origin in 1925 to the end of the star contract system in 1959. Hay relives this 35-year period when MGM made over 1000 films, including such classics as *The Wizard of Oz*, *Gone with the Wind* and *Singin' in the Rain*. If you want to revel in the pure glamour of the best star portraits from the Thirties and early Forties, don't miss ***The Portfolios of George Hurrell*** (Graystone), with an introduction by George Christy. Hurrell's dramatic use of lighting and his theatrical poses made these portraits inimitable. Drama critic Martin Gottfried has a theater-goer's treat: ***More Broadway Musicals: Since 1980*** (Abrams), a lavishly illustrated look at the past decade on Broadway, including the Tony-winning hit, *The Will Rogers Follies*.

Finally, two extraordinary books that defy categorization: ***Then and Now: The Wonders of the Ancient World Brought to Life in Vivid See-Through Reconstructions*** (Macmillan), by Dominic and Stephania Perring, is a joy for kids and crusty archaeologists alike; and, even if you have never hoisted a sail, the sheer sensuous beauty of ***Wooden Ship: The Art, History and Revival of Wooden Boatbuilding*** (Houghton Mifflin), by Peter H. Spectre and David Larkin, will have you dazzled.

BOOK BAG

In Your Face: A Cartoonist at Work (Houghton Mifflin), by Doug Marlette: Known as a double-dipper in the trade, this Pulitzer Prize–winning editorial cartoonist explores the vicissitudes of both quirky callings.

The Devil's Candy (Houghton Mifflin), by Julie Salamon: *The Bonfire of the Vanities* goes to Hollywood. Here's the juicy behind-the-camera story of the $50,000,000 film that flopped.

Dying in the Post-War World (Foul Play Press), by Max Allan Collins: The award-winning author of more than 30 suspense novels blends fact and fiction in five short stories (and one novella) set in the ultimate *noir* era.

The Muddy Fork & Other Things (Clark City Press), by James Crumley: The American West in short fiction and nonfiction pieces that highlight country-and-western singers, a Montana road trip and Yellowstone Park's female forest rangers.

Bearing Witness (Pantheon), edited by Henry Louis Gates, Jr.: Rooted in the African-American literary tradition, this collection includes dramatic personal narratives by Eldridge Cleaver, Angela Davis, Langston Hughes, Alice Walker and Malcolm X.

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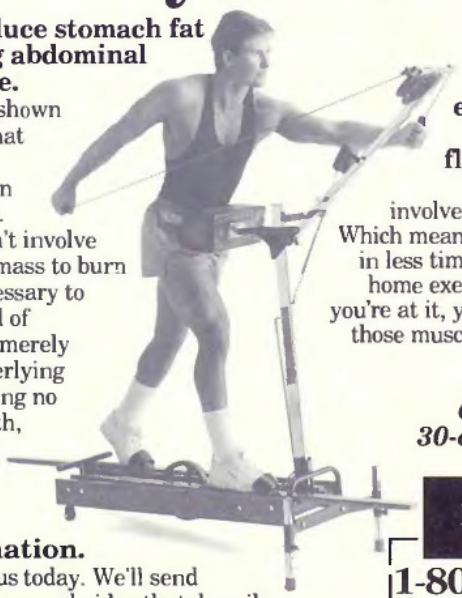

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By CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Gordimer: a South African winner.

Nadine Gordimer talks about sanctions, Mandela and her Nobel Prize.

LAST OCTOBER, *Nadine Gordimer, 68, South Africa's premiere novelist and passionate foe of apartheid, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. She is the first woman in a quarter century to have received the honor in that category.* Playboy *has been honored to publish Gordimer's work on several occasions during the past few decades. Her first words to appear in the magazine, in our May 1972 issue, introduced the work of street poets from Soweto. Her most recent contribution to these pages was the masterful short story "A Journey" (June 1989). Writer Claudia Dreifus caught up with Gordimer in New York City, where she spoke with her both before and after the Nobel award—which confers not only honor but also a $1,000,000 cash prize—was announced.*

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to hearing that you had won the Nobel Prize?

GORDIMER: Naturally, I was delighted and tremendously surprised. I was awakened with the news. I never believed that Nobel Prize winners were not warned beforehand. But now I know, you are not.

PLAYBOY: When we discussed the Nobel last week, you said you didn't think it was likely you'd get it. Why the pessimism?

GORDIMER: Well, I had been on the short list a number of times before and I really had stopped thinking about it. I felt it would be unlikely to happen if I thought about it. It's just like when I don't know what it is I'm writing, or what I am going to write next.

PLAYBOY: You're not just a writer, you're a white South African who's an active member of the African National Congress. With all the changes in your country, what have the past two years been like for you personally?

GORDIMER: Very exciting. It was something you could hardly believe would happen because apartheid had gone on so long. From my own point of view, I think that there definitely is such a thing as an absolutely inexorable movement of history. It couldn't have continued as it had: the phenomenon of a small white population keeping a huge black population endlessly subjugated.

PLAYBOY: What caused the breakdown of apartheid?

GORDIMER: Two things: blacks forming trade unions and the growing outrage on the part of the outside world over the years. At the beginning, white South Africans couldn't have cared less about the outrage. But they had to begin to care when it brought about economic sanctions. Sanctions had *everything* to do with bringing change to South Africa, and that was why I was always in favor of them. Believe me, without sanctions, we never would have gotten where we are.

PLAYBOY: Do you still favor sanctions now that there have been some reforms?

GORDIMER: I'm still in favor of sanctions until such time as we have a new constitution. I think *then* is the time to talk about lifting them. I'm talking about the important sanctions. There are some boycotts that I never thought made any sense—the book boycott, for instance. However, the sports boycott was very important. There are many people in South Africa who don't care about books or films, but sports mean a great deal to them.

PLAYBOY: So much of your fiction is focused on the ways apartheid destroys the everyday lives of South Africans, black and white. Are the people you know personally happier now that South African politics are opening up?

GORDIMER: Certainly. People who are close to me are, indeed, happier. They feel freer. It's still a struggle, but they are living more fully than they did. One of the wonderful things, in spite of all the terrible things that happen in South Africa, is the way people continue to keep their dignity. They continue to love, to laugh, to get pleasure out of life. The only thing that depresses me in life is when people don't have that, when they are satisfied to be half alive. And I've never met any black South African who is like that. People go in and out of jail, they take it all and they pick up their lives and go on.

PLAYBOY: You went through a difficult period yourself when you were banned.

GORDIMER: Not really. I wasn't personally banned—and that really is a terrible experience—but some of my books were banned. It's an awkward and unhappy experience because you figure you are not being read by your own people. But I was fortunate to be writing in English, so I knew that I was going to be read somewhere and that, one day, the books would come back.

PLAYBOY: Few writers have been able to influence the politics of their place as much as you have.

GORDIMER: I wonder if I have. I think a handful of South African writers, including myself—if we helped to bring about change there—have helped through our influence on the outside world. In a country like South Africa, we have a nuisance value.

PLAYBOY: Is the Nobel an endorsement of your political work?

GORDIMER: I can't really say. If you look at the recent Nobel Prize winners, you couldn't say that the work didn't matter and that the political commitment did. The Nobel Prize is for literature, for the quality of work over the years.

PLAYBOY: One of your books, *A Soldier's Embrace*, is about African revolutionaries who get what they wanted and are then sorry. Could you ever see yourself in such a situation?

GORDIMER: You mean achieving it and then finding it's not paradise? I know that there are going to be tremendous problems left over in my country. If we had a united, nonracial, nonsexist, democratic South Africa tomorrow, and Nelson [Mandela] was our president, we'd still have a tremendous backlog in education, in housing. These things are tremendously difficult and they can all lead to trouble, because the crisis in expectations is a very real thing. It's no good expecting paradise. Things are wrong, wrong, wrong, and you have to make an effort at making them right. Around the world.

PLAYBOY: You've said privately that Nelson Mandela will certainly become president. What makes you so sure?

GORDIMER: Well, look how far he's come. Twenty-eight years in prison! Who thought he could come out of prison, step into public life and become a world statesman? The man is a phenomenon. And if it should take longer—if something should happen and he should die—there are others in that tradition.

PLAYBOY: Now that you have your Nobel, is there any danger that the current South African government will try to win your favor with too much praise?

GORDIMER: They've tried that. And I think they know that it's really not in the cards.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

STEVE BRODNER

MY DAY WITH HANS AND FRANZ

I could not believe my luck. There they were, pumping iron as I walked into the weight room for my workout—Hans and Franz, the heroes of *Saturday Night Live*.

"Wow!" I said. "Hans and Franz! Good to meet you guys. I'm Asa Baber."

"Go away, girly-man," they said sharply. Hans was spotting Franz on the bench press.

"Me? A girly-man?" I asked. "Hey, I write the *Men* column for *Playboy*. You can't get any more macho than that."

"Go away, girly-man, before we hurt you bad and hurt you worse," Hans said.

"*Ja*," Franz said, grunting hard, "go away, girly-curly-man, before we rip out your inner vitals and make them your outer vitals in a furious instant."

"What's going on here?" I asked. "You guys sent me some fan mail not long ago. You said you liked my *Men* column. Why this sudden change in attitude?"

"I have never known such a girly-whirly-man as you," Hans said. "Hear me now and hear me later and remember from your past that you have heard me now in case you forget to hear me later."

"*Ja!*" Franz said.

"Because you are not doing your job as the *Men* columnist, girly-man. You are letting real men like us be given stinky bad names. Suddenly, all these girly-man reporters are saying there is no men's movement. They are trashing us!"

"*Ja!*" Franz said, "you have really let us down, schnitzel face. Where are your muscles? Where is your manly power?"

Hans shook his head. "Just after we got used to the feminists insulting us, the media send *girly-men* after us! It stinks like a barrel of rotten herring!"

"It sucks the sausage," Franz said.

"Franz and I, we are doing all the right things," said Hans. "We are reading *Iron John* and going to a new warrior weekend and buying a drum."

"A big drum that only real men can carry," Franz said, "weighing many kilos."

"And we are even running around naked in the woods at night."

"In the snow and the cold with our enormous pretzels slowly turning blue."

"And now we are reading other men saying that it is wrong to do those things, that we are fools and stupid dunces."

"Sorry about that," I said, "but this backlash had to happen. Why are you so surprised by it?"

Hans held up the October issue of *Esquire*. "Hear me now and hear me later, girly-*Men* columnist. There is an article by a girly-man in this *Esquire* magazine that makes fun of the new warrior training you wrote about in *Playboy*."

"*Ja*," Franz said, "*Esquire* is showing us no respect here. They are making us look like wimpy noodles and puny pancakes."

"So, what else is new?" I asked.

Hans and Franz looked shocked, absolutely shocked. "What?" they asked.

"It's par for the course," I said. "*Esquire* hires a so-called journalist to go to a new warrior weekend without revealing that he's on assignment. The reporter signs a pledge promising that he will not reveal what goes on. He refuses to participate fully in the weekend, but he watches other men do their work. Then he breaks his word and writes a cynical article and makes money off the venture. It's just another day in Mediaville."

"He is paid by *Esquire* to laugh at the men he went through the training with?" Franz said. "What kind of a schnitzel would do a thing like that?"

"'Journalistic ethics' is often a contradiction in terms," I said, laughing.

"But it should not be like this," Franz said. "We must punish him, *ja*? We must teach that *Esquire* girly-man a lesson."

"It's a free country," I said. "He can write whatever he wants to write, even if he was a little shit in the way he went about it."

"We must stop these men!" Hans said. He was holding this issue of *Playboy* and pointing at the *Media* column by my colleague Stephen Randall. "Look, another traitor! He calls our work 'a movement with virtually no followers.' I will take care of this Stevie-Weevie-Randall-man."

"Look," I said, "you can't go around bullying reporters whenever they piss you off, Hans."

"We can do anything we want!" Franz said. "With our biceps and triceps and quads, the world is at our command." He flexed and got red in the face.

"Great thinking—for Nazis, that is," I said.

"You call us Nazis?" Franz asked with a glower. "Why?"

"Because of your dumb ideas," I said. "Hear me now and hear me later, Hans and Franz: We've just been through twenty-five years of feminists saying that they had the only politically correct answers to everything. As men, are we going to follow their act? Are we that weak?"

"I don't want other men making fun of me!" Hans cried. "I can't stand it!"

"Hans," I said, "some men are *always* going to make fun of you. And me. And all the guys who do any of this work. We're talking about basic male identity here. It's a touchy subject. So let's just do our work and shut up. No new orthodoxies, no new gurus. Just good work."

"I have many muscles!" Hans bellowed.

"Yeah, great," I said.

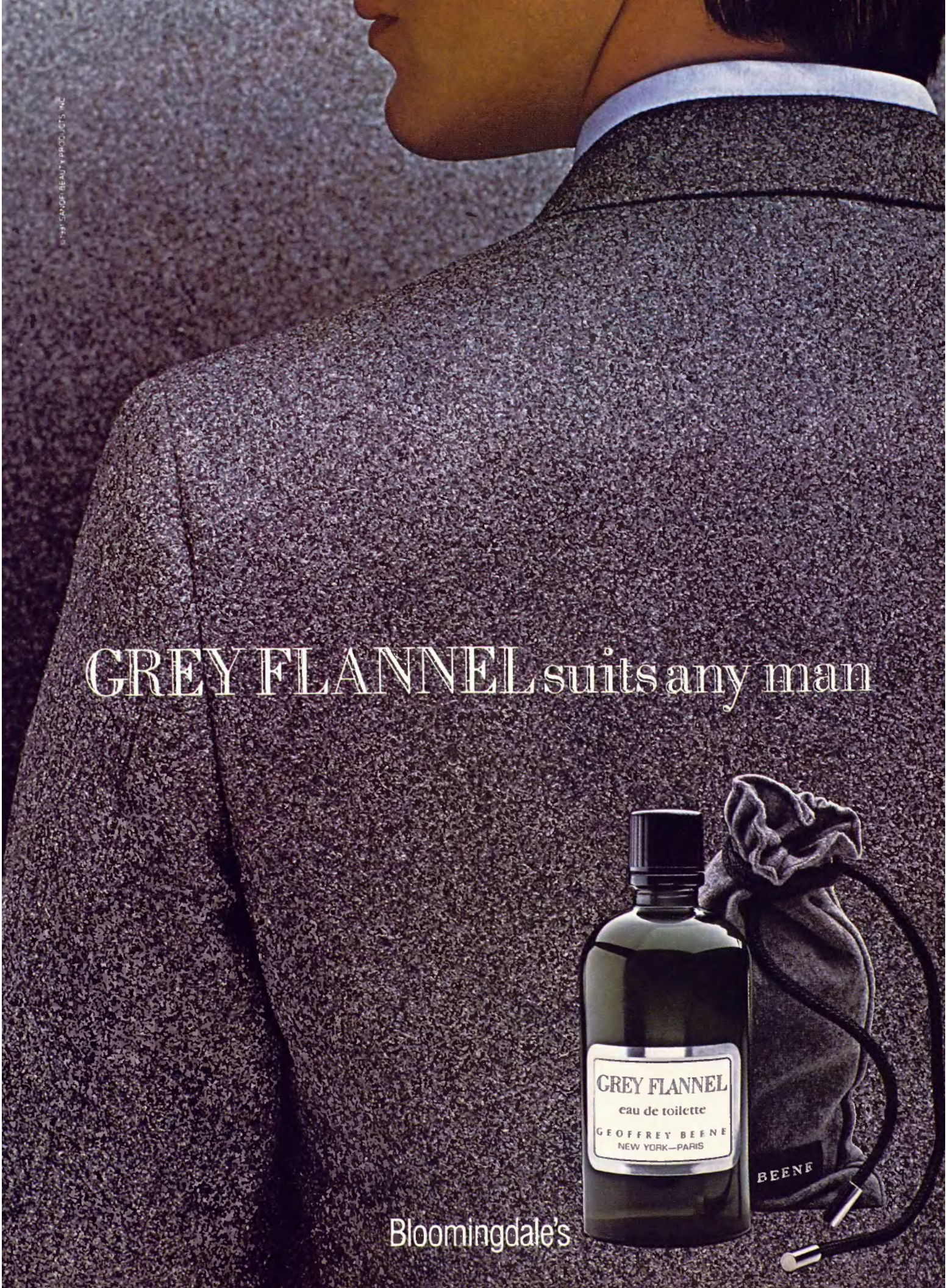
"No one can mock my huge and manly muscles! I am invincible!"

"You guys may pump a lot of iron," I said, "but think about my situation, would you? I have had to carry people like Stevie-Weevie-Randall-man around for years. They are always taking potshots at me. Now *that's* heavy."

"*Mein Führer!*" Hans and Franz cried as they unrolled a poster of Robert Bly. "We worship you! And our great male god, Iron John! *Sieg Heil!*" they shouted.

I took off for a sauna and steam. Later, as I left the club, I could hear Hans and Franz singing *Robert, Robert, Über Alles* in the weight room.

Some guys never learn.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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I have this new job: Five days a week, during business hours, I fight about whether or not women should be called ladies.

"But why does John have to say 'Hello, ladies'?" I scream at Marco as if my life depended on it.

"Look," Marco says, ready to strangle me, "for four years John has called them ladies! That's what he says, goddamn it!"

Marco and I work on a sitcom called *Dear John*. You know, the one with Judd Hirsch. The guys who work there are getting tired of the "ladies" controversy.

I don't care. It's like fingernails scratching on a blackboard to me; it's a feminist thing. I thought we had it all settled back in the Seventies. Women are not ladies. The term connotes females who are simultaneously put on a pedestal and patronized. A lady is softer and weaker and more dependent than a man. Implicit in the definition is that a man must defer to her, take care of her, because she's not competent to do things on her own.

A lady would never fuck up her nails fixing a carburetor, a lady doesn't swear like a longshoreman during childbirth, a lady doesn't like to give head. At least that's what our mothers told us when we were growing up. They had a litany of things that ladies, which we were supposed to become, were not allowed to do:

"A lady always sits quietly with her hands in her lap."

"A lady keeps her hair nicely combed and out of her eyes."

"A lady keeps her knees together at all times."

I despise this L word! Call me a lady and I feel like I'm wearing a white dress and can't go splashing through puddles. When we hear a guy say "I want a terrific lady," we know we're dealing with someone with a different frame of reference, and we talk slower.

"OK, then," Marco says, "every day, John walks into a room. Three women are standing there. What's he supposed to say? 'Hello, women'?"

He had me there. "Hello, women" sounds really goofy, as would "Hello, men." As if you were on a military mission. You want something that is informal, colloquial.

I've discovered something depressing. There is no word in our language to define a woman, or a group of women, that is nonjudgmental.

DAVID KARNEBEKE

THE LADY KILLERS

Walk into a room and say "Hello, girls" and you're either talking to female people under the age of 21 or to plumpish housewives in fussy dresses who are in the habit of saying to their husbands, "The girls are coming over for bridge."

"Gals" means the same thing, except that if the women are grownups, they're not wearing dresses, they're wearing Bermuda shorts.

"Chick" is another term that diminishes women. It's like "girl" or "gal," only less respectful.

"Babe" implies that a woman is sexually appealing to men, as in "Is she a babe?" "Well, she's seventy-five percent babe, but her ankles are fat." Ditto the terms fox and (remember?) tomato.

"Slut" used to mean a slovenly woman. Now it means a woman who will go to bed with everyone. This is considered a bad trait for a woman, though perfectly fabulous in a man.

"Bitch" means a woman who will go to bed with everyone but you.

I want to know why we have no nonjudgmental words to describe us. I want to know why there are no female equivalents to "guys," "fellows," "dudes." I want to know why our language is so goddamned *male*, why everything is defined by how it relates to men.

Why, yes, of course there are terms with sexual counterparts. "Spinster" and "bachelor," for example. Spinster means you are old and frustrated and unattractive and wear your hair in a bun and have too many cats and probably knit. The worst that can be said of a bachelor is that he's probably gay.

Then there are those genitalia words. Men can be "dicks," "dickheads," "pricks" and "schmucks." There are so many male genitalia words because men love penises. All those words mean "kind of a jerk." Whereas there is only one genitalia word for women, "cunt," and it is considered much more obscene than dick et al., because female genitalia are considered more obscene than male.

Oh, wait, I forgot "pussy." A word applied to men. It means cowardly, wimpy, weak.

Why are only men "bastards"? Are women considered so insignificant that it doesn't matter if they're born out of wedlock?

Linguists tell us that the language we speak defines the way we think. People whose language includes 32 words for snow have a lot more complicated thoughts about snow than we do.

Our language teaches us to think of women as less valuable than men. I hear the word babe, and I think, Am I a babe? And if not, am I worthless? I hear the term spinster and I feel a tiny stirring of fear and distaste before I think, Thank God I've been married, I'm not a spinster! I hear "cunt," and before I can stop myself, self-loathing trickles into my soul. I don't want to feel this way. It's unfair for my own language to betray me.

So I have a proposal. Let's make the word guy unisex. Let's everybody call one another guy so that everybody can feel equal, like they're one of the gang, like they belong. Women do this already, because we utterly refuse to call each other ladies, but we feel a hint of self-betrayal. If it's made official, we won't.

We still need a nonjudgmental female word. I think "girl" is sometimes OK, but it's like "nigger." We can use it, you can't.

How about "bitch"? Too negative? I don't think so. A man will call a woman a bitch when he can't control her, when she won't do his bidding or when she's not compliant to his needs. I like this in a word.

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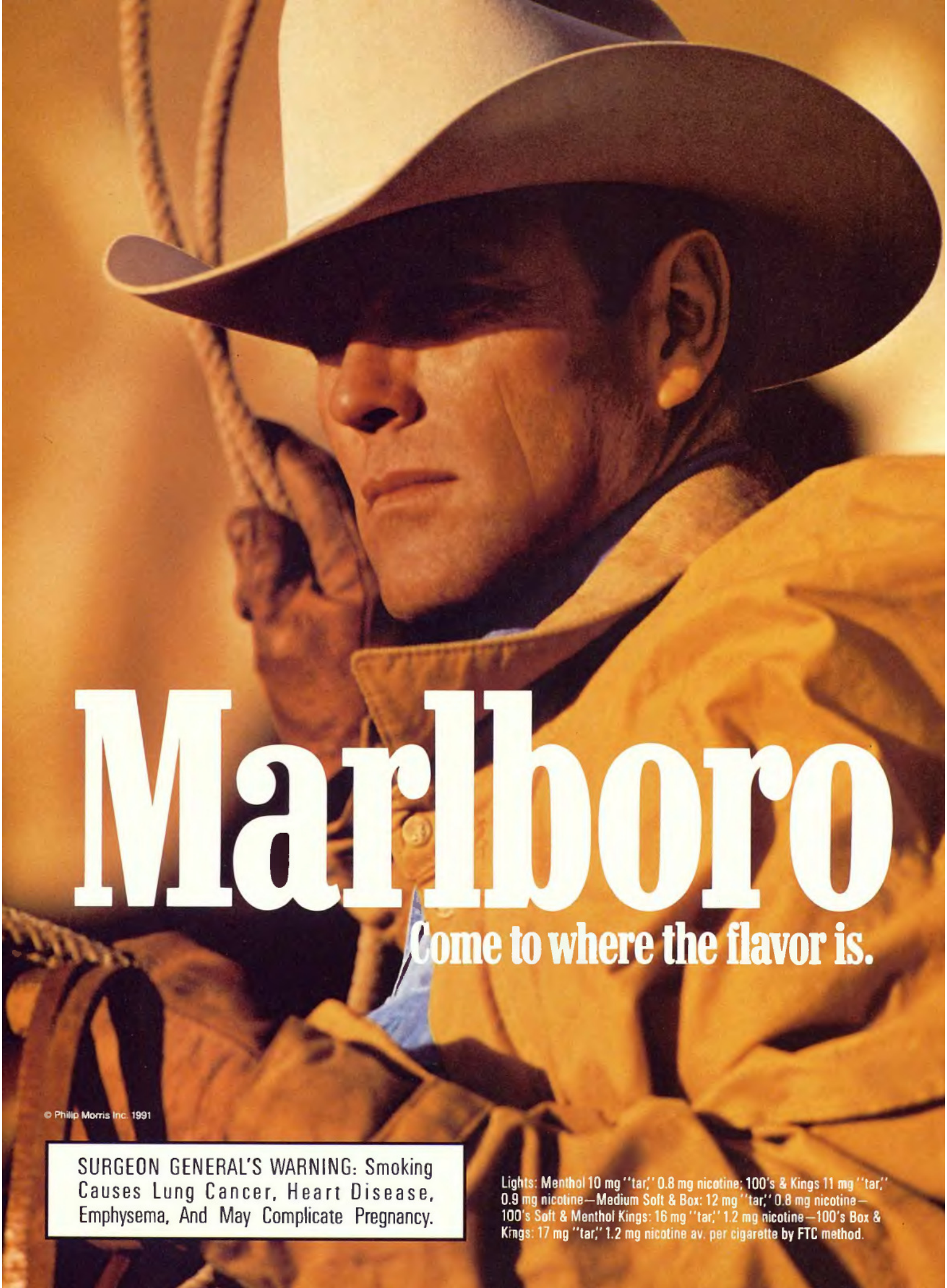

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I have set up the camcorder a few times while making love. We have two thrills in mind—performing on camera *flagrante delicto* and later watching ourselves doing it. The camera's presence has certainly added extra zing to our sex. We both find it very arousing to be filmed. But we've been a little disappointed in our tapes. Don't get me wrong: My wife and I look fine and project our enjoyment convincingly, but with a single stationary camera aimed at our rumpled sheets, our tapes have a static, one-dimensional quality neither of us finds sensual. A hand-held camera might add some interesting motion, but we'd rather keep our performances private. What else can we do? There must be a way to add some Hollywood flair to our home erotic video.—A. D., Sparks, Nevada.

Hollywood you want, Hollywood you get—straight from Los Angeles producer-director Stephen Faigenbaum. Ditch those rumpled sheets, Faigenbaum suggests, and create what movie moguls call production value by classing up your set. Make your bedroom look more videogenic by dressing it up with things such as art on the walls, flowers on the night table, potted plants and designer bedspreads and linens. Then use light and shadow to create a more intimate mood. Kill the overhead light and try a few desk lamps as substitutes for spots. Experiment with colored bulbs, especially reds and blues. And don't point all your lights right at the bed. Indirect lighting can create alluring shadow effects. Candlelight adds to the mood and creates both motion and mystery. Once everything is ready on the set, Faigenbaum says, "Don't just show. Reveal." Instead of simply going at it, start clothed and slowly disrobe each other. The camera may be stationary, but you can still move—not just by doing the old in and out, but by moving in and out of the frame, in and out of the light and performing under the covers as well as on top of them. "Be playful," Faigenbaum says. "Tantalize and tease the camera." And if you'd like to see how a low-budget home movie can sizzle with sex, rent any of Andrew Blake's erotic videos, particularly "Secrets" and "House of Dreams." They should give you even more arousing ideas.

Is it proper (or expected) to tip on take-out orders in restaurants? What about tipping courtesy-bus drivers (rental-car shuttles, hotel shuttles, etc.)?—P. H., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

How come no one asked Clarence Thomas questions like this? You've hit upon a gray area in social etiquette, and while we would like to remain impartial and objective, our grandfather (who never ate take-out, rented a car or took a shuttle to a hotel) said that common sense and common courtesy are the best tools for dealing with the common man. If you are a regular at the restaurant and you've ordered something like 100 pad Thai, you might leave something (perhaps a dollar or two). On the other hand, the reason most people eat at McDonald's is not for the food but for the convenience of not having to do higher math. As for bus drivers, unless they perform an outstanding service (hauling your bags or explaining the layout of terminals at Kennedy International), don't distract them—you don't tip other types of bus drivers.

Can you tell me the difference between light and regular spirits?—A. J., San Jose, California.

There is a real distinction. The House of Seagram, for example, has developed and marketed Mount Royal Light—a full-bodied Canadian whisky that has one-third less alcohol and one-third fewer calories than normal whisky. It uses a unique production method to preserve the flavor. Will it catch on? As you may recall, critics scoffed at the first light beers, which now account for a fourth of the beer market. We'd call it a good idea.

Sex with my 18-year-old girlfriend is fine—all except for her kissing. As soon as we start messing around, she clamps her mouth on mine, pushes her tongue down my throat and leaves it there. Some of this would be great, but that's all she does. I want to tell her there's more to kissing than tonguing my tonsils, but I can't bring myself to say it. She reads *The Playboy Advisor* every month. Would you help me out?—J. W., Brooklyn, New York.

"A kiss," said one wit, "can be a comma, a question mark or an exclamation point." It sounds like your girlfriend is heavily into exclamation points, which is understandable, given teenagers' irrepressible enthusiasm. But you're right. Too much of a good thing loses its allure, just as an excess of exclamation points loses the power to emphasize. Tongue play gets you halfway to great kissing. To go all the way, so to speak, you need the lips. We're not talking about the quick dry pecks you give your maiden aunt, but rather the interplay of tongues and lips and moist hot breath, which together can become erotically explosive. Run your tongue over your girlfriend's lips. Ask her to run hers over yours. Let your tongues chase each other as they dart in and out of your mouths. Nibble at each other's lips. We're confident your girlfriend will catch on quickly. Then she'll understand why Percy Bysshe Shelley needed no exclamation points when he defined kissing as "soul meets soul on lover's lips."

Is it safe to leave a tape in the tape player? I remember reading somewhere that it can damage the tape.—T. C., Macon, Georgia.

Depends on which tape player. When the control on a home deck is in the off position, the heads and pinch rollers pull away from the tape. No problem. In a car deck, some of the pinch rollers do not pull away. You may create flat spots on the rollers or damage to that point on the tape.

Recently, I started shopping for a mountain bike, but so far the only thing I've acquired is a headache. First, there's all that confusing tech talk. Second, every salesman seems to be trying to sell me a top-of-the-line bike whose price tag looks like the trade deficit of Albania. How much do I really need to spend on a mountain bike?—T. P., New York, New York.

Ah, yes, we know the feeling. The first time we walked into our local bike shop, the guy started talking about chain rings and headsets. We thought he was inviting us to have kinky sex with his twin sisters. Then he got all excited about some exotic frame materials like titanium and molybdenum that, to hear him tell it, weigh less than balsa wood and can evade Soviet radar. After a lot of reading and riding and arithmetic, we've come to a few conclusions about mountain bikes. First, the minimum you should consider spending is about $450. Below that, the bikes are too heavy and the components too flimsy for any kind of serious offroad riding. If you shop carefully, you can find a quality bike for about $550—check out the Trek 930, for example. From there on up to about $800, you'll find many bikes that provide strong, light steel frames and fully indexed gear shifters with 21 speeds. Between $800 and $1600, you are paying for components that are both lighter

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and more durable. Parts are machined to closer tolerances, gears shift effortlessly and the frame is configured for more aggressive riding—over rocks, into the woods, through mud, etc. If you're planning on riding up the nearest mountain by the most direct route, you'll want to start looking in this price range. Once you get above $1600, you'll get some pretty righteous stuff—top-of-the-line components such as Shimano's new XTR group, whose pieces look like objets d'art. Frames can resemble something out of Tom Swift's garage. You can indulge in all the latest frills from shock-absorber to front-and-rear suspensions to titanium frames and forks. Prices at this altitude can induce a nosebleed: An all-titanium frame and forks, for example, run about $2200, and you still need wheels and gears. Finally, don't forget your helmet. It's about $50. Cowabunga, dude.

I'm 30, healthy, and I never had any sex problems—until two years ago on my wedding night. There we were in the hotel's honeymoon suite on a heart-shaped bed with satin sheets—and I couldn't get it up. I had no problems doing it with my wife before we got married, but on the big night, nothing, *nada*, zip. She said it was no big deal. We were both drunk and exhausted when the party broke up at three A.M., so she didn't have much sexual energy. I got it up the next morning and haven't had any problems since. But I can't shake the feeling that my scoreless wedding night means my marriage is jinxed or something. Is it, or am I being paranoid?—T. T., Hayward, California.

The latter. Your wedding night sounds like a classic setup for a situational erection problem. First, you were exhausted. Don't expect your penis to stand up if you can't. Second, you were inebriated. In amounts that cause intoxication, alcohol is a central-nervous-system depressant that puts a damper on the body's ability to produce an erection. Finally, although weddings are joyous occasions, they are also quite stressful—remember all the arrangements, logistical hassles and family issues beforehand? And the whirlwind of the event itself? There is also the challenge of trying to remember the names of all your bride's relatives. Stress is another major erection deflator. Sexually, everything has been fine since your wedding night. That proves that your problem was a one-night nonstand.

Here's one for you, O mighty Advisor. How many bubbles in a bottle of bubbly?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

How many times have we asked ourselves how many bubbles in a bottle of champagne? Not that many, actually. But when challenged by famed champagne maker Bollinger, we guessed, oh, 50,000. Right? No. Close? Hardly. In the general vicinity? Only if you think Epernay is a suburb of Auckland. The right answer: 56,000,000.

My new girlfriend and I both have sales jobs and we're on our feet all day. When we get together after work, our feet are killing us, so we've developed a ritual of giving each other foot massages. We both love them. My girlfriend says they're almost as refreshing as sex. Personally, I wouldn't go that far, but I certainly enjoy our nightly foot massages. Trouble is, my feet are extremely sensitive, and I often flinch and jerk away when she rubs certain tender spots. My flinching breaks the special intimacy our foot massages create. I don't want to remain a tenderfoot. What can I do?—J. J., Gaithersburg, Maryland.

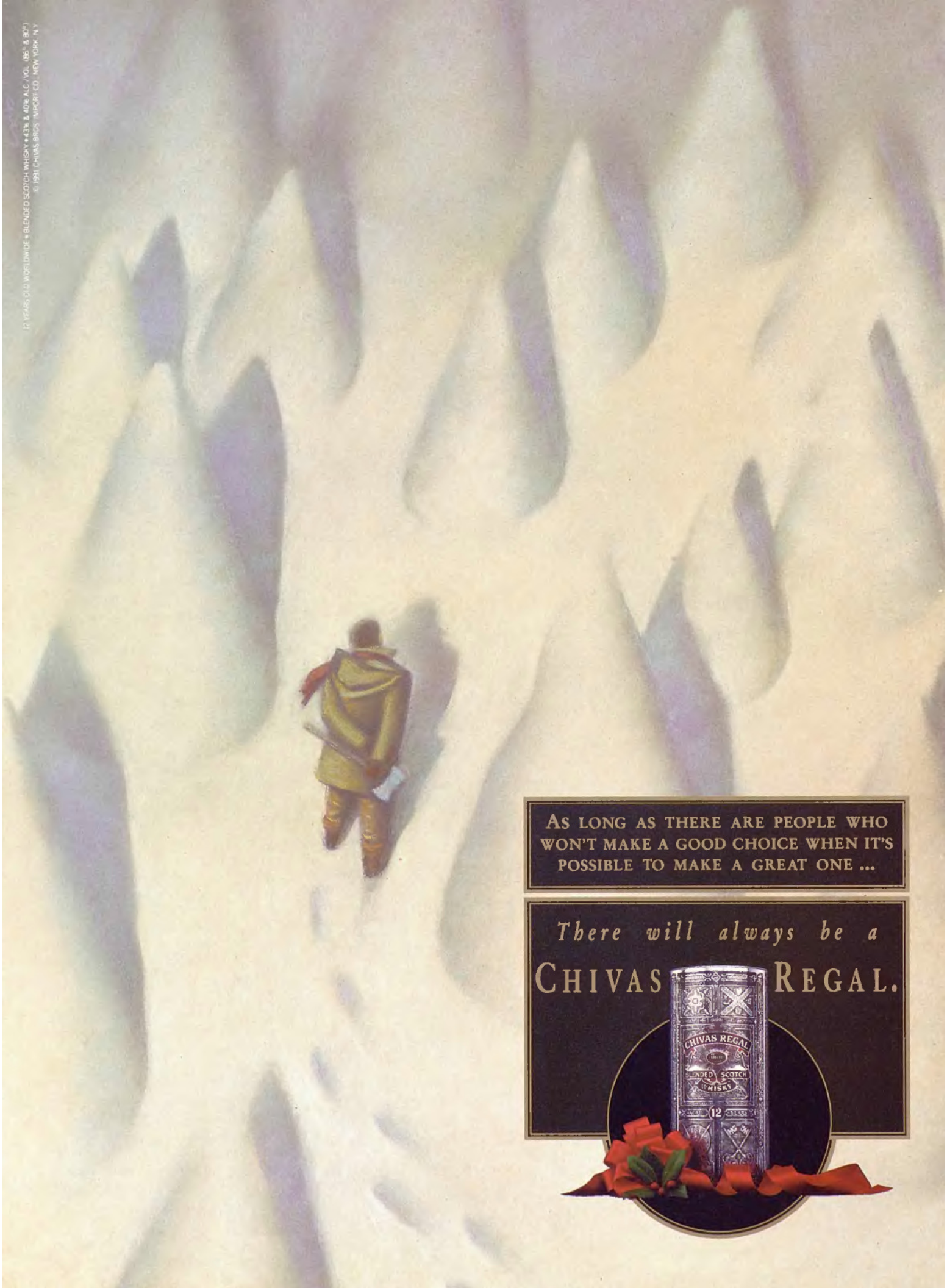
Several things. First, ask your girlfriend to stroke your feet with her palms, not just her finger tips. Even when people think they're being gentle, finger-tip pressure can feel too intense and cause the discomfort you report. Palm strokes don't press as deeply and they feel terrific all around the feet and lower legs. Second, use a lubricant. Any massage lotion works well, but try warm vegetable oil. (Warming the oil with a candle may make a nice addition to your evening ritual.) Lubrication allows the hands to glide over sensitive spots without triggering as much flinching, and a warmed lubricant further relaxes the feet. Finally, massage your own feet to learn the exact locations of your tender spots and point them out to your girlfriend. She should save those areas until last, when your feet feel most relaxed. She should also massage them very gently. If all else fails, she can simply massage around them.

I've been seeing the word *coulis* more frequently in recipes and restaurant reviews. Is it a trendy word for purée? If not, what's the distinction between these terms?—P. L., Los Angeles, California.

Coulis is the term du jour. There are no precise definitions, but going by hands-on usage, purée is thick, mushy, very smooth and usually either an ingredient in a dish or a side dish—such as puréed vegetables. A coulis, though smooth, generally has somewhat more texture, is more liquid and is used as a sauce or a garnish.

The rock-and-roll band Van Halen has a recent album called *For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge*. A co-worker claims this phrase gave us the word fuck. His story is that back in Colonial times when the Puritans put people in the stocks for sexual crimes, they hung a sign with this phrase written on it around the offender's neck. After a while, the sign was shortened to the first letter of each word, and eventually the acronym became a word. I looked it up in my dictionary, *Webster's New Universal Unabridged*, but it wasn't listed—too naughty, I suppose. So what's the story? Did the Pilgrims give us the F word?—G. B., Little Rock, Arkansas.

If they did, it would add a new dimension to Thanksgiving. But alas, your friend is in error. His "carnal knowledge" tale is often repeated and makes a good yarn, but "fuck" was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well established in English long before the Mayflower sailed. Some etymological sources say the word originated from the medieval Middle Dutch "fokken," meaning "to strike," and in Chaucerian Middle English evolved into "fucken," meaning "to strike or penetrate." But the new "Oxford English Dictionary," the last word on the evolution of our language, rejects this derivation for lack of historical evidence. The "O.E.D." calls the F word's origins unknown but documents its first appearance in a poem by William Dunbar in 1503. The Pilgrims didn't reach Plymouth Rock until 1620.

Six years ago, I had a vasectomy. I was 35 and the father of one. Since then, I have divorced and am now married to a woman with one child, and she and I would like to have a child together. When I had my vasectomy, they told me in no uncertain terms that it was forever. But I've heard that some vasectomies can be reversed. Is this true? And if so, what are my chances of fathering a child?—A. A., Springfield, Massachusetts.

No doubt about it, some vasectomies can be reversed. As for your chances, on paper at least, they look reasonably decent, according to the Association for Voluntary Surgical Contraception in New York City: You're young, both you and your wife are fertile and you had your vasectomy less than ten years ago. These days, estimates of vasectomy-reversal success depend on who's providing the information. In the reversal game, the only meaningful measure of success is pregnancy. Sperm return to semen in more than 80 percent of men, but sometimes the little guys aren't plentiful enough or strong enough to cause a pregnancy. The official postreversal pregnancy rate continues to be what it has been for the past ten years, about 50 percent, according to "Contraceptive Technology," the bible of birth control. But privately, many urologists claim pregnancy rates closer to 75 percent, while still telling couples like you and your new wife that reversal is a 50–50 proposition to keep your expectations under control. Considering that reversal attempts can cost up to $10,000 out of pocket and success cannot be guaranteed, we'd tread cautiously. The impact of failure can be devastating.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE LITTLE GUY

the hugh m. hefner first amendment awards

New York—For 12 years, the Playboy Foundation has followed the struggle for freedom in America. We recognize the heroes and heroines with a plaque, a check and a luncheon. The Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards are not the star-studded, ticker-tape-style celebrations thrown for returning vets.

The Hefner awards are quiet affairs, filled with the emotion of life-size people caught up in larger-than-life ideas. This year, two of the seven people recognized are trained veterans of the fight. Allan Adler, former legislative counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union and, from 1978 to 1989, for the Center for National Security Studies, received our thanks for his work in teaching the public about the Freedom of Information Act. Sydney Schanberg, the *New York Times* reporter whose experience in Cambodia was the subject of the 1984 movie *The Killing Fields*, is being recognized for challenging the Pentagon's control of news coverage during the Persian Gulf war.

Every year, we also learn from the individuals who encounter and defend the First Amendment in the course of everyday life. Bella Lewitzky, a 75-year-old choreographer, is a national living treasure in dance. When the National Endowment for the Arts bowed to pressure from Senator Jesse Helms and required grantees to sign a pledge that funds would not be used to "promote, disseminate or produce materials which . . . may be considered obscene," Lewitzky could simply have signed and taken her money. Instead, she chose to risk the loss of thousands of dollars by starting a lengthy and hazardous lawsuit. She explained her action: "Senator Joe McCarthy, after damaging countless lives, was declared a madman. I am witness to Jesse Helms's destructive attacks on the NEA. . . . How many times must history repeat itself? We must act. Having been witness, I must act." A court agreed that the pledge was unconstitutional.

Inez Austin is a senior engineer at the Westinghouse Hanford Tank Farms in Richland, Washington. Asked to review a plan to dispose of nuclear waste, she determined that the proposal might result in an explosion that would contaminate most of the Pacific Northwest. Her superior shelved her recommendation and asked her to sign off on the plan. She refused. Subjected to on-the-job harassment, illegal surveillance and death threats, she eventually filed a discrimination suit. A Federal report has verified her concerns.

James Dana is a bookstore owner in Grand Haven, Michigan. A group of men—the negotiating team for the local chapter of the American Family Association—entered his store one night and warned his wife, Mary, that if she did not remove *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, they would notify the police. She refused. The A.F.A. launched a boycott of the store. In response, Dana organized the Great Lakes Booksellers Association, an anticensorship group of more than 100 bookstores, and helped organize a second group, the Michigan Intellectual Freedom Coalition. Together they helped defeat a Draconian package of 12 censorship bills backed by the A.F.A. and put before the state legislature. Make James Dana an offer he can't refuse and he'll shove it right back down your throat.

The First Amendment is the playing field of a free press. Traci Bauer, former editor in chief of Southwest Missouri State University's student newspaper, felt she didn't have to wait until graduation to exercise her rights. She heard that a student on campus had been raped and asked to see the campus crime reports. The administration refused. Bauer filed suit. The trial revealed that the campus administration—in the name of public relations—destroyed or concealed evidence of sexual assault and felony activity when it involved student athletes or university personnel. She delayed graduation to spend two years on the case and achieved a stunning victory.

Debbie Nathan is an investigative reporter who became interested in the social hysteria surrounding the McMartin preschool case. In two articles for *The Village Voice*, "The Ritual Sex-Abuse Hoax" and "The Making of a Modern Witch Trial," she exposed the investigative flaws, illogical allegations and power politics that led to innocent people being accused of bizarre violent crimes against children. She had the courage to practice objective journalism at a time when most of the nation's press was uncritical. Her work, said the nominating committee, changed "the climate of fear and intimidation surrounding these cases, encouraging other doubters to speak up and opening the debate." She did so, in spite of having her children threatened and the windows of her El Paso house shattered. As a result of her courage, two of the cases were reopened and the innocent parties have won acquittals.

Way to go, guys. —JAMES R. PETERSEN

PLEADING THE SECOND

Even with my knowledge of *Playboy*'s liberal stance, it was an insult to my intelligence to witness the manner in which Nat Hentoff managed to rewrite the Bill of Rights ("The State of Freedom," *The Playboy Forum*, September). What happened to the Second Amendment, which addresses the right of the citizen to own firearms? Without the ability to form a militia to combat tyranny, who will stop Big Brother from inflicting his own will upon this great nation?

Gary D. Luker
Mastic, New York

Nat Hentoff's essay on the growing peril to individual liberties in the United States was most eloquent. The article, however, suffered from an obvious omission. Despite Hentoff's statement that "the liberties guaranteed by the first ten amendments will endure only as long as the people know what they are," he failed completely to so much as mention the Second Amendment. Sadly, until we realize that a threat to any of our constitutional guarantees is a threat to all of us, those guarantees will continue to be imperiled by assaults from the left as well as the right.

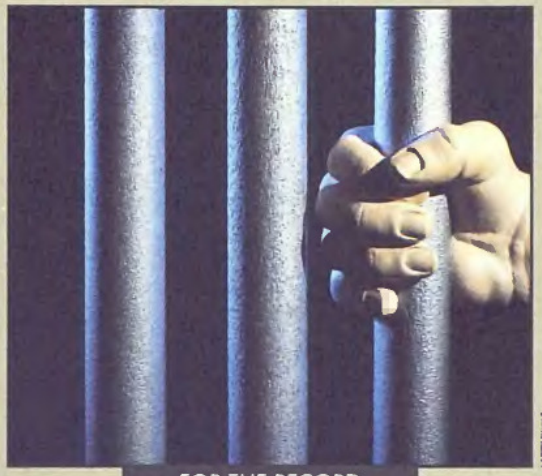
Mark K. Zunk
Indianapolis, Indiana

Nat Hentoff will have to excuse me for working up some righteous indignation over his omission of the Second Amendment. The common argument says that the right of the people to keep and bear arms doesn't really refer to normal people but to the National Guard. In that light, maybe the right of the people to be secure in their persons, homes, etc., doesn't really mean all the people, only wealthy Republicans. Sorry, Mr. Hentoff, I'd love to send a donation to the A.C.L.U. but I already gave to the N.R.A.

Richard White
Monterey, California

Hentoff responds:

The problem with the understandably angry defenders of the Second Amendment is that the Supreme Court has never ruled the way they want. The Second Amendment plainly states that the "right of the people to keep and bear arms" is entirely within the context of "a well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state." We have well-regulated militia—from the National Guard to various units of the Armed Forces within and outside the United States. And so, there is no constitutional need for any citizen to keep a pistol or assault weapon in home or car for protection, or for the pursuit of unarmed deer.



FOR THE RECORD

LIGHTEN UP

"I want to get something off my chest. I sleep a lot better since Pee-wee Herman has been arrested. Masturbation is a crime? I should be on death row."

Comedian Gilbert Gottfried instead found himself on the cutting-room floor. Fox Network bigwigs pulled the opening segment out of the rebroadcast of the Emmy awards when Television Academy president Leo Chaloukian called it a breach of academy ethics.

TROUBLE BREWING

Over the past decade, the Coors Foundation has made numerous grants to the New York–based Morality in Media (MIM), a group advocating what it terms constitutional censorship. MIM aims to bolster decency in America by placing restrictions on what you can read, view and listen to in the privacy of your home. It recently attempted to turn Pennsylvania into a model state for anti-obscenity laws, targeting so-called obscene material in everything from art exhibits to bumper stickers. We urge you to voice your concern by calling Coors at 1-800-642-6116.

Friends of the First Amendment
Altamonte Springs, Florida

MOTHER, MAY I

I picked up the September issue and came across David Sims's declaration that "where abortion is legal, paternity suits are unjust," ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*). It amazes me that in these personal-injury-conscious times, a man can still impregnate a woman and incur no responsibility. Many men seem to think that asking if a woman is on the pill entitles them to ejaculate with impunity. Let's stop inventing more expensive, invasive, failure-prone birth-control gimmicks for women and throw our efforts into perfecting a reversible vasectomy. Males could be routinely sterilized before puberty. Then, when a man wants a child, he'd need a written contract with the woman he intends to impregnate before having his fertility temporarily restored; the contract would protect him from any legal consequences. Reversible vasectomy would be no harder on men than the humiliating indignities women endure to defend themselves from irresponsibly distributed sperm, and truly responsible men would no longer fear entrapment into fatherhood.

V. L. Dorrough
New Kent, Virginia

Once you have a people by the balls, its hearts and minds will follow? Sorry, we'll take a pass on this.

CENSORSHIP

Your September issue contains a remarkable statement, one well worth pondering: "The Bill of Rights protects the right of the individual from government abuse. It assumes that the people know, respect and practice these rights in every other sector of their lives" ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*). Like the letter writer, I also thought that the First Amendment prohibited government, not private, censorship. Does this mean that parents must not censor their little ones? Does

it mean that *The Playboy Forum* will have to give equal time to, say, Donald Wildmon, or animal rights activists (whom you characterize as bozos)? If so, I and other bozos may have a good deal to say on the subject of animal and other civil rights.

Tom Bridges
Princeton, New Jersey

FROM THE PULPIT

As a Lutheran pastor, I am ashamed that much of the effort to constrain adults in what they think and do comes from the church and the people in it. When one is uncertain of one's own future or, in religious terms, salvation, an easy alternative to the terror is to inflict terror on someone else. My own confrontation with the idiotic religious right led me to look for more support in opposing what amounts to a Nineties McCarthyism over sex and related issues. Thank you for being a voice for freedom of speech and civil rights. You once offered a free subscription to clergy. Is this still the case?

The Reverend Jack Kinter
The Lutheran Church in the San Juans
Eastsound, Washington

Yes. Now that the church is taking on the issue of sexuality, we might as well add our voice to the debate. If you are an unindicted member of the clergy, write to the "Forum" on your letterhead, sit back and enjoy your subscription.

OF PUPPY DOGS' TALES

A recent Salk Institute study suggests that sexual orientation may be biologically determined (heterosexual men have a larger cluster of INAH3—the cells that apparently regulate sexual behavior—than do women or homosexual men). The report will undoubtedly stir up controversy among scientists, gay activists and religious leaders. I, for one, was pleased at the prospect of there finally being proof that homosexuality is not a conscious choice.

Griffin Sanderson
Tampa, Florida

It's premature to celebrate. The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force in Washington, D.C., is concerned about how society will interpret the findings. While the study could certainly prove a biological orientation, the task force raised the specter of human engineering and the idea that gays can be cured by tweaking or realigning the offending brain cells. Move over, Dr. Frankenstein.

BIBLE STUDY

Playboy's old friend, the Reverend Donald Wildmon, once objected to a Saturday morning cartoon starring a flower-sniffing Mighty Mouse on the grounds that cocaine use was implied. Now the tables are turned. Wildmon is on the board of a Dallas company, the Family Entertainment Network, that produced a series of animated Bible stories. Sound wholesome? The Simon Wiesenthal Center and the Anti-Defamation League condemned the cartoons for their negative stereotyping of Jews. Reviewing the films for the center, Professor Harry Cargas, an expert on Jewish-Christian relations, said Jews were portrayed as "sleazy . . . sneaky individuals whose sole purpose is to persecute Jesus and Christians." The Family Entertainment Network advertises the videos as Biblically accurate productions. Is bigotry one of those family values Wildmon tries to promote?

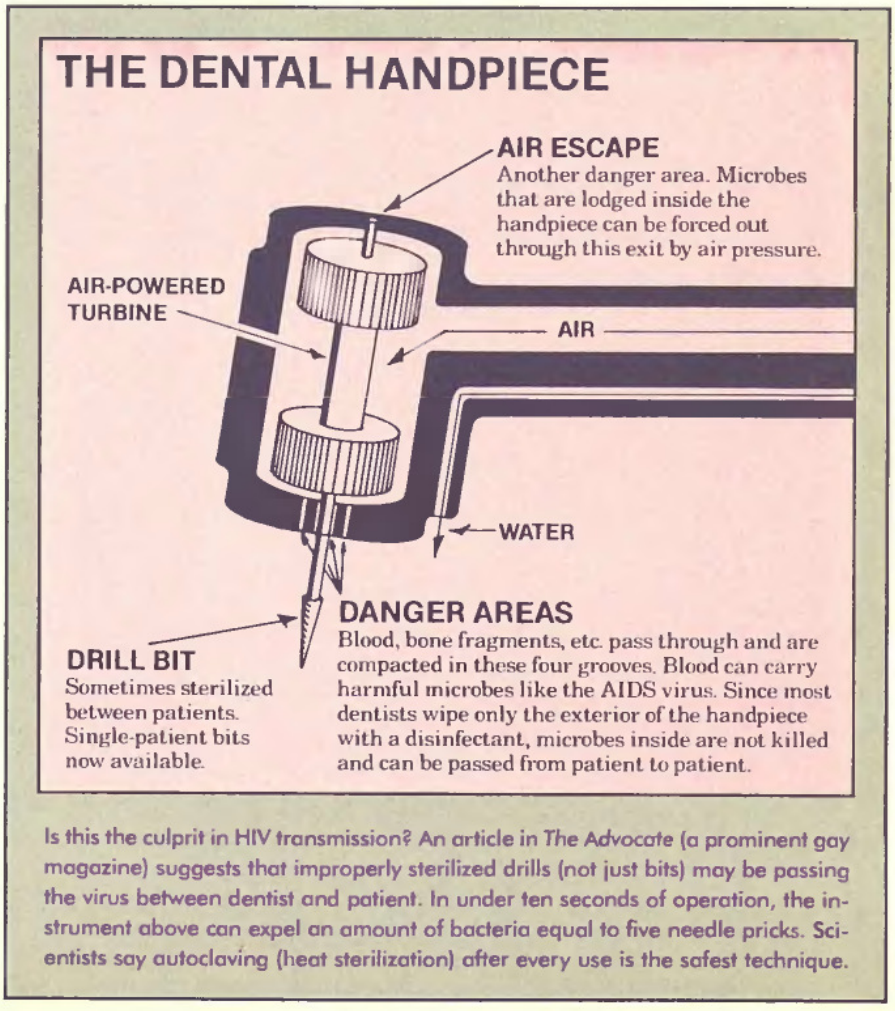
Peter Nelssen
St. Paul, Minnesota

MORE MONEY

I really appreciated your article on Federal funding for family planning clinics ("Whose Money Is It?" *The Playboy Forum*, October). Once again, the rights of women are threatened in a country calling itself democratic. You are right; women do pay taxes, and my suggestion would be that they withhold a part of their income tax and give these monies directly to the clinics and centers that provide services a majority of women need and are entitled to receive.

Muriel Bédard
Montreal, Quebec

As your article "Whose Money Is It?" states, the Supreme Court has upheld


THE DENTAL HANDPIECE
AIR ESCAPE
Another danger area. Microbes that are lodged inside the handpiece can be forced out through this exit by air pressure.
AIR-POWERED TURBINE
AIR
WATER
DANGER AREAS
Blood, bone fragments, etc. pass through and are compacted in these four grooves. Blood can carry harmful microbes like the AIDS virus. Since most dentists wipe only the exterior of the handpiece with a disinfectant, microbes inside are not killed and can be passed from patient to patient.
DRILL BIT
Sometimes sterilized between patients. Single-patient bits now available.

Is this the culprit in HIV transmission? An article in The Advocate (a prominent gay magazine) suggests that improperly sterilized drills (not just bits) may be passing the virus between dentist and patient. In under ten seconds of operation, the instrument above can expel an amount of bacteria equal to five needle pricks. Scientists say autoclaving (heat sterilization) after every use is the safest technique.

the gag rule that forbids health care providers from mentioning the A word—abortion. How far down the alphabet will the Administration carry this policy? Will George Bush's personal preference for the B word be broccoli? That would mean American families eligible for the Federally funded food-stamp program would not have access to broccoli or broccoli information. Grocery stores participating in the program would not be allowed to sell broccoli to any of their customers, and under the gag rule, participating grocers would not be permitted to refer their customers to other sources for broccoli. Which means the formation of enforcement squads so the disenfranchised don't get hold of any black-market riboflavin, iron or calcium.

Kay Allard
Rochester, New York

I read "Whose Money Is It?" with images of the Wichita Operation Rescue travesty still fresh in my mind. As a pro-choice advocate, I would like to believe that, should abortion regulation be handed over to the states, questions concerning privacy and choice would govern any resulting legislation. But here, too, the issue of money rears its ugly head. Wichita officials estimate that the months-long machinations of Operation Rescue cost the city over $300,000 in overtime manpower and use of municipal resources, not to mention the disruption of business in and around the Operation Rescue target sites. The sad probability is that states facing the prospect of such costly encounters might implement stricter abortion regulations simply to keep Operation Rescue out of town.

Carla Williamson
New Haven, Connecticut

P.O.V.

The decision by *P.O.V.* (a PBS documentary series) to cancel "Stop the Church," a critical documentary on the Roman Catholic Church, is an ominous and discouraging sign of acquiescence to censorship. The pressure to censor provocative and creative artistic works because of their perceived offensiveness to traditional sexual or religious values has markedly increased in recent years. It is crucial that leaders in the arts, such as *P.O.V.* and PBS, stand up for freedom and diversity, and thus maintain the robust debate that is recognized as the core purpose of the First Amendment.

Marjorie Heins, Director, Arts Censorship Project
William Rubenstein, Director, Lesbian & Gay Rights Project
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

CENSORED

San Francisco photographer Nina Glaser's haunting images have appeared in numerous galleries and museums across the country. In 1991, she received an NEA exhibition grant—the ultimate seal of approval. But now gallery owners are refusing to show some of her nudes. This classic mother-and-child tableau suggested oral sex to one owner, who feared crowds of Jesse Helms clones would inundate his California gallery.

WYNER TAKES A STAND

Playboy ran a picture of me costumed in the Bill of Rights moments before I was wrongfully arrested for disorderly conduct (*The Year in Sex*, *Playboy*, February). The caption that accompanied my photo did not even begin to explain the severe erosion of freedoms that provoked my actions. In 1988, I intended to peacefully express my point of view about the Government's suppression of naturists' rights. As a courtesy, I informed the local park manager of my intentions. He, in turn, prohibited the banner, sculpture and petition and further prohibited me from approaching anyone on the beach. The resulting suit for infringement of my rights was brought before Federal court judge Jose Gonzalez by the A.C.L.U. Gonzalez (of the 2 Live Crew obscenity case) ruled against me, as did the Federal court of appeals, stating, unbelievably, that the park is a "nonpublic forum." The A.C.L.U. has requested a hearing, as yet unscheduled.

T. A. Wyner
Loxahatchee, Florida

MEDICINE MAN

It is unconscionable to refuse to allow the use of marijuana or heroin for medicinal purposes. Relief from the effects of glaucoma or the easing of nausea from chemotherapy are valid prescriptions for otherwise illegal substances. This country's preoccupation with drugs as the essence of evil in mankind is excessive. There should be no fear of addiction for those with but a short time left.

Norman Korney
Omaha, Nebraska

GOVERNMENT ELITE

As a taxpayer and member of the military, I'd like to ask: When do the elected officials start to represent those who elected them to their positions? The Senate's most recent salary increase of almost 23 percent is an insult to the people of this country and a slap in the face to all civil servants (including those in the Armed Services), who were allowed no more than a four percent raise. There are military personnel entitled to food stamps because their earnings are so low. What makes the job of legislator so much harder than that of the tank driver, the radio operator, the infantryman or the secretary? The list of short-changed members of the labor force is never-ending; so is the bill we, the people, have been force-fed by our elected officials.

Harold L. Bowman, S/M/Sgt.
Cleona, Pennsylvania

YOU BE THE JUDGE

"Government is free to seek to suppress constitutionally protected speech of which it disapproves when it does so by embarrassing or intimidating distributors through Government speech. . . . It is irrelevant, for these purposes, whether the facts disseminated by the Government in its suppressive efforts are false or true: We very much doubt that a constitutional line could or should be drawn between true Government speech that impacts on the publications or speech of private citizens, and false speech of that character."

The above excerpt is from a decision handed down by the court of appeals in which country? A. El Salvador, B. South Africa, C. the Soviet Union, D. the U.S. Believe it or not, the answer is D. This is *your* Government at work.

Nathaniel Bynner
Ft. Lauderdale,
Florida

PEE-WEE

I'm really steamed about the whole Pee-wee Herman "scandal." First of all, I've always been crazy about Pee-wee. He's clever, original, annoyingly funny. His "perversion" is clearly linked with his talent, as is true with many artists and performers. You want to know what's really perverse? Those $35,000-a-year vice cops skulking around dark movie theaters, sneaking up on people, trying to catch some poor, harmless slob engaged in the mortal sin of spanking the monkey, while real criminals are out running around the same neighborhoods raping and shooting people. I think Pee-wee should be pressing charges.

Larry A. Perlman
Oxnard, California

TO P.C. OR NOT P.C.

The abbreviation P.C. supposedly stands for politically correct, but in use and actions it would seem to stand for political censorship ("Politically Correct Speech," *The Playboy Forum*, October). Some things put forth by P.C. appear to be silly and nitpicking, while others would seem to be the harbingers of something much worse. There have been articles and stories about P.C. followers inhibiting speech, enacting codes and even burning books because they deemed them to be politically incorrect. Are we now at the point where we can dictate what people say? Is the next step dictating what people think? Either way, I am a bit disgusted that we would let a political movement dictate to our institutions of higher learning. Our universities are supposed to be centers for learning about our world and how to interact with it, not how to repress it.

David Castro
Nashua, New Hampshire

UNCENSORED

In a current exhibition at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, the collection of female nudes by New York photographer Lee Friedlander is one of the few that dares to feature sexuality and sensuality. Its celebration of the human condition goes against the current of self-censorship in the arts. The photos acknowledge—even affirm—that nudity and the female body are natural to both Western society and art.

CLARENCE THOMAS

Judge Clarence Thomas is not the worst thing to happen to the Supreme Court. Although Thomas would complete the formation of a solid block—stacked deck—conservative Court, the damage was done long before his nomination. The history of Justices like William Rehnquist (a former power in the Executive branch), Sandra Day O'Connor (a vocal proponent of Federalism) or David Souter (an ideological enigma) suggests that the Supreme Court will continue to withdraw its support as champion of individual rights. Yet, even a totally conservative Supreme Court cannot turn back the clock completely. Action at the state level is the predictable outcome of future Supreme Court decisions. The hope for America therefore lies, as it always has, in its people, who will not tolerate the erosion of individual freedoms. Thomas' Senate hearings provided entertainment, but America still operates on a "we the people" platform.

Shirley Simeon
Chicago, Illinois

The Senators who badgered Clarence Thomas over natural rights defended their ineffectual show by saying it was their duty to question him under America's system of checks and balances. Too bad they did not probe harder into Judge Thomas' understanding of that aspect of the Constitution. In stone-walling the Judiciary Committee on abortion, Thomas said in effect that Congress does not deserve the truth, even when it is obvious. His disdain for Congressional inquiry was evident before his nomination, demonstrated by his criticism of Congress' ability to direct the courts to appoint independent prosecutors to investigate Executive-branch officials. Perhaps the natural law Thomas draws on here is that of Hobbes, who believed people are best off with an absolute and undivided sovereign. Sadly, what the hearings prove is that, for the current Congress at least, Thomas is right. Legislators are unfit and unable to exert checks over the two other branches of Government. As a result, the American people may get left with a Judicial branch happy and cozy with the Executive, and a legislature without the will or legal framework to prevent the President from concentrating all the powers of Government, both proper and improper, within his Court.

Ted C. Fishman
Chicago, Illinois

NO EXIT:

who decides when, where and

In the early morning of December 2, 1972, my father was dying in a hospital room in Washington, D.C. Outside the door to the room were oxygen tanks and cardiovascular resuscitation equipment. He had been in a coma for two days. When we arrived, my mother ordered the nurses to take the technology away . . . and they did. We then sat, waiting until he died a few mercifully short hours later.

He had checked into the hospital for tests a month prior and would never leave: The diagnosis had been acute leukemia. From the beginning, the only real question was how long dying would take—there was little chance of a remission. Even so, the decision not to prolong his life wasn't an easy one for my mother. But, she says now, she realized that keeping him alive would have meant a decision to postpone her loneliness; it was not a religious or ethical issue and certainly did not concern the quality of his life. Because he was unable to end his life, she did it for him; it was an eventuality they had discussed during his month of hospitalization.

We were fortunate. We were able to determine which technology was appropriate for keeping my father alive, and when it would have meant ventilating a corpse. According to American Hospital Association estimates, as many as 70 percent of the 6000 deaths that occur in the U.S. every day are "timed or negotiated, with medical technology withdrawn or not applied at all." Not everyone is so lucky.

In 1983, Nancy Cruzan was in a car accident. For nearly eight years, she remained in a vegetative state in a Missouri hospital; tubes moved nutrition into her body and refuse out. Her parents fought for years to allow her to die with dignity. The Supreme Court decided in this instance that Cruzan had to remain on the tubes.

In Chicago in 1989, Rudy Linares, whose son had been in a persistent vegetative state for eight months, held doctors and nurses at bay with a gun while he removed his son's respirator tubes. The hospital had offered legal assistance for a court order allowing his son's tubes to be removed. A grand jury refused to indict Linares for murder.

In 1991, William and Bonitay Lawrance got an Indiana court to allow them to disconnect the feeding tubes that had sustained their persistently vegetative daughter for almost four years. A group of right-to-life lawyers stepped in to "protect" the daughter's life by taking the Lawrances back to court.

This last instance raises a number of questions: If the Lawrances had chosen a gun to defend their daughter's right to die with dignity, would they have been indicted? More importantly, why did the court interfere—in this case, as the agent of right-to-life groups—in this family's life? And, most significantly, how can the artificially sustained remains of what was once a human being be appropriated as a stage for political, religious or moral grandstanding?

Dying can become a political circus because we, as a culture, have lost our consensus on what defines life. It's an understandable confusion, since medical technology has advanced to the point that the human body—which used to be an effective gauge of life—can be kept going long after anything resembling the human spirit has fled. Unfortunately, and because consensus is lacking, a door is left open for a vocal minority to try to regulate and define this most private experience. It is yet another besieged privacy issue, one of the unenumerated rights of the Bill of Rights that invite the intrusion into our lives of right-to-lifer, judge and congressman. The right-to-life movement, always ready to invade the privacy of others, knows that it's a privacy issue: "The Nancy Cruzan case is to the right-to-die movement what *Roe vs. Wade* was to the right-to-life movement," says Patrick Mahoney, anti-abortion leader of the Center for Christian Activism.

It is the same political climate that finds the High Court's support of *Roe vs. Wade* eroding. Laurence H. Tribe, a Harvard law professor and an authority on privacy issues, has written that the "judiciary's silence regarding such constitutional principles probably reflects a concern that, once recognized, rights to die might be uncontainable . . . more than it suggests that courts cannot be persuaded that self-determination and personhood may include a right to dictate the circumstances under which life is to be ended." He suggests that the resulting deference to state legislatures must include a more considered and gradually evolving process for legalizing euthanasia in a way that avoids endangering personhood.

Yet it's this very specter of legislated, public death that has launched Derek Humphry's *Final Exit*, a guide to self-help and assisted suicide, to the best-seller list. *Final Exit* would not have helped the vegetative patients who were the focus of so much attention. Its importance is symbolic: The book sells because the issue isn't about the taking of one's life but about regaining control over the quality of one's life. It is a statement about autonomy, not despair. The book's sales figures reflect a rebellion at the grass-roots level: Americans don't want to die as a statistic in one of the nation's 87,000 intensive-care beds. *Final Exit* is the RU 486 of the death-with-dignity movement.

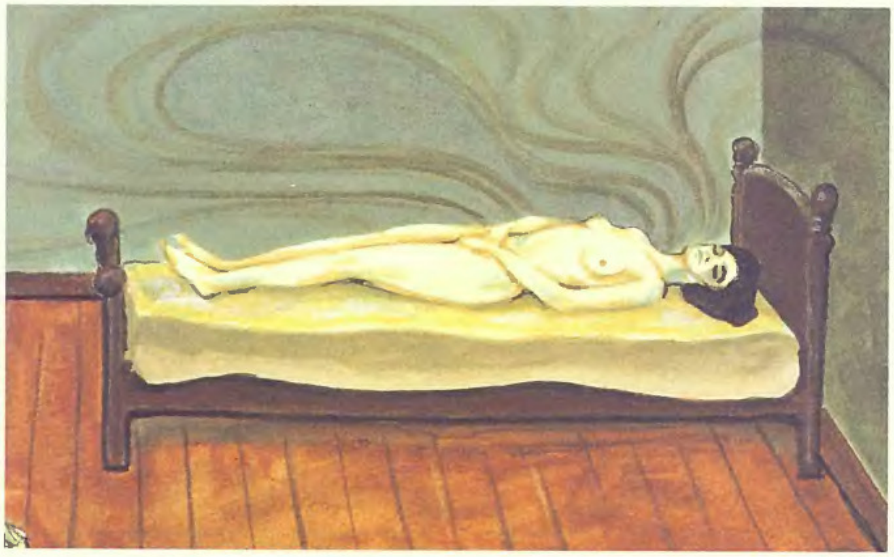
Most of the highly public test cases, however, involve patients for whom suicide is out of the question. These patients can no longer act or talk for themselves. Historically, their families have been entrusted with their lives. But the growth of special-interest groups that intercede on the behalf of debilitated patients challenges the family's authority. The need for a formal surrogate in these situations was created by the Supreme Court majority opinion in

THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH

how you die? By MATTHEW CHILDS

the Cruzan case. The Court put the responsibility for rule making and definition in right-to-die cases into the hands of state legislatures. Unfortunately, state legislatures are the most vulnerable to pressure groups such as the Moral Majority and right-to-life lobbyists.

In an attempt to respond to this ethical challenge, the Conference of Chief Justices (of state supreme courts) turned to Dr. Ronald Cranford, a neurologist, and David Randolph Smith, a former assistant professor of law at Vanderbilt, to help it establish guidelines for the authorizing and withdrawing of life-support systems. Cranford and Smith



STEVE BOSWICK

hold the position that human life ends with the loss of higher-brain function—not with the loss of all brain function—because in many cases the brain stem continues to regulate vegetative functions. "Patients such as Nancy Cruzan," said Smith, "illustrate the tragedy of people who have become mindless organisms—bereft of the ability to think, to feel or to hear."

The best possible outcome of the reassignment of responsibility to state legislatures would be the sort of model bill signed last September by Jim Edgar, governor of Illinois. This health-care-surrogate act defines who will speak for patients unable to speak for themselves. The surrogates then must base their decisions on what they believe the patients would have wished. It defines physical and, most importantly, mental conditions that allow a surrogate to intercede on the patient's behalf. It defines a sense of personhood that is not just blips on a machine or the gurgle of fluids: "Permanent unconsciousness . . . in which thought, sensation, purposeful action, social interaction and awareness of self and environment are absent" allows life support to be terminated.

The bill echoes Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis' statement that "the makers of our Constitution . . . recognized the significance of man's spiritual nature, of his feelings and of his intellect. They knew that only a part of the pain, pleasure and satisfactions of life are to be found in material things. They sought to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions and their sensations."

The danger of the Illinois bill is that, while not defining life itself, it allows external groups or doctors to create a hierarchy of life functions. Says Nat Hentoff, "I remember seeing . . . [such language in] a German textbook from the Third Reich. The Germans used to call certain kinds of patients 'useless eaters.'" Hentoff warns that once the door is opened and we allow society or any member of it to define life, we are at the whim of someone else's redefinition. It is a slippery slope that invites abuse of the individual's rights.

As Arthur Caplan, a bioethicist, noted, *Final Exit*'s "sales figure . . . is the loudest statement of protest of how medicine is dealing with terminal illness and dying." Whether this is a rejection of doctors' authority (they are, after all, the legal dealers of drugs that ease the pain of dying) or a statement against greed ($1.3 billion goes annually toward the maintenance of patients in persistent vegetative states) matters little. What matters is that the science of sanitized death is increasingly viewed as expensive and morally suspect. Rather than petitioning hospitals, many terminally ill decide to take care of business themselves.

Living wills, the mainstream method of self-determination available to the terminally ill (or to the far-sighted), are now legally codified in 45 states. Over the past five years, the percentage of the population with living wills has quadrupled to almost 20 percent. "During the most hectic days of the Cruzan case," said Joel Roselin of Choice in Dying, "we were providing one hundred thousand living wills a month. And last year, we provided a total of one million advanced directives—living wills or medical proxies."

Some terminally ill patients choose a hospice or hospice care at home, both of which now compete with hospitals as viable locations to die. A letter to *The New York Times* pointed out: "A good hospice program that works with family members to bring caring where there is no longer a possibility of curing will have no need for *Final Exit*."

As long as hospitals do commerce in death, not health, the people that lose are the living. In a 1989 editorial, former Colorado governor Richard Lamm cites a woman in Washington, D.C., who has been kept alive in a vegetative state since 1953, at a cost of millions to taxpayers, while "600,000 women gave birth last year with little or no prenatal care." Humanity itself dies in a society that would require a woman to give birth without prenatal care, requires another's body to be maintained for almost 40 years and yet gives so little thought to the quality of what passes in between.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PARADISE LOST

DUCIE ISLAND—*From here to eternity? A Cambridge University scientist visited a tiny uninhabited atoll in the middle of the*

South Pacific 300 miles from the nearest inhabited land. He intended to study plant and animal life. Instead, he found himself studying human life. On one stretch of beach, he counted 953 pieces of garbage, including 171 bottles, 113 buoys, 25 shoes, six light bulbs and an automobile floor mat. One bottle contained a note, but the message was unintelligible.

LOUD AND CLEAR

TELLURIDE, COLORADO—*Environmentalists protesting wetlands destruction forced a ski resort to close its new golf course by burning angry messages into the greens with chemicals. Among other things, the messages proclaimed* EARTH FIRST! *and called the resort owner a pig for his profit-first mentality.*

MEMORY ABUSE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Looking for the latest style in sexual-abuse litigation? Therapy-enhanced memories are the rage. According to* The Washington Post, *new state laws have greatly extended the time limit for legal action at the same time some therapists claim treatment can uncover memories of traumatic experiences suppressed since childhood. But the psychiatric community is divided on whether such memories are accurately recalled or only vividly imagined. Legal observers worry that since civil lawsuits can be decided on convincing arguments, these memories, real or not, could be used in court as evidence.*

TERRIFIC ODDS

LAS VEGAS—*Nevada brothel owners teamed up with California health researchers for a potentially risky study of V.D. rates among prostitutes. Everyone was relieved when the results were in: Of the 7000 medical tests conducted at one brothel among 246 legal prostitutes between 1982 and 1989, no cases of HIV infection and only two cases of syphilis (both in the first year of the study) were found. Nineteen women tested positive for gonorrhea between 1982 and 1985, but since 1986, when condoms were mandated, only one case has been reported.*

BAD TRIP?

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA—*If he beats a pending LSD-possession rap, a Ventura lawyer will need to explain his job contract that allows sexual harassment. It states, "Mentor and protégée [his terms] hereby mutually consent to all words, acts, sexual innuendo, sexual acts, touching, lewd behavior, etc." The attorney gamely explained that the contract was "part of the men's movement," designed to protect him from sexual blackmail by female employees.*

PORN'S PROGRESS

CLEVELAND—*The community-standards test of pornography has, for once, failed the antipornographers. When officials in the suburb of Lakewood polled residents about X-rated-video-tape sales in local stores, 67 percent opposed any ban and 78 percent believed they should be able to purchase any sex film they wanted.*

SUCK WHAT?

DAYTONA BEACH—*A 20-year-old motorist has been charged under Florida's three-year-old law that prohibits the display of obscene bumper-sticker messages on cars. In this case, the driver's low opinion of the pop group New Kids on the Block was expressed in the bumper sticker* NEW KIDS SUCK, *a sentiment that a sheriff's deputy regarded as obscene. The A.C.L.U. will defend the perpetrator free of charge.*

SAFE HOUSE

NEW YORK CITY—*They used to be the one sex item guys loved to hate—and hated to buy—but now Condomania, a Greenwich Village shop, sells virtually nothing but condoms. Rubbers come in every size and style and inside just about every type of container, from fortune cookie to fake American Express card. Ah, the privileges of membership.*

DO-IT-YOURSELF EROTICA

TAMPA—*Why is it that those who most loudly promote family values have secret little obsessions that make your skin crawl? Jim Bakker and Jessica. Jimmy Swaggart and prostitutes. And now we find the Eckerd drugstore chain facing a suit for invasion of privacy and defamation of character. Eckerd, you may recall, decided that* Playboy *was too racy for its family image and pulled the magazine from its shelves. We don't know if the events are related, but some Eckerd employees printed duplicate photos of nude and seminude*

women from rolls of film that came through the company's lab and collected them in sweat-stained scrapbooks. Someone attended a party and spotted his ex-girlfriend in a collection of bootleg photos being passed around. His ex decided to sue.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

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GOING LEGIT

our columnist, the son of unwed parents, makes an angry case for ditching slanderous lingo

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

One day I found myself being the lone nut in an uncomprehending crowd, yelling. Quite an experience for someone settled into the role of mature journalist and part-time professor. It was at the University of California–Irvine a couple of years back, when Phyllis Schlafly, the self-appointed goddess of virtue, had just referred in a public debate to the problem of "illegitimate" children.

Surprising myself as much as my friends, I was suddenly out of my seat in front of 5000 people demanding that she take it back. "You have no right to brand them as illegitimate," I heard myself shouting, while people in the audience muttered things like, "What's he saying?" or, "He's drunk," and when I persisted, "Sit down."

Even the people I came with didn't get it. "What got into you?" they asked on the way home, evincing some concern for my mental state. What got into me was years of suppressed anger at the smugness of those for whom having married parents was actually a sign of achievement. Being born to wonderful parents with different last names and no wedding certificate, I couldn't understand what right anyone had to say our family's living arrangement was illegitimate.

When I was younger, I thought that use of that term, or its companion, "bastard," merely reflected an untutored and vulgar misuse of the English language. But no, right there in my college library, H. W. Fowler's *Dictionary of Modern English Usage* defined illegitimate as having wider scope than "illegal." Wider because it included "not only what is not authorized by law but also what is against propriety or reason."

That was accepted usage in the 1965 edition and it is still accepted usage today, according to *The Oxford English Dictionary*, which offers this definition of illegitimate: "Not born in lawful wedlock; not recognized by law as lawful offspring; spurious, bastard." The latest edition of *Webster's New World Dictionary*, which is standard issue at the *Los Angeles Times* (where I work), defines illegitimate as "born of parents not married to each other; bastard."

Tens of millions of people in this country are routinely branded illegal by a media hypersensitive to other instances of potentially offensive language. More respectable outfits even resist "illegal alien," preferring "undocumented" to describe people in this country who are, in fact, violating the law. Yet the tens of millions born out of wedlock, who violate no existing law, are in effect judged to be "not lawful" because they chose, in the view of some prudes, the wrong parents.

Consider a February 1991 *New York Times* editorial that began as follows:

"Children of unwed mothers may no longer suffer endless stigma: People no longer use terms like 'born on the wrong side of the blanket.' And the term 'bastard' has long since been bleached of its power as an epithet. What illegitimate children now suffer is poverty."

This from a paper that went bananas when Jesse Jackson, who, incidentally, was born out of wedlock, referred to New York City as Hymietown. Is there really more of a stigma attached to "hymie" than "illegitimate"? Being both, I can assure *The New York Times* that there's no contest.

The stigma attached to illegitimate was reinforced in the *Times* editorial, which assumed that we are all living in poverty and that there is a causal relationship. In fact, the statistics on the remarkable increase in the number of our group do not bear that out. Indeed, at the current rate, we may someday form a majority in this country—and we certainly won't all be poor or, as is often assumed, black.

Twenty-five years ago, only four percent of white children fell into this category; now it is 18 percent and rising fast. "Illegitimacy levels that were viewed as an aberration of a particular subculture 25 years ago have become the norm for the entire culture," according to New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, quoted in 1991 in *The Washington Post*.

The *Post* article documented the trend, noting that while "marriage is no longer the norm for young blacks," it is also increasingly true for young whites (only 51 percent of whom are married, down from 65 percent in 1960).

"Born-free" children, as I prefer to call them, are now far more common because parents are freer. Shotgun weddings are no longer the norm in rural life. Movie stars have made out-of-wedlock kids more acceptable, and single parents can get jobs to support their children. One canard shot down by the *Post* article is that welfare and its A.F.D.C. payments to single mothers are responsible for the trend: "The availability of A.F.D.C. accounts for no more than a small fraction—one tenth to one seventh—of the growth in single parenting over the past generation." Teenage mothers account for only one third of such births.

This phenomenon is just as pronounced in other Western industrial countries with small black populations. As the *Post* noted, out-of-wedlock births in France between 1970 and 1986 increased from seven percent to 20 percent, and similarly from eight percent to 21 percent in Britain. In Sweden and Denmark, not known for their black ghettos, almost one half of births are outside of marriage.

But if such births are in fact becoming the norm in the best-educated industrially advanced societies, how dare newspaper and dictionary editors refer to us as illegitimate? What is involved here is the dogged adherence by stuffed shirts to an outmoded morality once legally sanctioned by horribly punitive statutes that disenfranchised those born out of wedlock. Since there is no longer anything illegal about being born out of wedlock, the word illegitimate as applied to the birthing process is simply bad grammar.

I know that this will sound like some obtuse, nitpicking point of leftist political rectitude, but that's always the case when it's not your subgroup being denigrated.

My deceased mother felt sufficiently stigmatized by the pointed questions of school officials, neighbors and other busybodies about why she and my father had different last names that she would be livid at the idea of my now going public with what she regarded as the darkest family secret. Not dark because she did anything she was ashamed of; rather, she thought it would hurt my chances to get ahead in life. Well, Mom, I made it, and we're far from alone. H. W. Fowler and the editors of *Webster's* can go screw themselves, because now I finally get to be a role model.

Please make it home safely
over the holidays.

Miller

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBIN WILLIAMS

a candid conversation with the fastest mind in comedy about the secrets of acting, the exhilaration of stand-up and the pitfalls of life in hollywood

In many ways, Robin Williams is just a big kid. Watch him play with eight-year-old son Zachary. Williams is positioned in front of the laptop computer, joystick in hand, as planes fly at him on the screen. He pops them off with childlike enthusiasm. "This is great!" he says, racking up kills. "Spielberg loves these, too, you know." Williams is just back from his day on the set of "Hook," in which he plays, appropriately, Peter Pan, the boy who wouldn't grow up. And what about Zachary, Williams' son and playmate? He stands by quietly as dad downs more planes, patiently waiting his turn.

In other ways, Williams has grown up quite nicely. The stand-up comedian with the quicksilver mind who became an overnight sensation in "Mork & Mindy" has matured into something of a rarity—a true genius in the world of stand-up comedy, as well as one of the country's most respected dramatic actors. Many comics have had success in the movies, but few have enjoyed the esteem that Williams does (or the two Oscar nominations). Nor have many overcome the personal demons Williams faced early in stardom when drugs and alcohol threatened to destroy his career, if not his life.

Now 40, married for a second time and the father of three children, Williams is at his peak. He appears in movies of substance, not mindless comedies, and he has created a family life in Northern California far from the temptations of the Hollywood fast lane.

When Playboy *first interviewed Williams in 1982, his career was at a crossroads. "Mork & Mindy" had nose-dived in the ratings and was canceled after a four-year run. His first movie, "Popeye," had been a bomb, and his second, "The World According to Garp," earned few rave reviews. But his stand-up comedy routines were legendary, racing from a sometimes simple premise—with mimicry, one-liners, characters and anything else he could think of—to cover an encyclopedia of subjects, leaving his audience breathless.* The New York Times *described them as having a "perfervid pace and wild, associative leaps," and worried that his "improvisational method seemed tinged with madness."*

Much has happened to Williams in the ten years since that first interview. After the death of acquaintance John Belushi, he stopped using drugs. His first marriage fell apart in a very public manner, and he's still angry about the way the press covered his divorce and marriage to the woman who had been his son's nanny; his father, a Detroit automobile industry executive, died. Despite the personal upheaval, his professional life started to jell. His stand-up routines became, in the words of The New York Times, *"sharper and less frenetic." His successful concerts, albums, video tapes and cable specials put him in the top rank of comedians.*

In 1986, he joined Whoopi Goldberg and Billy Crystal to found Comic Relief, a yearly benefit for the homeless that appears on HBO. So far, it has raised more than $18,000,000. He also makes appearances in support of literacy and is an advocate of women's rights.

But it was his development as an actor that surprised many. Not all of his film roles were memorable, especially at first, but as his list of credits began to build, so did his reputation. He followed "Popeye" and "Garp" with "The Survivors" (which also starred Walter Matthau), "Moscow on the Hudson," "Club Paradise" and "Cadillac Man." His performance in "Good Morning, Vietnam" earned his first chance at an Academy Award; his second came with "Dead Poets Society." He followed that by co-starring in "Awakenings" with Robert De Niro, and with a tasty, morbid cameo as a "defrocked" psychiatrist in "Dead Again." His performance in "The Fisher King" has received excellent reviews. And, of course, he's headlining one of the most anticipated Christmas films—"Hook," in which he co-stars with Dustin Hoffman (who plays Hook), Julia Roberts (Tinkerbell), Maggie Smith (Wendy) and Bob Hoskins (the pirate Smee).

Director Terry Gilliam has worked with

"I couldn't imagine living the way I used to live. Now people come up to me from the drug days and go, 'Hi, remember me?' And I'm going, 'No, did I have sex with you? Did I take a dump in your tool box?'"

"Dustin will try anything. I've been on three films that he was supposed to do: 'Popeye,' 'Garp' and 'Dead Poets.' I should be just hanging out by his house. 'What did you pass on? Yeah? OK, that sounds good.'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"Peter Pan's a great character. He's forgetful, selfish, cruel. He's an eleven-year-old, right on the cusp of sexuality. He has this great quote: 'Oh, the wonderfulness of me.' You hear that from an adult, you go, 'Eat my shorts.'"

Williams twice, most recently in "The Fisher King" and earlier in "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen," in which Williams appeared as a giant-headed man in the moon. "The thing with Robin is, he has the ability to go from manic to mad to tender and vulnerable," says Gilliam, who was a founding member of Monty Python. "He's the most unique mind on the planet. There's nobody like him out there."

To catch up with one of our national treasures, we sent Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** *(whose previous interviews include Marlon Brando and Robert De Niro) to spend three weekends with the Pan Man. Grobel's report:*

"Since Robin was smack in the middle of making 'Hook,' I was aware he was giving up precious family time to do the interview. Yet, once we started talking, I knew it couldn't be rushed. Williams is a stream-of-consciousness talker, and ideas bounce off him like atoms in a blender. Give him a topic—any topic—and he can do five minutes.

"When he was on a roll, he would often lean toward the tape recorder to make sure nothing was garbled or lost. But he can also be quiet and serious, concerned about social issues and politics. And sometimes, when his pregnant wife, Marsha, would enter the room, he would simply become very loving, almost apologizing for spending this time away from her.

"Throughout our time together, Williams was open and friendly, often more concerned about my welfare than he was about his own. When my car failed to start after one of our sessions, I called my wife to come get me and Robin volunteered himself, his publicist and his gardener to push the car out of the way until a tow truck arrived. The thought of these three men struggling with a car up a steep hill—and the ensuing chiropractic bills—worried me enough that I tried to start it one more time. This time it worked. 'It's OK,' I yelled. 'I'm outa here.'

"'Wait!' Robin yelled. 'You better call your wife.'

"How can you not like a guy who's willing to risk his back pushing your car and then reminds you to call your wife."

PLAYBOY: This is our second time with you. How did the first interview affect you?

WILLIAMS: To tell you the truth, I can't remember it.

PLAYBOY: You can't remember it? That puts us in our place.

WILLIAMS: I can't remember doing all the *Mork & Mindy*s, either. It isn't because of the drugs or anything. I didn't even read it when it came out. Most interviews I didn't read, for fear of having said something strange or having stepped in a hole. So it was fear. Now I'm not afraid. I do read them now, so I won't repeat myself and so I can see what point I am in my life by what I've said. I will read this one.

PLAYBOY: You've described being interviewed as "two lepers doing a tango." Isn't it really one leper—the interviewer—and the subject, who doesn't want to be touched?

WILLIAMS: Eric Idle described it best; he said it's one-way psychotherapy. I'm telling you these things and you're going, "Great." I'm agonizing over some issue and you leave when it's over and say goodbye, and I'm going [*Bob Goldthwait voice*], "Aren't you going to help? Aren't you going to give me any advice?" It's like pouring out this stuff and then you write it down and people will read it, but I don't feel any better. It's like jerking off in a wind tunnel. Whoosh!—it blows back in your face!

PLAYBOY: It all depends on who's asking the questions and the chemistry between you. A lot of journalists aren't as trustworthy as you'd like them to be, and if you can't trust them, you don't open up.

WILLIAMS: [*Shouting into tape recorder*] That was *him*. And I'm *not* Bruce Willis. *He* said it. It was his line. But it's true nine times out of ten, they haven't read your book, they haven't seen your movie, they don't know dick about it. You're waiting for those three questions that you can't deal with. Or the standard ones [*William F. Buckley, Jr., voice*]: "What are the influences that make you who you are?" There's always a Jonathan Winters question and one about your mother with the rubber band in her nose. After doing ten years of interviews, you look for that.

"Want to know the dark side of Peter Pan? Look at the Khmer Rouge. It's the perfect age for an army—eleven- and twelve-year-olds."

PLAYBOY: We'll try to avoid some of those questions and ask a few new ones. For instance, did it take a lot of persuasion to play Peter Pan?

WILLIAMS: Yeah, I had to convince myself that I could play this.

PLAYBOY: What's the basic story line?

WILLIAMS: Peter's children have been kidnaped. He's grown up and become a man. But then Hook kidnaps his children to bring him back, because he's had no one to fight with for so many years and he's become bored. And the only way to save my children is to go back and fight him as Peter Pan.

PLAYBOY: Did you grow up with Mary Martin as your image of Peter Pan?

WILLIAMS: Oh, yeah. It's weird that Peter Pan has always been played by women, except in the cartoon, where he's a boy. If you read the book, he's a great character. He's forgetful, selfish, cruel—he has all these different aspects to him. Very heroic. But he's an eleven-year-old, right on the cusp of sexuality. He's got all these things going on and he's adventurous. And he doesn't really give a shit about anything else. He has this great quote: "Oh, the wonderfulness of me." You hear that from an adult, you go, "Eat my shorts."

PLAYBOY: Did it take a lot of work to get into the character of Peter?

WILLIAMS: It took a lot of hard work to try and get this really anal tone, to find one that is kind of lost but still believable as a man-boy—as a guy who suffers from a Peter Pan complex because, in reality, he is Peter Pan! Once in a while he'll be talking and all of a sudden the Pan will come out and he'll think, Oh, I've got to kill that, that's like, in me. [*In deep "Exorcist" voice*] "Demonic possession. Happy thought." And finding that tone to make it boyish, lost, yet still a guy who makes a living basically screwing people as quickly as he possibly can. [*As the grown-up Pan*] "Damn it, Hook, you know what this place cries out for is development."

PLAYBOY: How much do you work with Dustin Hoffman as Hook?

WILLIAMS: We have about four scenes, with a huge scene at the end, the fight. It's just full out. It's a verbal confrontation. Physical, obviously, with the fighting. And no holds barred. It has to be that way. It has to be everything you've expected Hook and Pan to be. It's truly a learning experience. You sit down and you learn each day, because Dustin comes and he helps. And I write for him. I'll say, "Try a line like this." Because he's so deeply into character, sometimes he can't see to improvise it or to find a line.

In the book, Peter makes fun of Hook, he does his voice. And it gets quite brutal—he kills fourteen men, plus Hook. They get offed by this little boy going, "Here's my happy thought, you fuck!" So it has all those levels in it.

Want to know the dark side of Peter Pan? Look at the Khmer Rouge. That's the most frightening army in the whole world, because it was an army of twelve-year-olds and they committed most of the atrocities, they were the ones who could get rid of people with no compunction. It's the perfect age for an army—eleven- and twelve-year-olds—because they have all that rage, all the power of pubescence, and they don't give a shit about anything.

PLAYBOY: Does Hoffman play a mean Hook?

WILLIAMS: There's a cruelty to it, but there's also a kind of wonderful comedy as well. It has to be a champagne villain. He has a great quote in the book: "No little children like me." That's a motivating factor. That's why he hates them. He hates youth and innocence and joy, and he's out to destroy them. Plus he's quite

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frightening. He uses his hook as a weapon. It's not just some fashion accessory.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of accessories, will Peter have his shadow?

WILLIAMS: They do a wonderful thing with the shadow at the end. There's a great sequence with the young Pan and his shadow, wonderful animation. If they're still doing it, it will be amazing.

PLAYBOY: Has Spielberg lived up to your expectations?

WILLIAMS: Steven has been amazing. At first you think, here's a guy who basically deals in visuals. But no, he knows every movie that's ever been made. He's seen every movie twice. So he knows if someone did something before. And from that, he can give you an idea that goes beyond that. The weird thing that I never expected from him was this humanistic, behavioral directing. I thought he would be more into special effects. Just the opposite. The special effects he likes, they're fun—but he'll suggest pulling back, or adding a little bit more, trying things to make the story have a reality base. If it works, it'll play because the human element works, because of the interrelationships of the characters, not because of all the effects. The effects will be like this wonderful icing. But if the cake sucks, the icing won't mean shit.

PLAYBOY: Since Tinkerbell is played by Julia Roberts, who aborted her wedding to Kiefer Sutherland during the making of *Hook*, there's a lot more interest in her than just six inches of interplay.

WILLIAMS: God, the press on all that was just amazing. Helicopters buzzing her and Kiefer's house. Imagine what that's like at twenty-three years old. Imagine what it's like for eighteen-year-olds who get really famous. You're dealing with your sexuality and the world is coming at you like the Super Chief. How can they be balanced in fantasyland? It's like Disneyland staged by the Marquis de Sade. [*As Igor*] "It's the B&D ride. Shut up! You're good, but not that good." [*In high squeaky voice*] "Hi, everybody, it's Masochist Mouse!" [*Piercing scream*] I mean, who thinks it's real? It's like thinking that Disneyland exists. And going, "There really are big mice." [Jeff] Katzenberg [a Disney executive] will call, "Hi, Robin. Why do you keep attacking Disneyland?" I'm not, it's a motif.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that *Hook* is costing more than seventy million dollars?

WILLIAMS: I don't even ask. I don't want to know. I'm not playing with you. I just don't want that pressure. You can't go around worrying about the cost of the movie. No one took any money up front. We said, "OK, we'll take it in the back end. We don't want to add any more to this."

PLAYBOY: Bob Hoskins plays Hook's main pirate, Smee. What was he like to work with?

WILLIAMS: He's got the most natural grit of anybody I've ever seen. The other day we were supposed to do this scene in a pirate bar, and we're drinking and I was supposed to spit out this fluid. He had this idea. He said, "You know what would be great? You ever spit fire?"

I went, "Pardon me?"

"Spit fire."

"No, I haven't."

"Let me show you how," he said, and he took me outside. He used to do it in a circus. And he lit this thing, like a piece of cotton, and took some kerosene and said, "Don't you fucking do this with gasoline or you'll kill yourself," and then blew with his cheeks, and it was like a blowtorch! I tried it and it didn't do much. He said, "Relax," and showed me again, and after I did it again, out came this flame and I went [*Cockney accent*]: "*R-i-i-ight!* I spit fire!"

But when we went to do it in the scene, the fire marshal came and said, "You ain't got enough room in here to blow fire, so bag it!" So we didn't do it in the scene. But I did it with him. And that's what it's like working with these guys. It's terrifying thinking of the consequences, but then you get into it and it's like, "Wow! What a great way to stretch."

PLAYBOY: Did you ever stretch too far—to the point where you were overacting?

WILLIAMS: Oh, yeah. They tell me, "Why are you making the Greek tragedy face? To let people know that you're sad?" Bob Hoskins told a great story about doing *Richard III*. He said the first night he was doing it and acting his ass off, everything was *big*! And the audience was snoring: Do not listen to this play while operating heavy machinery. The next night, he asked this old guy who was in the repertory company, "What the fuck am I doing wrong?"

"Here's the trouble, boy: They know you're in deep shit. Now all you have to do is *tell* them."

And that night, he came out and said, "Now is the winter of our discontent," in a regular voice, not throwing it to the audience, and they listened.

With film, it's even more so. The moment you push it or go for a laugh, people know. That's one reason people are so fascinated with Brando—he can keep you transfixed just by looking. And he seems so dangerous in that way, even if you find out later he was thinking of nothing at all.

PLAYBOY: Can you imagine Brando as an aged Peter Pan? Or as Hook?

WILLIAMS: Brando as Pan would be great. They say he has dinner with Michael Jackson once a month. That would be something that would make *My Dinner with Andre* seem like a cartoon.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't Jackson considered for Peter Pan?

WILLIAMS: I think he and Steven had it planned for a while. They were waiting for a script for a long time. If anybody is Peter Pan, he has the credentials. He could play it up the wazoo.

PLAYBOY: We came up with some other names of potential Pans.

WILLIAMS: Want me to guess? Michael J. Fox. Or, wait, I'm blanking on his name. He's a friend sometimes. Did *Big*.

PLAYBOY: Tom Hanks.

WILLIAMS: Tom Hanks, thanks. He's a friend. [*Castigating himself*] "You idiot, you can remember people only by their credits!" Tom, I know your name, I just blanked, 'cause I'm thinking about you playing Peter Pan, you might be taking the part. Let's see, a real interesting choice if you wanted to get a punk Peter Pan would be Gary Oldman. That would be like: "Right! I'm flying. Fucking *fly-y-y-y-i-n-n-n-g-g*! You see it? Follow me, Tinky. Here's *my* happy thought." Who else? Tom Cruise, if you want a kind of Top Pan. What's your list?

PLAYBOY: John Candy?

WILLIAMS: [*Raucous burst of laughter*] He did it! Did you ever see the one where he played Divine playing Peter Pan? It was great. [*Laughs*] "Look at me, flying high." There's that great joke about Kate Smith playing Peter Pan, but the chains broke.

PLAYBOY: How about Linda Hunt?

WILLIAMS: Whoa. [*Strong laughter*] The European directors' versions. Now we're getting into interesting casting. [Gérard] Depardieu as Pan. [*French accent*] "Luk out, everybudy, luk up here, I'm flying. I have happy thoughts. And then I have sad thoughts. It's the sad thoughts that keep me on the ground for a brief moment. Then I fly again."

PLAYBOY: How about Steven Seagal?

WILLIAMS: [*Tough-guy whisper*] "Yeah, right, I'm, uh . . . are you Hook?" [*Grabs an imaginary arm, snaps it, becomes Hook screaming in pain. Then back to Seagal's voice*] "Look at you now, you've got two hooks, no waiting." He's amazing. Here's a man who practices *aikido*, the gentlest form of martial arts. Yet there's more carnage in his movies than I've ever seen before. The stuff Seagal does makes the Chuck Norris stuff seem so wuss. When Seagal puts people in those locks and he does that snap move—that one where this guy's arm just popped out—it was the most physical, brutal thing I've ever seen in movies.

PLAYBOY: How about Al Pacino as Peter Pan?

WILLIAMS: [*Pauses, thinks, defeated*] I can't do him.

PLAYBOY: How about De Niro?

WILLIAMS: [*Whistles. Becomes De Niro's character in "Taxi Driver"*] "What? You want me to fly? You want me to fly? Excuse me? I have happy thoughts. I have happy thoughts. You want me to fly? Right. Lost Boys. Right." Raging Pan. [*Changes to De Niro as Jake La Motta*] "Scuse me. Scuse me. What? I'm supposed to fly? Pardon me. Yeah, kiss . . . my tights. Scuse me. I'm flyin'. Can't you see? I'm off the ground. I'm flyin'."

PLAYBOY: And in the end, do you and the

Lost Boys and Wendy all fly away, like *E.T.* without the bicycles? Just sprinkled with dust?

WILLIAMS: That'll be at the end. I have to fly home with my family, I have to take my son and daughter back. It is interesting playing it after reading all the literature about the Peter Pan syndrome. It's a very Victorian tale that Barrie told. Basically about abandonment, orphans, dissociation from parents. And also the end, when he comes back to see Wendy, and she's old and he can't deal with it, so he takes her daughter. Here's this girl who gives him her heart and he goes, "Yeah, thank you, you're too old, kiss my ass, I'm outa here." [*Suddenly goes into Al Pacino's character in "And Justice for All"*] "I'm outa order, you're outa order, I'm flying, I've got my happy thought." Pacino Pan. "I'm outa dust, you're outa dust, you're old, you're wrinkled, go!" How about Bette Davis as Wendy? "Get over here. Shut up! Get over here, you little creep. But you are! You're a fairy!"

PLAYBOY: With Pan in the can, will you be glad to get out of Los Angeles and return to your home in Northern California?

WILLIAMS: Yeah. This place is strange for me. It's a fantasy life, just very surreal. It's a city where they have drive-by shootings, two-shot minimum. When you're in L.A. for more than a month, you bump into your career too much. You start reading the trades, looking for your name. You get paranoid about how you're doing. We're living in this rented house in this security area in Bel Air where you go, fuck—this is a fortress. There's a gate, a little beeper, a guy that comes if you press the beeper. What is that? Is that the way it's supposed to be? *N-o-o-o-o.* But it's the reality of this place and that's why I don't live here. People do pretty horrible business things to each other and still try and hang socially here. I don't come down and hang out here. The house we just bought in San Francisco is at the mouth of the bay and you can go from there through this beautiful park and up along the western beaches. It's incredible. It's nice to have distance between you and the world.

PLAYBOY: You talk about horrible business things. Have you ever been screwed over?

WILLIAMS: Yeah, I'm still getting fucked with. You're not immune from it at any level.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about being passed over for the Joker in *Batman* and losing the lead role in the upcoming film *Jack the Bear* to Danny DeVito?

WILLIAMS: What they do a lot of times, they bait people. They'll say, "Robin might do this, are you in or out?" A lot of things are word of mouth and a lot of people are offered something and then, immediately, it's taken away and given to somebody else. There are many stories of Gene Hackman getting offered a film and then they're pulling him because

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Paul Newman comes back.

PLAYBOY: Were you used as bait to get Jack Nicholson to play the Joker?

WILLIAMS: Yeah. I was a little pissed by that. He'd been offered it six months before and then it was given to me. I replied, but they said I was too late. They said they'd gone to Jack over the weekend because I didn't reply soon enough. I said, "You gave me till Monday. I replied before the deadline." But it was just to get Jack off the pot.

PLAYBOY: And what happened more recently with *Jack the Bear*?

WILLIAMS: That was a case where something was written for me, developed for me and they gave it to somebody else. It was just a breakdown in the system. But I don't want to harbor hatred, anger. I just have to keep working. Otherwise, how do you separate yourself from not wanting to go and buy an automatic weapon, kick down the studio doors and say, "I'm coming"? That's why stand-up is great. It really helps to defuse that.

PLAYBOY: But haven't you also had problems in that area, as well? Didn't some magazines print complaints from comics accusing you of stealing their material?

WILLIAMS: I don't believe that shit. I bought that rap for a long time with a certain guilt, thinking, You're right, I'm no original. Yeah, I hung out in clubs eight hours a night, improvising with people, playing with them, doing routines. And I heard some lines once in a while and I used some lines on talk shows accidentally. That's what got me that reputation and that's why I'm fucking fed up with it. If I found out I used someone's line, I paid for it—way beyond the call. But thinking that I'm sitting around listening to people and saying, "Oh, that's great, I'll use that." No, that's horseshit. To say that I go out and look for people's material is bullshit and fucked. And I'm tired of taking the rap for it. People used a lot of my stuff, too. You're supposed to just go, "Well, that's flattery." And sometimes people give you lines. A drunken guy came up to me years ago on the street and said, "Robin, here's something for you: 'Cocaine is God's way of saying you're making too much fucking money.'" A lot of times people come up and tell you this stuff. And you have to be careful. Did they hear this somewhere else? That's why I avoid anything to do with clubs. People keep saying, "Why don't you do The Comedy Store?" I don't want to go back and get that rap again from anybody.

Another thing is, I don't want to take anybody else's time. I got tired of [other comics] giving me looks, like, what the fuck are you doing here? Maybe sometimes, don't you understand, if I show up, it might bring other people to see you? You idiot. People come to some of these clubs hoping to see people like me, once in a while, and that's great if they can see you beforehand.

PLAYBOY: If you don't go to clubs to work out the frustrations of the movie business, what do you do for release?

WILLIAMS: Sometimes I get it with groups of friends. Invite people over and go, "Two-drink minimum." I miss it, yeah. It's just hard to find the clubs right now because they are so jammed. You don't want to bump anybody. If I go on any place, it's usually in the middle of the week, late at night, unannounced. When no one else is fucking there, so no one can say, "You took my line."

PLAYBOY: Does stand-up help you with your acting?

WILLIAMS: The outrageousness and aggressiveness of it is perfect sometimes for acting. But the other side of acting is to peel all that away, just take off all the armor.

Someone asked Nicholson, "What is acting?" And he said, "Why should I tell you the fucking tricks?" Every person is driven by some deep, deep, deep secret and finding it drives you through.

PLAYBOY: Do you look for those secrets?

WILLIAMS: Yeah, you look for that, to help fuel the whole thing. I don't know the great secrets of acting. I'm just now learning that it's getting to the point where you don't act. Some sort of Zen concept where you finally realize that what you think is acting, you shouldn't do anymore.

PLAYBOY: If acting is ultimately letting people in, doesn't that contrast with stand-up, which often means being aggressive to keep people at a distance?

WILLIAMS: It can be as aggressive as you want to be, depending on how fearless you are. Sometimes you want to keep people at a distance—people who have had four cocktails, twelve beers, going, "Blow me!" Do you really want to let them in? Come, let me share with you my deepest secrets. But sometimes you do, you'll find the right group of people and you'll just talk about shit that will amaze you. But you should be careful, because you might start talking about something you're not ready to deal with.

PLAYBOY: Has that ever happened to you?

WILLIAMS: No, I kind of watch over that. Some issues are deeply personal. I get near them and think, I'm not ready to deal with that yet. When you're comfortable with it, you can be free about it. If not, it's open-heart surgery.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an interior voice that sometimes censors you?

WILLIAMS: It's a voice that tells you, *danger*. There was a night at the Holy City Zoo [in San Francisco] where four guys started to get nasty. It became very confrontational. Are you up for it? Depends. Are you up for the fact that the worst thing you say escalates to violence? Can you deal with that? It can get a little prime. I never drank or did drugs on stage, but there were times when I thought I was going to go crispy, mainly because I was hung over. And one time, someone gave me a line of coke before I went out. For me, cocaine made me paranoid, and being on stage is not exactly the place to go when you're paranoid. It was a short trip to hell. When I drank, the audience would send up a kamikaze switch—vodka and lime juice—chilled. They just want to see you drop. Kill the comic, flatten the boy. Watch the little furry guy go down. And one night, I almost did. I had four of them. I don't remember what I said, but people said it was pretty funny. I was dancing with chairs. But I didn't want that lack of control.

PLAYBOY: Vincent Canby once described your monolog as "so intense that one feels that at any minute the creative process could reverse into a complete personality meltdown." Have you ever felt that could happen?

WILLIAMS: Where it's beyond "Love me, please love me, or I might destroy myself"? It's like comedy terrorism. But all I'm doing is taking and expanding out from an idea. You say a sentence and some word will trigger another word and sometimes they'll all turn back onto each other and you'll come back to the original premise. Then, when you really feel great, you're just free-forming and there's no connection between the inspiration and the bit. Then you don't know what it is. It becomes one of those out-of-body experiences. At the Improv in San Francisco one night, just before the Gulf war started, I hadn't been on stage in a long time and all this stuff I'd been thinking about just exploded. Marsha said, "I've never seen you so together and yet so free." Even Garry Shandling, who was there, said, "You fucker." I did a whole piece about the Christian religion, where it started off as a mom-and-pop religion where Mom was a virgin and Pop was God, and then it got organized and you can't have a pop anymore, it has to be a Pope, kiss the ring. The bit just got so large it almost got frightening. It was getting near the edges of people's credulity, where you start to fuck with the premise of what they hold near and dear.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry that you'll run out of ideas?

WILLIAMS: No, there's a world out there. Open the window and it's there. The world is changing now, it's beyond arithmetic. It's like into some Malthusian nightmare. In two seconds, governments are gone. Oops, it's Lithuania—no, it's Yugoslavia—no, it's two countries. It's changing that quick. And there's so much to play off. We're living in this momentary society. If you want to be topical, that's the danger.

PLAYBOY: What happens when you're out there improvising and you suddenly draw a blank?

WILLIAMS: Oh, that happens a lot. To the point where you hit Premise Prairie. Nothing there. What do you do? Oh, God, the great abyss. Do you fall back on

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something old? Or do you die the death of deaths and try to go on? Can you find the courage to push yourself beyond the cliché and go to the next step? If you take the chance, sometimes you'll find something so magnificent that it was worth dying for, and sometimes you'll find nothing and have a horrible night. To go deeper with it, that's the most interesting challenge.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been envious of another comic's routines?

WILLIAMS: I was just envious of other people's daring. Like Richard Pryor's ability to be so bold in talking about himself. Total candor. Now he's this fragile man. I've seen him go on stage and people start yelling shit and he doesn't know how to respond to them. Where in the old days he'd go, "Fuck me. Go away, motherfucker! Blow me! Suck my dick! I'll put it out here, bring your little dumb ass. . . ." One night, about five years ago, he went on, Eddie Murphy went on and I went on, and Richard was kicking again, it was great. When he kicks, there's no one in the world better. No one has ever done what he does. He is the king of that. He did the best performance movie. And his stand-up, he set the rules. Then destroyed the boundaries.

PLAYBOY: Has he gone places where you've drawn the line?

WILLIAMS: I don't want to talk that personally. Richard took it to the level of self-immolation. To the level of destruction. Some people have taken it to the point of disemboweling themselves on stage, to rage, to total anxiety. When Sam Kinison was starting out, it was incredible because it was so painful, and hilarious because he was talking about relationships. "I'm married . . . *a-g-h-h-h-h-h!*" And what struck you was the fact that this schlub had been through all this, and then he took another turn and got into a whole other area.

PLAYBOY: Who are the comedians who make you laugh?

WILLIAMS: Up until recently, if it's stand-up, you've got to say Pryor, George Carlin. Kinison. Bob Goldthwait. Charlie Fleischer for obscure comedy—he does wonderful, strange impressions. Among comics, if you asked who's their favorite, usually Jay Leno is in the top three, if not the top, because he is so quick and he's the most topical of anybody. He has that Elvis jaw, that face you could cut windows with, but he has a rock-hard view of the world that cuts through shit on either side. Like he was doing all those Sununu jokes, just beating the shit out of him. Then he had a great line about Russia starting a democratic party; he said, "Why don't they use ours, we're not using it?" He can fire both ways.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of David Letterman and Arsenio Hall?

WILLIAMS: Doing television sucks material out of you like a vacuum cleaner on speed. Letterman is doing the same stuff he was doing years and years ago, this acerbic thing where he'd just let people hang themselves. He's brilliant at that. Arsenio is an interesting combination of *shmoosing* and doing great characters.

PLAYBOY: How often do you rely on finding comedy through characters?

WILLIAMS: Characters are just a free way of talking as yourself. One night, I did that with Terry Gilliam. I created this ax murderer, a character he said was really frightening but hilarious. This very sweet guy who had killed people. Gilliam would ask me questions and I just started going with it.

PLAYBOY: You've worked with Gilliam on two films, *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* and, more recently, *The Fisher King*. He seems to be an unusual director.

WILLIAMS: He's like John Huston, one of those people who has a vision, a way of seeing the world. Some people think it's askew, some think it's brilliant. Terry shoots stuff that has a half life. You walk out and it hits you. Whew! Shit! Fuckin' sixty-foot samurais! Red knights! Icarus! Simple things! He creates images that are shot into your skull.

PLAYBOY: In *The Fisher King*, you're playing a role more like Leonard, the character De Niro played in *Awakenings*—the innocent who winds up in a hospital with semicomatose people. Have you considered the irony?

WILLIAMS: It is somewhat ironic that I end up in a catatonic state. It was strange. And almost similar, except my character is lying down and his was in a wheelchair. The thing that appealed to me was not, "Oh, it will be great, now I'll get to play the other part." It was that the story was so interesting and the characters were so balanced. It has this wonderful strange going-back-and-forth quality to it—where one moment it's very funny and the next it's horrifying. That's what I liked about it.

PLAYBOY: You shot *Awakenings* at a Brooklyn mental hospital. How tough was that mentally?

WILLIAMS: It was grueling, because there were real folks there on the bottom two floors. There was a ward that we never saw, of violent, criminally insane guys. You'd hear them screaming sometimes. It was depressing. It would make even Kafka go, "Too much." It's really the dark side.

PLAYBOY: That touching scene when Leonard awakens—were you off camera doing things to make him laugh?

WILLIAMS: Bob would say, "Surprise me." So I did Harvey Fierstein talking to him. "Leonard, sweetheart, lose the puppy on the pajamas. Come over here, darling, did Mom bring you that terrycloth robe? Do you want some slippers?" I could drop him doing that.

PLAYBOY: You've worked with De Niro and now Hoffman. What did you get from them?

WILLIAMS: Dustin's a guy who will try

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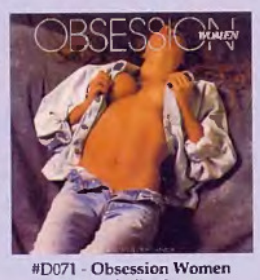

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anything. He prepares up the ass, too. He's doing make-up tests, trying to make himself look totally different, trying to transform. I've been on three films that he was supposed to do: *Popeye*, *Garp* and *Dead Poets*. I should be just hanging out by his house. "What did you pass on? Yeah? OK, that sounds good. What else?"

From Bob, you get the power of silence, of the deep-diving man. It's scary. To be in the same room with Bob and you're acting with him. [*Becomes interviewer*] "What are the fun things you want to do?" [*Answers in a high-pitched voice*] "I want to run a marathon with Frank Shorter, box with Mike Tyson and act with Bob De Niro." You see how little he does and you think, What the fuck is this? But he knows how powerful he is. It's total economy. Borders on rarefied. He knows exactly to the vowel what's too much.

PLAYBOY: Oliver Sacks, the doctor who wrote *Awakenings*, said he thought that the way your unconscious and preconscious mind worked was a form of genius.

WILLIAMS: Oh, God, coming from him! Really? I feel like the Rain Man: "That's OK, that's OK, gotta go now, gotta make in my underwear. Thanks, Oliver, gotta go, gotta go." Oliver thinks on levels that I've never dreamed of, because he has so much information. And he differentiates between the mind and the brain. The brain controls bodily functions and whatever. And then there's this thing called the mind, which has to do with soul, with elements of philosophy, with things that are so deep and profound and beyond anything that you can analyze, but in essence, it drives it all.

PLAYBOY: So what do you think of his assessing you a genius?

WILLIAMS: Can I call myself a genius? *N-o-o-o!* I can say I get flashes once in a while. These riffs that run through you and you know it's something you've never done before, and that's great. There are people who live in that zone. Have you read [physicist] Richard Feynman's book [*Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman*]? These people fascinate me. If there's any profession I envy, it's that. Imagine what it's like to be Stephen Hawking and to come up with the Theory of Everything. But he's got the job and he's doing it great. I wonder if there are guys who collect just scientists' autographs. "Excuse me, pardon me, Mr. Oppenheimer, seen all your bombs, could you please sign this? God bless ya. Could you put your name near your particle?"

PLAYBOY: Would you put any actors in the pantheon of geniuses?

WILLIAMS: The Brando man. Mr. Nicholson. Mr. De Niro. Mr. Hoffman, just because he keeps trying different things. Al Pacino. Duvall for his great characters. The younger ones? Probably one of the finest actors on film is Gary Oldman. And actresses? Meryl [Streep]. Susan Sarandon. [*Pauses*] God, this is hard, it sounds like I'm pimping for work.

Another genius who lives in that painful zone is Carrie Fisher. She's constantly pushing herself to find new stuff and says brilliant things on a pretty consistent level. She's very literate, lives on that painful edge, almost beyond that edge.

PLAYBOY: Geniuses in other arts?

WILLIAMS: God. Did you ever hear the music of Keith Jarrett? Some of the piano pieces just pour out of him.

Other geniuses? There are people who push the parameters. They take you someplace else. Musically, who keeps pushing the envelope? Just in terms of songs, you think of someone like Tracy Chapman, who tries things. Paul Simon. People may now think he's getting redundant because he's done another ethnic album, but no. Think of Bob Dylan. Think of who the people are you'd want to talk to. They must have some kind of genius if you're thinking, I want to know what makes that fucker tick.

What makes Dylan go [*improvises as Dylan*]: "Time is enriched/Where does that poetry come from?/A man who changes religion more than he can change his shoes. I'm a wandering Jew from Malibu/Whaddya say we gotta do?/Look at me rip off Zimmerman!/I was a Christian, then Hasidim/For the things I truly need."

"'Excuse me, Mr. Oppenheimer, seen all your bombs, could you please sign this? God bless ya. Could you put your name near your particle?'"

He writes some great poetry. And it kicks. You may wonder what he is saying, but it's wonderful stuff. In comedy, you think of Pryor. But that's genius born of total pain. George Carlin. He just keeps pushing it. He doesn't care. He did a great piece in Comic Relief about golf courses and graveyards. He lives in that zone where stuff keeps coming through him.

In literature, [Kurt] Vonnegut. No one is consistent, no one bats a thousand.

PLAYBOY: Ever read James Joyce?

WILLIAMS: Tried. Read the first couple lines of *Ulysses*, then went, whew, thanks, I'll wait till the punctuation's in.

PLAYBOY: You seem to transform yourself from movie to movie, jumping from the sensitive teacher of *Dead Poets* to the sleazy car salesman of *Cadillac Man* to the vulnerable doctor in *Awakenings*, the wounded knight errant in *The Fisher King* and now the boy-man Peter Pan. Are there any films you've made for reasons other than artistic ones?

WILLIAMS: *Club Paradise*. They said it would be a box-office smash, a great combination of people, we'll kick ass, etc. And then [*explosion sound*] my ass got kicked. That's when you get screwed. Jump off with your passion, not as a whore. I believed in *The Fisher King* and in *Hook*. In the stories. With *Hook*, it's not blowing people away, stabbing and slicing and killing—it's about heart and family and love and orphans and interesting and deep issues for all of us in an age of greed. And *Fisher King* I did because it's about bottom-line compassion, about redemption, about not taking people on initial value but looking deeper. It's about dependency and strange relationships that come and go.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you did *Dead Poets Society*?

WILLIAMS: It talks about something of the heart and of pursuing that which is a dream—and in some cases, to a tragic end. Originally, my character was supposed to have leukemia, which would have been *Dead Poets Love Story*. Then Peter Weir said, "Let's lose that. Focus on the boys." Lose the melodrama and it becomes much simpler and much better.

PLAYBOY: Brando says that comics are people with a lot of anger and pain. Have you felt much pain and anger?

WILLIAMS: No. Number one, I didn't go through a very tough childhood. I used to joke about it. Say, "I was sixteen before I had my first Mercedes." Or, "I had to work all summer long just to go to Europe." I had a wonderful childhood. All I suffered from was a lack of a lot of parental contact and being raised basically by the black maid. There may have been some uncomfortable moments, but no anger or bitterness. It's not, "Shit! Fuck! This world sucks!" I just made this incredible fantasy life because I had only myself to play with.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any kind of rite of passage into manhood?

WILLIAMS: You mean put your penis on a rock, bang your balls with this big stone and now you're a man? No. Was it confirmation? No, because I'm Protestant, idiot! There's no confirmation. There's just escrow. I really made the transition to manhood when I went away to college, moving away from home to where there was no one dictating what choices I had to make and I went berserk for one year. I just went, "Fuck this! There are girls to sleep with! And improvisational-theater classes, where you don't have to learn any lines and people laugh." I did all the shit that I ever wanted to do. Flunked out of all the political science classes, but found what I'm doing now. It was this weird catharsis. Total freedom. Like going from Sing Sing to a Gestalt nudist camp. Everything opened

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up. The whole world just changed in that one year.

Then came the second transitional period, when I was about thirty, when I started to talk to my father [shortly before his death]. That was like the *Wizard of Oz*, where you look behind that curtain and you see the man for what he is. There was this little man behind the curtain, going, "Take care of your mother and I love you and I've been very worried about certain things. And I'm afraid, but I'm not afraid." It's an amazing combination of exhilaration and sadness at the same time, because the god transforms to a man.

PLAYBOY: How strict was he when you were a boy?

WILLIAMS: Not very strict at all. He was stern. He looked like a retired English viceroy, he had that kind of laid-back way about him. I never heard my pop yell, except once when I flipped my mother the bird. That's the one time I got smacked. They were yin and yang, my parents, who gave me a kind of perfect balance to do what I do now. My mother's this outrageous character who's so sweet and basically believes in the goodness of people. And Dad had seen the nasty sides of people. He had been in combat. She told me, "There are no boundaries." And he gave me this depth that helps with acting and even with comedy, saying, "Fuck it. Do you believe in this? Do you really want to talk about it? Do it. Don't be frightened off." Somewhere in his early life, he had to give up certain things, certain dreams. And when I found mine, he was deeply pleased. He was working his tits off to make this life and he had been screwed over by too many people in the automobile industry, which uses you and discards you just like the movie industry. He had seen that my life was in transition and that I was starting to take control.

PLAYBOY: Weren't there some problems with your parents' taking you out of boarding school to live with them?

WILLIAMS: No, I wanted to go back home because I wanted to be with my family. My mother's so naïve about certain things. *The National Enquirer* called her and said, "We're doing a story and we'd like to have some photos." She gave them photos of my father and me and some school photos. They used these pictures to imply that my father was this tyrant and I came from this horrible existence and that's why I was funny.

PLAYBOY: And how did your mother react when she saw that story?

WILLIAMS: She felt used, and she was. But that is also balanced with her desire to sometimes be in the limelight. Normally, if I'm with her and I see cameras, I say, "Let's go, Mom." And she turns into Bette Davis. She's saying, "Stop! Let's talk to them." It gets interesting. But it can sometimes feel like psychic rape. Like the *People* interview. When you do these things, you get halfway through and you realize, My god, they're sticking it to me. It's like this feeling of violation. And what's weird is they're stabbing you with your own kitchen utensils. "That's my fork!"

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about that *People* cover, where they sensationalized your leaving your wife Valerie for your child's nanny, Marsha. There was a very strong anti-*People* reaction within the entertainment industry because of that, wasn't there?

WILLIAMS: I think so. They went from being a magazine people wanted to do to a magazine people were wary of. It was really a hatchet job, a setup, an ambush. A very low blow. And it cost them. Celebrities got very worried, like, Why should I do a story with you?

PLAYBOY: Would you ever do another story with them?

WILLIAMS: No. Not while the management is the same.

PLAYBOY: They described your life then as being at "the apex of a triangle of tension."

WILLIAMS: The tension was only that I was trying to tidy up the last ends of my first marriage and get on with my life with Marsha. And the fact that I didn't want to talk about that, because I was trying to be respectful of my first marriage and end it decently. And then it just exploded. But I was so angry and horrified that the interview turned this way, it was like being mugged. At the end, they said, "We have to ask you certain questions or you don't get the cover." Fuck it, I don't need a cover that badly. I sat down and talked to the reporter very personally and said, "This is what's up, this is the truth." And they didn't put any of it in. They made it seem exactly what they wanted to do from the very beginning: Marsha broke up the marriage. Which is total horseshit.

PLAYBOY: What is the truth?

WILLIAMS: I had been separated and away from my wife for a year by the time Marsha and I became involved. And the reason my marriage fell apart had nothing to do with Marsha, it was with a total other woman that I can't even get into now for legal reasons.

PLAYBOY: Is this the woman who sued you, claiming you gave her herpes?

WILLIAMS: I can't discuss it, it's what's called a gag order, you're not allowed to discuss it till it gets settled. I had this wanderlust and so did Valerie. And Marsha was working as my assistant at that time. She would just talk me down. I was not suicidal but fucked up. My wife was living with another man, I was just out of my fucking mind. I was very indignant and self-righteous and Marsha said, "Listen, asshole, there's no reason to be indignant, you were no prince, she was no saint." After about a year, I started into therapy. I was living in a house on the beach and started to get my life together and I fell in love with Marsha. And that's

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why my life was saved by her, not ruined by her. That was a troubled time, and enough said.

PLAYBOY: Marsha has called herself your safety net. How strong is she?

WILLIAMS: It's more than just a safety net, it's a reality check. She's real honest about everything. If I start to get too insecure, she'll say, "Stop it, you're great." And she's very creative, too. She was a weaver, but she gave it up to help me with my work. She was writing with me, she would write on *Good Morning, Vietnam*. She makes sure everything runs. Not that I have a huge entourage. I mean, I've got her, I've got . . . I mean, she's not an entourage. [*As interviewer*] "How many in your entourage?" [*Pompously*] "Well, the family. Zelda, who I can write off as a roadie." [*As the child Zelda*] "Daddy, can't carry bags, bags heavy."

PLAYBOY: You moved your family to New York when you did Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* with Steve Martin at Lincoln Center. How was that experience?

WILLIAMS: Painful. We put our ass out and got kicked for it. Some nights I would improvise a bit and the hard-core Beckett fans got pissed off. We played it as a comedy team; it wasn't existential. Like these two guys from vaudeville who would go into routines that would fall apart into angst. Basically, it's Laurel and Hardy, which is how Beckett had staged it in Germany.

PLAYBOY: Did you and Martin learn anything from each other?

WILLIAMS: I learned about physical comedy and the nuts and bolts about timing from him, because, obviously, when I do my act, I have as much timing as an Uzi! And his is the comedy of pause, of waiting, of holding back. I don't know what he learned from me. Perhaps about how not to be that anxious or obsessive. I also got to know about his appreciation of art. I've seen some of the art he has bought and I thought, Wow, while I was off putting half my profits up my nose, that's what you were doing. You were buying that. He trades paintings as if they were baseball cards.

PLAYBOY: During the early Eighties, when you were snorting your profits away, how out of control did you get?

WILLIAMS: I was totally out of control for a while. It was either fear or just a sheer wanting to run away from it all. I couldn't imagine living the way I used to live. I don't remember it as being anything except quick, with this series of people flashing through my life. Now people come up to me from the drug days and go, "Hi, remember me?" And I'm going, "No, did I have sex with you? Did I take a dump in your tool box?" It was kind of like my head was in a bell jar. I got crazier and crazier and then petered off.

PLAYBOY: When did it stop?

WILLIAMS: After John [Belushi] died. A month or two after that.

PLAYBOY: A lot was made of your visit to Belushi the night before he died, but you were reluctant to discuss openly exactly what happened. Have you ever talked about it?

WILLIAMS: I discussed it with the grand jury. I went to see John, he didn't want to see me and I left. And that was it. It was blown into this whole evening of debauchery. Like we'd been out together all evening.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't Belushi want to see you?

WILLIAMS: I have a strange feeling it was some sort of miscommunication or a setup in some way, because I went there and there were these strange people there—his friends—and he was loaded. I asked, "Are you OK?" He said, "Yeah, I've taken a couple 'Ludes." He didn't look like he wanted me there and I split. And next day he's dead. It was like seeing an elephant go down. Here's this guy who was a beast, who could do anything, and he's gone. That sobered the shit out of everybody.

PLAYBOY: Did you know Belushi well?

WILLIAMS: I knew him vaguely. I was with him a couple of times. Drinking once. There was one time that was magnificent, because we both sat and watched Jonathan Winters perform. That was the sanest I ever saw him.

PLAYBOY: That brings us to one of those questions you're often asked: What is it about Jonathan Winters that so inspired you?

WILLIAMS: It was like seeing a guy behind a mask, and you could see that his characters were a great way for him to talk about painful stuff. I found out later that they are people he knows—his mother, his aunt. He's an artist who also paints with words, he paints these people that he sees. I knew how his act worked when I went to his house and saw his special room. Then I wanted to have a special room like that.

PLAYBOY: What was in his special room?

WILLIAMS: Just things he's collected, pictures of Presidents that he's performed for. Kachinas, little dolls, lead soldiers, antique toys, an entire wall of antique pistols. I went, "You're like me, we both collect information, we collect images and we play them back in this kind of room." You can see how it affects his art, it's his room, his mind room. And now I have a room like that.

PLAYBOY: What do you hold to be most valuable in your room?

WILLIAMS: Einstein's autograph. An English naval cutlass my father gave me. And my most precious object is another thing my father gave me, a little carved netsuke called a Peach Seed Man. It's a little boy popping out of a peach seed. When my dad gave it to me a couple weeks before he died, he said, "This is you."

PLAYBOY: Before children start seeing you as Peter Pan, do a lot of them still recognize you as Mork? Do you still get a

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lot of "*Nano nano*" when you walk down the street?

WILLIAMS: Some of that still goes on, but that's in their brains, in the memory bank of a country because it comes from TV. Watch the way people watch TV, it's hypnotic. Just sit back and you've got cable and ninety-five choices and you don't really care much about anything else. Eventually, you don't know about history, you can't remember if there really was a Civil War, and eventually people get slaves again. You can have a President who basically reads cue cards and it seems OK, because he's just like the guy on the series with the family with the little black child and it seems all right, because he's kind, and when he's angry, it's TV angry, where you get kind of angry but you don't go, "Fuck off!" You basically get where your eyes dim and the world seems all right and you kind of tighten up so much that your sphincter doesn't open. Then people at home can be TV pissed and they can go to a TV war and watch it. We basically fought a war, watched it on the TV set, and you can buy the tapes, sucking on the glass teat.

PLAYBOY: It's been almost a year since the Gulf war. Any opinions on that?

WILLIAMS: Getting involved in the Middle East is like tap dancing in quicksand. There have been similar struggles for about two thousand years. What did we fight for? We fought for these Kuwaiti princes who, for most of the time, were in Zurich going, "Service! I am very upset about my people, hold on. . . . Put the plate over here and the champagne over there." And when they came back, the first thing they did was rebuild their pools. Everything went back to where it was before, except Saddam has fewer toys. Why was it a big surprise that as soon as the war was over, he'd go back to doing the same things, business as usual? I don't believe the war changed much. We'll probably have to do something like that again in the future. These are people who don't play by rules.

PLAYBOY: Before George Bush became President, you said he was the kind of guy a rattlesnake would refuse to bite out of professional courtesy.

WILLIAMS: And look how right I was. [*As John Wayne*] If you take John Wayne and tighten up his ass, [*now as Bush*] there you have George Bush. I do political voices once in a while just because you gotta keep making fun of the great Bushmeister. He's just incredible.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's anybody among the Democrats who has a chance against Bush?

WILLIAMS: It's hard, because you're fighting an image. You've been fighting eight years of Mr. Warmth and now George has proved he has the *cojones*, so who are you going to fight with? You have to come back with someone of notable character and charisma—not things the Democratic Party is going out of its way to look for, if you look at the last two candidates. Bill Bradley could be quite wonderful, he could debate the piss out of Bush, but he doesn't have that charisma. Gore Vidal? Just watch him redecorate the White House! [Mario] Cuomo? He's certainly charismatic and powerful, but there's the sheer ethnic thing of people going [*backwoods voice*]: "Cuomo? He's a cuomosexual. What the hell's that? I ain't votin' for no Cuomo!" With no holds barred, I would say Barbara Jordan. This woman is as powerful as anyone you'll ever hear. She has this dignity. She's a black woman from Texas and she kicks ass there. She's amazing, sounds like Roosevelt when she speaks, has that kind of voice. If she was feeling better, I'd say bingo!

PLAYBOY: Do you think that poking fun at our problems can do anything to help solve them?

WILLIAMS: What's changed for me in the last four years is rather than just sit and criticize, you say OK, what can you actually do to start wading into it and make it work, instead of just saying, "You're wrong, that sucks, they're ripping us off." Now we have to fight from our local community up, and work on schools and for the homeless. All that's left now in a lot of our schools is reading, writing and arithmetic, everything else is considered catsup.

PLAYBOY: You do a lot of work for the homeless through Comic Relief. Do you also do things for education?

WILLIAMS: Yeah, plenty of stuff, charity things for schools and literacy programs. We're raising a nation of overweight, unintelligent people. The cities have broken down, the educational systems suffer cutbacks. The reality is, we're broke. Art exhibits, nudity in films and magazines, abortions, it's all up for grabs now.

PLAYBOY: Do you think abortions will eventually return to being illegal?

WILLIAMS: Poor people will either be forced to have the children or to go to these horrible doctors who function on the fringe. Making the decision to have an abortion is no easy choice for anybody, and if it isn't a hard choice, then the woman's not really going to make a great mother anyway.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever gone through it?

WILLIAMS: Long, long, long time ago, and it was because we were too young and it wasn't right. Here's what bothers me more than anything about those who believe in the right to life: They don't support the second part of the process, when they have all these children. Amend "right to life" to "right to a decent life." They don't support the education, they don't support the health care. If you are going to have a society where it's mandatory to have a child, let's make it mandatory to make this child's life wonderful. I don't want to deny life to anybody, but sometimes you have to choose—and it's a horrible choice, I'm not denying that. To deny people that choice forces them into the other dilemma, and then you raise children who are not loved and who go through a living hell of not being wanted, or are tossed off and live in homes or institutions, or who grow up numb.

PLAYBOY: Does the answer lie in better birth control?

WILLIAMS: Here's the best birth control in the whole world—if you have no pills, no diaphragms, no other forms of contraception, here it is for ladies: If he comes at you with that little thing in his hand, just laugh at it! *Ha, ha, ha*. We can't deal with that. It'll be gone, the little thing will be outa there. Assault with the macaroni, put it away!

I did a recent piece about sex in the Nineties: It's you and you. Put on the special song that only you like. And you don't have to fake orgasm, because it's just you. *Ménage à mono*. In an age where there is this incredibly deadly virus that could take us out as a species, it puts a whole other spin on it. We all look pretty ridiculous during sex. Even Warren Beatty looks pretty fucking stupid at the moment he fires the fool. Whatever strap-on attachment you use, you still look like a poodle and someone has to get a fire hose.

PLAYBOY: You've always been fond of dick jokes, calling it Mr. Weasel, the Throbbing Python of Love, Mr. Happy——

WILLIAMS: The One-Eyed Weasel with No Conscience. For a while, it was the essence of my act. The ultimate dick joke was this tribute the American Cinematheque gave me. It wasn't a tribute, it was a roast. It was a rough night.

PLAYBOY: Why was it rough?

WILLIAMS: Basically, it was an evening talking about me and my dick. It was Robin and Friend. Me and *Señor* Schmuck. After a while, I felt I should have gone, "Ladies and gentlemen, let him speak for himself." [*As his dick*] "I love the guy and when he's not choking me, he's a fabulous person."

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you do it?

WILLIAMS: How could you follow Billy Crystal, who came out with a giant penis on his head?

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that the tribute where Chevy Chase insulted Disney's Michael Eisner?

WILLIAMS: Yeah. He said, "Michael, do you mind if I pee in your mouth?"

PLAYBOY: How uncomfortable did that night get?

WILLIAMS: It was uncomfortable only in the sense of the outrageousness of it. It got pretty intense. It was like a Friars roast, and I don't think people expected that. I went to Martin Scorsese's Cinematheque tribute and no one went, "Yo! Marty! You bastard, over here." His was more of a real honor. I think people came to mine thinking it was going to be an honor and it was, "Blow me. Why don't you just put your dumb dick on the table?" And Chevy's thing, and then

(concluded on page 102)

Instructions:

1. Remove from magazine.
2. Place next to your head in the presence of family, friends and coworkers.
3. Act surprised on December 25th.

(If above fails, call 1-800-238-4373 to send a gift of Crown Royal. Void where prohibited.)

PAINTING BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

IT COMES AND GOES

i was sure i saw gleaming golden flesh behind the screen door: a bare shoulder, a sinuous hip, a long stretch of haunch and thigh

THE HOUSE COMES AND GOES, comes and goes, and no one seems to know or to care. It's that kind of neighborhood. You keep your head down; you take notice only of the things relevant to your personal welfare; you screen out everything else as irrelevant or meaningless or potentially threatening.

It's a very ordinary house, 30 or 40 years old, a cheap, one-story white-stucco job on a corner lot, maybe six rooms: green shutters on the windows, a scruffy lawn, a narrow, badly paved path running from the street to the front steps. There's a screen door in front of the regular one. To the right and left of the doorway is some unkempt shrubbery, with odds and ends of rusting junk scattered around it—a garbage can, an old barbecue outfit, stuff like that.

All the houses around here look much the same; there isn't a lot of architectural variety in this neighborhood. Just rows of ordinary little houses, adding up to an ordinary kind of place, neither a slum nor anything desirable; aging houses inhabited by stranded people who can't move up and who are settled enough so that they've stopped slipping down. Even the street names are stereotyped small-town standards, instantly forgettable:

fiction

By ROBERT SILVERBERG

Maple, Oak, Spruce, Pine. It's hard to tell one street from another, and usually, there's no reason you should. You're able to recognize your own, and the others—except for Walnut, where the shops are—are just for filler. I know how to get from my place to the white house with the screen door—turn right, down to the corner and right again, diagonal left across the street—but even now, I couldn't tell you whether it's on Spruce corner of Oak or Pine corner of Maple. I just know how to get there.

The house will stay here for five or six days at a time and then, one morning, I'll come out and the lot will be vacant, and so it remains for ten days or two weeks. And then there it is again. You'd think people would notice that, you'd think they'd talk; but they're all keeping their heads down, I guess. I keep my head down, too, but I can't help noticing things. In that sense, I don't belong in this part of town. In most other senses, I guess I do, because, after all, this is where I am.

•

The first time I saw the house was on a drizzly Monday morning on the cusp of winter and spring. I remember that it was a Monday because people were going to work and I wasn't, and that was still a new concept for me. I remember that it was on the cusp of winter and spring because there were still some curling trails of dirty snow on the north side of the street, left over from an early-March storm, but the forsythia and crocuses were blooming in the gardens on the south side. I was walking down to the grocery on Walnut Street to pick up the morning paper. Daily walking, rain or shine, is very important to me; it's part of my recovery regimen, and I was going for the paper because I was still into studying the help-wanted ads at that time. As I made my way down Spruce Street (or maybe it was Pine Street), some movement in a doorway across the way caught my eye, and I glanced up and over.

A flash of flesh it was.

A woman, turning in the doorway.

A *naked* woman, so it seemed. I had just a quick side glimpse, fuzzed and blurred by the screen door and the gray light of the cloudy morning, but I was sure I saw gleaming golden flesh: a bare shoulder, a sinuous hip, a long stretch of haunch and thigh and butt and calf, maybe a bit of bright pubic fleece also. And then she was gone, leaving incandescent tracks on my mind.

I stopped right on a dime and stood staring toward the darkness of the doorway, waiting to see if she'd reappear. Hoping that she would. Praying that she would, actually. It wasn't because I was in such desperate need of a free show but because I wanted her to have been real. Not simply a hallucination. I was clean that morning and had been for a month and a half, ever since the seventh of February, and I didn't want to think that I was still having hallucinations.

The doorway stayed dark. She didn't reappear.

Of course not. She couldn't reappear, because she had never been there in the first place. What I had seen had been an illusion. How could she possibly have been real? Real women around here don't flash their bare butts in front doorways at nine in the morning on cold drizzly days, and they don't have hips and thighs and legs like that.

But I let myself off the hook. After all, I was clean. Why borrow trouble? It had been a trick of the light, I told myself. Or maybe, *maybe*, a curious fluke of my overwrought mind. An odd mental prank. But, in any case, nothing to take seriously, nothing symptomatic of significant cerebral decline or collapse.

I went on down to the Walnut Street grocery and bought that morning's *Post-Star* and looked through the classified ads for the one that said:

> IF YOU ARE AN INTELLIGENT, CAPABLE, HARD-WORKING HUMAN BEING WHO HAS GONE THROUGH A BAD TIME BUT IS NOW IN RECOVERY AND LOOKING TO MAKE A COMEBACK IN THE GREAT GAME OF LIFE, WE HAVE JUST THE JOB FOR YOU.

It wasn't there. Somehow, it never was.

On my way home, I thought I'd give the white house on the corner lot a second glance, just in case something else of interest was showing. The house wasn't there, either.

•

My name is Tom and I am chemically dependent.

My name is Tom and I am chemically dependent.

My name is Tom and I am chemically dependent.

I tell you that three times because what I tell you three times is true. If anything at all is true about me, that much is. It is also true that I am 40 years old, that I have had successful careers in advertising, public relations, mail-order promotion and several other word-oriented professions. Each of those successful careers came to an unsuccessful end. I have written three novels and a bunch of short stories, too. And, between the ages of 29 and 39, I consumed a quantity of cocaine, marijuana, acid, uppers, downers, reds, whites, purples and assorted other items of the underground pharmacopoeia that normal people would find hard to believe. I used some things that normal people have never heard of, too. I suppose I would have gone on to other drugs not yet invented, once they became available, because there was always some new kind of high to seek, or some new sort of low to avoid, et cetera, et cetera, and the way to do it, I had learned, was through chemistry. On my 40th birthday, I finally took the necessary step, which was to admit that drugs were a monster too strong for me to grapple with and that my life had become unmanageable. And that I was willing to turn to a Power that is stronger than I am, stronger even than the drug monster, and humbly ask that power to restore me to sanity and to help me defend myself against my enemy.

I live now in a small, furnished room in a small town so dull you can't remember the names of the streets. I belong to the program and I go to meetings three or four times a week and I tell people whose surnames I don't know about my faults (which I freely admit) and my virtues (which I do have), and about my one great weakness. Then they tell me about theirs.

My name is Tom and I am chemically dependent.

I've been doing pretty well since the seventh of February.

Hallucinations were one thing I didn't need in this time of recovery. I had already had my share.

•

I didn't realize at that point that the house had vanished. People don't customarily think in terms of houses vanishing, not if their heads are screwed on right, and, as I have just pointed out, I had a vested interest in believing that, as of the seventh of February, my head was screwed on right and it was going to stay that way.

No, what I thought was simply that I must have gone to the grocery by way of one street and come home by way of another. Since I was clean and had been so for a month and a half, there was no other rational explanation.

I went home and made some phone calls to potential employers, with the usual result. I watched some television. If you've never stayed home on a weekday morning, you can't imagine what television is like at that time of day, most of it. After a while, I found myself tuning to the home shopping channel for the sheer excitement of it.

I thought about the flash of flesh in the screen doorway.

I thought about the effect that a nice little line of white powder laid out on a mirror would create in me, too. You don't ever stop thinking about things like that, the look of mirrors and the technique of creating little white lines on them and the taste you get in your nostrils and the effect that the

(continued on page 86)

"Care to help blow the new year in, Miss Bowman?"

THE SWEDISH BIKINI TEAM

hey, guys, television just got a little better. meet the blondes who've made old milwaukee famous

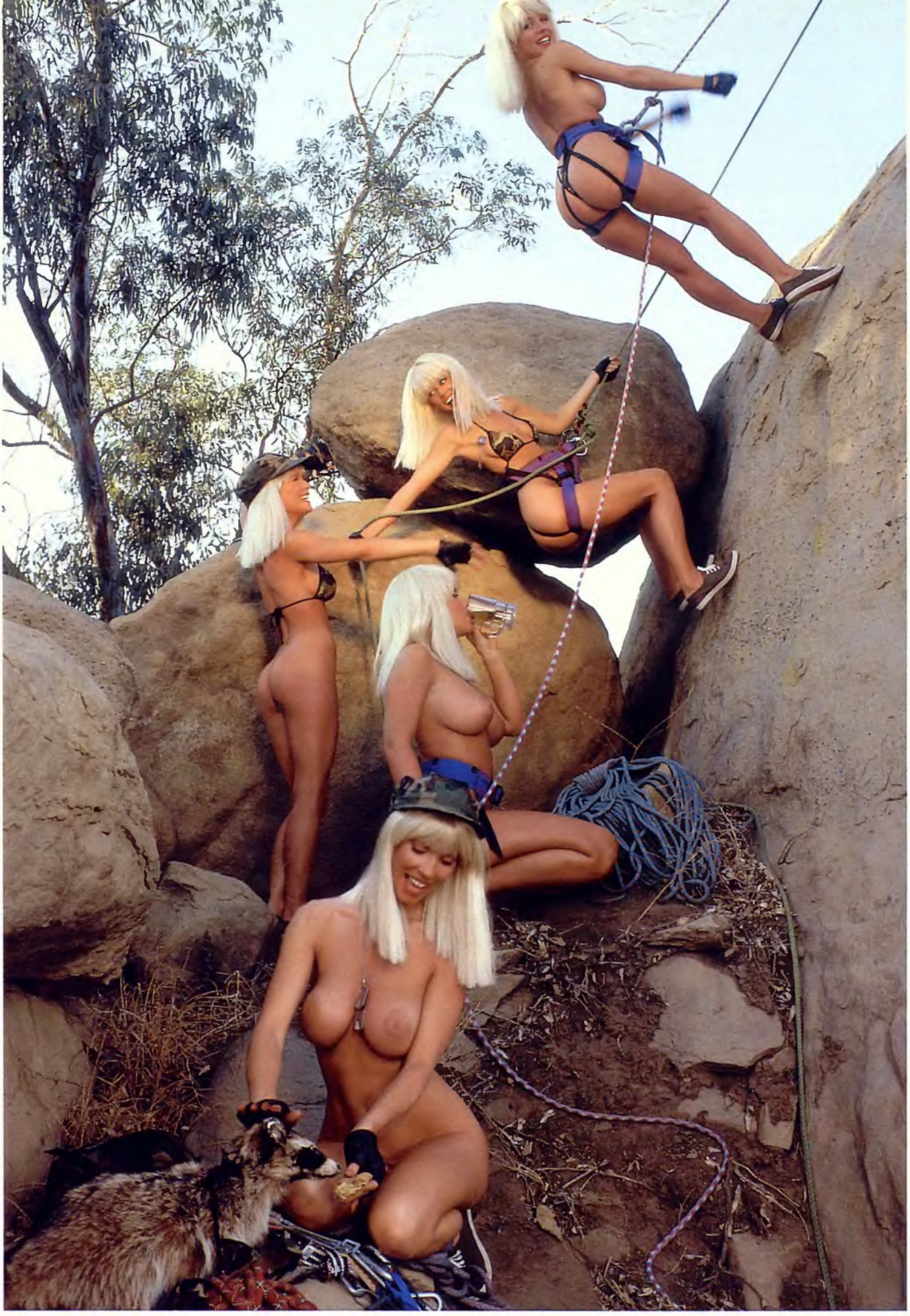
Old Milwaukee's Swedish Bikini Team does not represent Sweden in the Olympics. Its members are five funny, sexy American women in blonde wigs, representing the fantasies of beer-drinking guys. In three famous commercials, the S.B.T. joins beer blasts in mountains (left), on a beach (above left) and on a river (top left). While filming the river ad, director Steve Tobin shouted in his British accent, "Get those oors out of the boot!" Peggy Trentini, who plays Bikini Teamer Ulla, shot back, "What did you call us?"

AFTER YEARS OF TV commercials in which men hoisted beers in the great outdoors and swore, "It doesn't get any better than this," Old Milwaukee's ad agency had a brain storm. *Wait! What if it does?* Enter the Swedish Bikini Team, five buxom blondes designed to make men sweatier than the coldest bottle of brew. They appear out of nowhere, preposterously gorgeous proof that Old Milwaukee can make your best day sexier, bubblier, perfect. Who are these Scandinavian sirens, sent from heaven—or at least Stockholm—to sexify U.S. beer bashes? How do they find you in the wilderness at the moment you open a brew? And don't they get cold in those teeny bikinis? The answers: Karin, Hilgar, Eva, Uma and Ulla. They are magical creatures, able to find beer drinkers by E.S.P. (Extraordinary Swedish Pulchritude). They keep warm by dancing with American men until our men say, "It *really* doesn't get better than this!" Are they for real? Well, sort of. For the full story, read on. And enjoy our photos—when it comes to the Bikini Team, a picture's worth 1000 fiords.

Roll call: Uma Thorensen (abave), the athletic Bikini Teamer—she daes her own stunts in the ads—is played by Avalon Anders. Anna Keller (above right, with the lifesaver) is Karin Kristensen, the shy ane; yau'll note that she can't help covering up just a bit. Hilgar Oblief (a.k.a. Heather Parkhurst, center, with ski goggles) is less timid. How much less timid? To find out, call aur Swedish Bikini Team hotline. (For details, see page 61.)

Jane Frances (umbrella'd at right) plays Eva Jacobsen with dry wit and a sly grin. Peggy Trentini is Ulla Swensen (below), unofficial captain of the Bikini Team, nicknamed U-la-la by her teammates. "I'm the boy-crazy one," she explains. Luckily for the boys who are going crazy for her, Peggy is "happily single."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



The S.B.T. faced an uphill climb to stardom. Anna sported private rope burns after one adventure (abave). But now they're the hottest bunch of "bubbleheads" (an irreverent Teamer's word) in recent TV history. Why? Because it doesn't get better-laaking than this.

IT **COMES** AND **GOES** *(continued from page 76)*

"'Do you mind if I change the subject? I saw a house gobble up a dog and a cat like it was a roach motel.'"

substance has. Especially the effect of the substance. You don't banish that from your mind, quite the contrary, and when you aren't thinking about the taste in your nostrils or the effect of the substance, you're thinking about weird peripheral things, like the shape of the mirror. Believe me, you are.

It rained for three or four days, miserable, nonstop rain, and I didn't do much of anything. Then finally I went outdoors again, a right and a right and look across to the left, and there was the white house, bright in the spring sunshine. Very casually, I glanced over at it. No flashes of flesh this time.

I saw something much stranger, though. A rolled-up copy of the morning paper was lying on the lawn of a house with brown shingles next door. A dog was sniffing around it, a goofy-faced nondescript white mutt with long legs and a black head. Abruptly, the dog scooped up the paper in its jaws, as dogs will do, and turned and trotted around to the front of the white house.

The screen door opened a little way. I didn't see anybody opening it. It remained ajar. The wooden door behind it seemed to be open, also.

The dog stood there, looking around, shaking its head from side to side. It seemed bewildered. As I watched, it dropped the paper and began to pant, its tongue hanging out as if this were the middle of July and not the end of March. Then it picked up the paper again, bending for it in an oddly rigid, robotic way. It raised its head and turned and stared right at me, almost as if it were asking me to help it. Its eyes were glassy and its ears were standing up and twitching. Its back was arched like a cat's. Its tail rose straight up behind it. I heard low rusty-sounding growls.

Then, abruptly, it visibly relaxed. It lowered its ears and a look of something like relief came into its eyes and its posture again became that of a good old droopy dog. It wriggled its shoulders almost playfully. Wagged its tail. And went galloping through the screen door, bounding and prancing in that dumb way dogs have, holding the newspaper high. The door closed behind it.

I stayed around for a while. The door stayed closed. The dog didn't come out.

I wondered which I would rather believe: that I had seen a door open itself and let a dog in or that I had *imagined* I had seen a door open itself and let a dog in?

•

Then there was the cat event. This was a day or two later.

The cat was a lop-eared ginger tom. I had seen it around before. I like cats. I liked this one especially. He was a survivor, a street-smart guy. I hoped to learn a thing or two from him.

He was on the lawn of the white house. The screen door was ajar again. The cat was staring toward it and he looked absolutely *outraged*.

His fur was standing out half a mile and his tail was lashing like a whip and his ears were flattened back against his head. He was hissing and growling at the same time, and the growl was that eerie, banshee moan that reminds you what jungle creatures cats still are. He was quivering as if he had electrodes in him. I saw muscles violently rippling along his flanks and great convulsive shivers running the length of his spine.

"Hey, easy does it, fellow!" I told the cat. "What's the matter? What's the matter, guy?"

What was the matter was that his legs seemed to want to move toward the house and his brain didn't. He was struggling every step of the way. The house was *calling* him, I thought suddenly, astonishing myself with the idea. As it had called the dog. You call a dog long enough and eventually its instincts take command and he comes, whether it feels like it or not. But you can't make a cat do a fucking thing against its will, not without a struggle. There was a struggle going on now. I stood there and watched it and I felt real uneasiness.

The cat lost.

He fought with truly desperate fury, but he kept moving closer to the door all the same. He managed to hold back for a moment just as he reached the first step, and I thought he was going to succeed in breaking loose from whatever was pulling him. But then his muscles stopped quivering, his fur went back to where it belonged and his whole body slackened perceptibly; and he crept across the threshold in a pathetic, beaten-looking way.

At my meeting that night I wanted to ask the others if they knew anything about the white house with the screen door. They had all grown up in this place; I had lived here only a couple of months. Maybe the white house had a reputation for weirdness. But I wasn't sure which street it was on, and a round-faced man named Eddie had had a close escape from some sinsemilla after an ugly fight with his wife and needed to talk about that. When that was over, we all sat around the table and discussed the high school basketball play-offs. High school basketball is a big thing in this part of the state. Somehow, I couldn't bring myself to say, "Do you mind if I change the subject, fellows? Because I saw a house a few blocks from here gobble up a dog and then a cat like it was a roach motel." They'd think I had slipped into abusing illicit substances again and they'd rally round like crazy to help me get steady once more.

•

I went back there a few days later and couldn't find the house. Just an empty lot with grizzled brown, late-winter grass, no paved pathway, no steps, no garbage can, nothing. This time, I knew I hadn't accidentally gone up some other street. The house next to the white house was still there, the brown-shingled one where the dog had found the newspaper. But the white house was gone.

What the hell? A house that comes and goes?

Sweat came flooding out all over me. Was it possible to have hallucinations in such convincing detail when I had been clean for a couple of months? When you're using, you tend to hallucinate, because the heavy user tends to get about six hours of sleep a week—not a night, but a week—and the sleeplessness goes to work on you sooner or later, and you start seeing bugs on the wall, rats on the floor, people who aren't there watching you through a spy hole in the ceiling that also isn't there. But I was getting plenty of sleep these days, and even so, look what was happening. First I was frightened and then I was angry. I didn't deserve this. If the house weren't a hallucination, and I didn't seriously think it was, then what was it? I was working hard at putting my life back together and I was entitled to have reality stay real around me.

Easy, I thought. Easy. You're not entitled to anything, fellow. But you'll be OK, so long as you recognize that nobody requires you to be able to explain mysteries beyond your understanding. Just go easy, take things as they come, and stay cool, stay cool, stay cool.

The house came back four days later.

•

I still couldn't bring myself to talk about it at meetings, even though that probably would have been a good idea. I had no problem at all with admitting publicly that I was a drug abuser, far

(continued on page 96)

"For God's sake . . . at least you could have told me you were shedding!"

WHATEVER YOU SAY, ARNOLD

AMERICA'S FAVORITE REDNECK CRITIC HAS SOME ADVICE ON HOW TO HANDLE SCHWARZENEGGER: SURRENDER NOW

LET'S START with the name.

In the times B.S.—before Schwarzenegger—anybody named Arnold was a royal wimp. The most famous Arnold before him was Arnold the Pig on *Green Acres*. Follow that up with Schwarzenegger and you have a marquee nightmare, a name to hide, to trim, to change altogether. It's a waste of letters.

But that's no problem for a guy like him. Arnold remakes the world in his own image. Before Arnold, there weren't any beefcake Austrian movie stars, either. You see, Arnold has this destiny, a destiny just like the characters in his movies. It is to prove that life is not fair—so we should always let him win.

Let me explain. You know how there's always one guy in high school who quarterbacks the football team, dates the head cheerleader, drives a Porsche and gives speeches to the Kiwanis Club on atomic energy? In 999 cases out of a thousand, we all hate this guy. We wait 40 years for the high school reunion so we can show up and see what he looks like now. Probably been through four divorces and lost all his hair, we think, hoping. And, of course, at the reunion, this man of 58 is still handsome, still married to a woman who is still beautiful, has four beautiful children and is the chairman of a hospital for crippled children in Altoona, Pennsylvania. When he tells a joke, everybody in the room laughs like hyenas. And so we really hate him now, right?

Well, Arnold is that guy. He's been that guy all his life. But here's the difference: We love him. America loves him. The world loves him. I love him.

Arnold is the first guy I've ever seen who gets everything he wants in life—money, fame, adulation, power, strength, his ideal wife—and never apologizes for it.

What's the American way? Get rich secretly. Become famous, but never say, "I wanna be famous." Exercise power, but don't let anybody know you're exercising power. Have money, but don't let on that you enjoy your money. Get in trouble? Lie your way through it. Play down the situation. Be gracious.

To all of this, Arnold replies, "*I did it my way*." Or, as *(text concluded on page 92)*

ARTICLE BY **JOE BOB BRIGGS**

PAINTING BY HERB DAVIDSON

WHATEVER YOU WANT, ARNOLD

NEW TARGETS FOR THE TERMINATOR

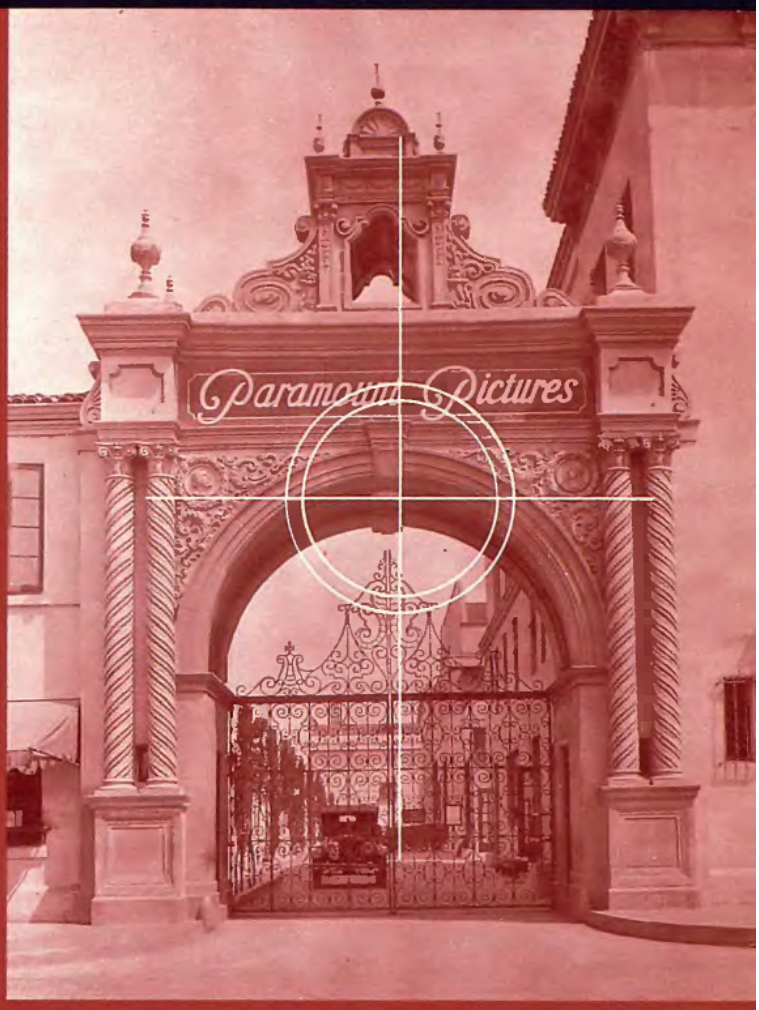
TARGET: The Baltics
OBJECTIVE: Create prosperity
ARNOLD'S WAY: Build a million gyms, teach stilted English and Arnold-style acting, promote emigration

TARGET: Postal Service
OBJECTIVE: On-time delivery
ARNOLD'S WAY: Weight-train letter carriers, turbocharge mail trucks, use Stealth bombers for express mail

TARGET: Network television
OBJECTIVE: No more sitcoms
ARNOLD'S WAY: TTV—24 hours a day of testosterone, flexing, bone breaking, crashes and stony silences

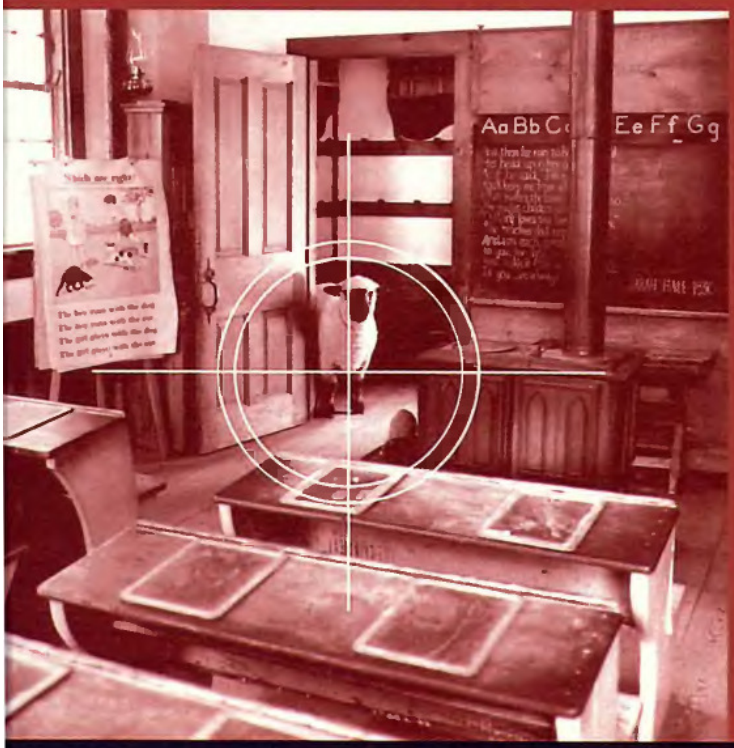
TARGET: Public transportation
OBJECTIVE: On-time performance, public safety
ARNOLD'S WAY: Replace buses with personnel carriers, use humvees and tanks in rough neighborhoods

TARGET: Sean Young
OBJECTIVE: The obvious
ARNOLD'S WAY: Behavior modification, use dog treats and a leash

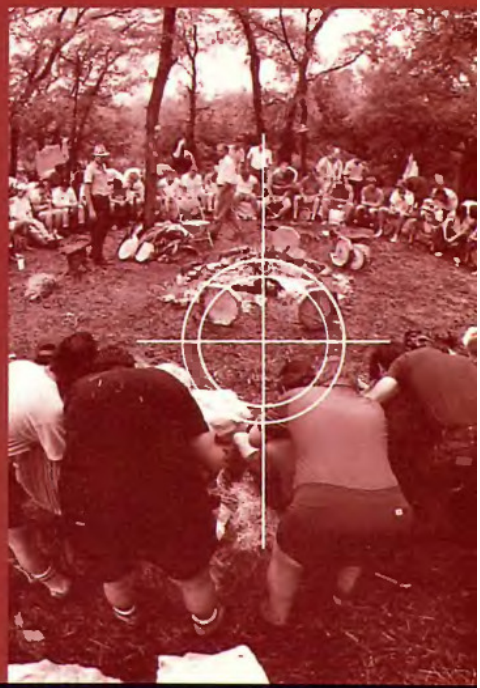


TARGET: Movie studio
OBJECTIVE: Total control
ARNOLD'S WAY: Make incredibly expensive movies with other people's money, ensuring that they take the losses while Arnold gets all the profits

TARGET: National school system
OBJECTIVE: Reach young audience
ARNOLD'S WAY: Bigger teachers, more phys ed, no more naps



TARGET: The men's movement
OBJECTIVE: Drive out girly men and poets
ARNOLD'S WAY: Burn tom-toms, choose up sides and play Conan in the woods, hire ghostwriter to pen "Iron Arnold"



Conan the Barbarian would put it, uttering what has become the line that we, the Arnold fans of the world, love best:

"Conan, what is best in life?"

"To krosh your enemies, to see dem driven before you, and to hear de lamentations of der vomen."

The Arnold way goes like this: Tell all your friends in your homeland that you're leaving this hick town (Thal, Austria) because you want to be famous and powerful. Then become so famous and powerful that you can lunch with the President, fly everywhere in your own Gulfstream jet, smoke Cuban cigars but still get appointed as chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, marry into the Kennedy family and remain the Republican Party's favorite superstar, hang out with Henry Kissinger, own $50,000,000 worth of real estate, make an astronomical salary and still get 15 percent of the gross on all deals. You do all this, then grin that big gap-toothed grin and seem like a regular guy. That's the Arnold way.

And we buy it. We want to believe that, at any moment, Arnold could call up on the phone and say, "Hey, Joe Bob, vould you like a byeer mit me? Maybe I vill invite Henry Kissinger and ve vill have tequila shooters."

To show you how successfully he has pulled this off, the first Kitty Kelley–style unauthorized biography of Arnold came out a couple of years ago and it had all the details we love to read, as long as Nancy Reagan, Jackie Onassis or Frank Sinatra is the target. But Arnold is another story. So even though it had juicy stuff about how he used steroids when he was Mr. Universe, his father was a member of the Nazi Party, Arnold was a womanizer (a pretty strange word to use, since he was single at the time of his so-called womanizing) and other fodder for the *Enquirer*, nobody bought the book. It sold about 30,000 copies, putting it in a league with the best Lithuanian novelists of 1974.

OK, so he dodged that one. But last spring, it looked like the man was finally headed for his first real plunge into the toilet. The number-one box office star in the world was about to reach the point where the press and public all at once turn on him and chew him up just as fast as they created him. It happened to Burt Reynolds. It happened to Clint Eastwood. It happened to Charles Bronson. It happened to John Wayne so many times that he had more comebacks than Roberto Duran. And now it was Arnold's turn. It started with rumors on the set of *Terminator 2*. The movie wouldn't be finished on time. The special effects weren't working. And director James Cameron was so far over budget that the total cost might be $100,000,000—three times as expensive as *Heaven's Gate*. The gossip columnists sharpened their knives. *The Wall Street Journal* covered the story, working the spendthrift-Hollywood-types and overpaid-star angles. How bad would it be? *Howard the Duck* level? Or full-blown *Hudson Hawk* level, which scored a perfect 100 on the Pitiful Meter?

And so *Terminator 2* premiered in July, and it was not only a great movie, but it *did* cost $100,000,000—and they didn't waste a penny. James Cameron is the first, and probably last, director in history who could truthfully say, "I spent one hundred million dollars, and every cent of it is on the screen." The movie is expected to gross $400,000,000.

Teflon the Barbarian.

Now that the man has been proved invincible in life as well as in the movies, people say Hollywood is no longer large enough to contain him. What should we do with him? He could run for President, I guess. (I know, I know, I know, he was born in a foreign country and so we'd have to pass a Constitutional amendment to make him eligible. *No problemo.*) The political rumors started when Arnold announced that, since he was heading the fitness council, he would travel to all 50 states, visit schools and lobby politicians to pass laws making more hours of physical education mandatory for school children. And so everyone said, "Aha! A steppingstone!"

What they didn't realize is that Arnold meant what he was saying. He has this habit of saying exactly what he means. The crowds liked this so much, sometimes greeting him with chants of "Arnold! Arnold! Arnold!" that politicians thought he had invented some new campaign technique. No one told Arnold that modern politicians never speak directly to people, and they never, ever, say what they mean.

But Arnold doesn't want to be President. Arnold wants real power, and he knows how to get it.

What men love about Arnold is that he appears to use his superior size and strength to get what he wants, but the body is almost camouflage for his real intentions. From his very first big role, in *Pumping Iron*, he has done this. (Well, actually, his first movie was the immortal *Hercules Goes Bananas*, a 1969 comedy in which Arnold, his voice dubbed by another actor, rebels against Zeus, goes to New York to live a carefree life with a pretzel vendor and drives a chariot through Times Square in pursuit of Mobsters. But no one else holds this against him. See what I mean? Teflon the Barbarian.) Anyhow, in *Pumping Iron*, Arnold doesn't become a seven-time Mr. Olympia by having a better body (how can you even compare bodies at that level?) or a slicker routine. He wins, Muhammad Ali–style, by making everyone—especially his opponents—believe that their goal is to beat him, instead of to do their best. With some, like Lou Ferrigno, he uses flattery to soften them up. With others, like his lifelong friend Franco Columbu, he uses the fact that he's a father figure. He'll tell inappropriate jokes in the weight room to make the other guy think about him. He's not above outright ridicule.

One time, in an interview with *U.S. News & World Report*, Arnold declared, "Ninety-five percent of the people in the world need to be told what to do and how to behave."

Arnold volunteers to do it, and we line up to take his orders. We say, "Yes, Arnold, you're right, you are the king."

When we go to his movies, we say, "Now, that was one satisfying movie." Even if, in movies like *Terminator 2*, the message is: "I have to blow you away now because I feel strongly that it's in both of our best interests."

He's made violence and gore respectable. He's such an intimidating presence that, in the same year the M.P.A.A. Ratings Board was throwing hissy fits and giving X ratings to cartoonish films like *Frankenhooker* and realistic, bloodless works like *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*, Arnold put out *Total Recall*, which scores a 97 on the Carnage Scale but somehow managed to get a routine R. Same deal for *Terminator 2*, which exploded more than a few body parts. And if I haven't made my point yet, *Kindergarten Cop* has an extended sequence in which a serial killer sets a grade school ablaze and riddles it with gunfire. This was released as a Christmas comedy.

And we bought it.

If Schwarzenegger is looking for a new career, he should replace Robert Bly as the official male mentor. There's something about this whole men's movement thing—banging tom-toms in the woods, slinging sweat on one another, chanting like Indians—that bothers me. It's like a bunch of weenies out there saying, "Look! I'm really not a weenie!"

Put Arnold in charge of the wild-man weekend. The first thing he'd do is issue shoulder-mounted rocket launchers and teach us something about taking responsibility, about direct action.

That, I would sign up for.

Arnold, if you're reading this, let's go get a *byeer*.

"I hate people who get into the spirit right off the bat!"

MADONNA, INC.

THE ANNUAL REPORT

WHERE CONSPICUOUS UNDERGARMENTS AND SHAMELESS NARCISSISM WORK TOGETHER TO BUILD A BLONDER TOMORROW

TO OUR shareholders, lawyers, male dancers, media pawns and backup singers:

Fiscal 1991 was another dynamic growth year for Madonna, Inc., a colossus of the superstar entertainment industry, and the only segment of the U.S. economy that remains profitable.

Overcoming a midyear slump, when the company's supply of talent was unexpectedly depleted, quick-thinking Big M engineers substituted vast quantities of cheap and plentiful ambition, providing a new surge of ego to overcome the crisis.

As a result, Madonna, Inc. earned $24,000,000 and achieved a longtime dream of total domination of the world's media. With our Media Penetration Division completing its long-range infiltration program, 11,500 Big M undercover operators are now in place around the globe, posing as media personnel. Thus, M. L. Ciccone, company founder, president and chief operating sexpot, is now mentioned in all newspapers, magazines, television programs and private conversations on a round-the-clock basis. What does this mean in per-capita terms? Simply that no human being on earth—no matter how remote or isolated—can go more than 15 minutes without being exposed to the Madonna brand name. This record is unequaled even by our chief competitors, the Jackson Conglomerate and Universal Schwarzenegger.

All Big M strategies begin with the customer. Market research shows that the primary Madonna, Inc. consumer is a *(concluded on page 192)*

 article By LEWIS GROSSBERGER

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

IT **COMES** AND **GOES** *(continued from page 86)*

"There she was, framed in a window, looking straight at me. Smiling. Beckoning. 'Come hither, Tommy boy.'"

from it. At least not in a room filled with others of my kind. But standing up and telling everyone that I was crazy was something else entirely.

•

Things got even more bizarre. One afternoon, I was out in front of the house and a kid's tricycle came rolling down the street all by itself, as though pulled by an invisible cord. It rolled right past me and turned the corner and I watched it traverse the path and *go up the steps* of the white house and disappear inside. Some sort of magnetic pull? Radio waves?

Half a minute later, the owner of the tricycle came huffing along, a chubby boy of about five, in blue leggings. "My bike!" he was yelling. "My bike!" I imagined him running up the path and disappearing into the house, too, like the dog, the cat and the tricycle. I couldn't let that happen. But I couldn't just grab him and hold him, either, not in an era when a grown man who simply smiles at a kid in the street is likely to get booked. So, I did the next best thing and planted myself at the head of the path leading across the white house's lawn. The kid banged into my shins and fell down. I looked up the block and saw a woman coming, his aunt, maybe, or his grandmother. It seemed safe to help the kid up, so I did. Then I smiled at her and said, "He really ought to look where he's going."

"My bike!" the boy wailed. "Where's my *bike?*"

The woman looked at me and said, "Did you see someone take the child's tricycle?"

"Afraid I can't say, ma'am," I replied, shrugging my most amiable shrug. "I was coming around the corner, and there was the boy running full tilt into me. But I didn't see any tricycle." What else was I going to tell her? *I saw it go up the steps and into the house by itself?*

She gave me a troubled glance. But obviously I didn't have the tricycle in my coat pocket and I guess I don't look like the sort of man who specializes in stealing things from little children.

A dog. A cat. A tricycle.

I turned and walked away. Up Maple to Juniper, and down Juniper to Beech, and left on Beech onto Chestnut. Or maybe it was up Oak to Sycamore and then on to Locust and Hickory. Maple, Oak, Chestnut, Hickory—what difference did it make? They were all alike.

I doubled back eventually and got to the house just in time to see a boy of about 14 wearing a green-and-yellow jersey come trotting down the street, tossing a football from hand to hand. As he went past the white house, the screen door swung open and the inner door swung back and the kid halted, turned and very neatly threw the football through, a nice high, tight arc.

The doors closed.

The kid stood stock-still in the street, staring at his hand as if he had never seen it before. He looked stunned.

Then, after a moment, he broke out of his stasis and started up the path to the house. I wanted to call out to him to keep away, but I couldn't get any sound out and I wasn't sure what I could say to him, anyway.

He rang the doorbell. Waited.

I held my breath.

The door started to open again. Trying to warn him, I managed to make a little scratchy, choking sort of sound.

But the kid didn't go in. He stood for a moment, peering inside and then he turned and ran, across the lawn, over the hedges and down the street.

What had he seen?

I ran after him. "Hey, kid! Kid, wait!"

He was going so fast, I couldn't believe it. I was a pretty good runner in my time, too. But my time was some time ago.

•

Instead of going to the meeting that night, I went to scout out the house. Under cover of darkness, I crept around it in the shrubbery like your basic Peeping Tom, trying to peer through the windows.

Was I scared? Utterly shitless, yes. Wouldn't you be?

Did I want a hit? Don't be naïve. I *always* want a hit, and not just one. I certainly wanted a good jolt right now. It would give me fantastic energy, it would give me sublime confidence, it would give me the unshakable savoir-faire of Sherlock Holmes himself. But I wouldn't have stopped at one little line. My name is Tom and I am chemically dependent.

What did I see? I saw a woman, very likely the same one I had caught that quick glimpse of in the doorway that first drizzly Monday morning. I got only quick glimpses now. She was moving around from room to room, so that I didn't have a chance to see her clearly, but what I saw was plenty impressive. Tall, blonde, sleek—that much was certain. She wore a floor-length red robe made of some glossy, metallic fabric that fell about her in a kind of liquid shimmer. Her movements were graceful and elegant. There didn't seem to be anything in the way of furniture inside, just some cartons and crates, which she was carrying back and forth. Stranger and stranger. I didn't see the cat or the dog or the tricycle.

I scrabbled around from window to window for maybe half an hour, hoping for a good look at her. I was moving with what I thought was real skill, keeping low, staying down behind the lilacs or whatever, rising cautiously toward window-sill level for each quick peek. I suppose I might have been visible from the street, but the night was moonless and people don't generally go out strolling around here after dark.

There didn't appear to be anyone else in the house. And for about 15 minutes, I didn't see her, either. Maybe she was in the shower, maybe she had gone to bed. I was tempted to ring the bell. But what for? What would I say to her if she answered? What was I doing here in the first place?

I crept backward through the shrubbery, thinking it was time to leave. And, then, there she was, framed in a window, looking straight out at me.

Smiling. Beckoning.

Come hither, Tommy boy.

I thought about the cat. I thought about the dog. I began to shake.

Like the kid with the football, I turned and ran, desperately sprinting through the quiet streets in an overwhelming access of unreasoning terror.

•

I was getting to the point where I thought it might be calming to have a little hit. In the old days, the first line always settled me down. It lifted the burden, it soothed the pain, it answered the questions. It made laying out a second line very easy. The second suggested the third, the third required the fourth, the fourth demanded the fifth—and so on, all day and all night without hindrance, chasing that wondrous high that never really comes back again, right on to pallor, indifference, insomnia, vomiting, weight loss, falling hair, bleeding nostrils, sunken eyeballs, palpitations, paranoia, outpourings of gibberish, empty bank accounts, hallucinations, impotence, the shakes, the shivers, the queebles, the collywobbles and all the rest.

I didn't go for the hit. I went to a meeting instead, jittery and perplexed. I said I was wrestling with a mystery. I didn't say what it was. Let them fill in the blanks, anything they felt like. Even without the details, they'd know something of what I was going through.

(continued on page 186)

GOOD GIRLS/**BAD GIRLS**

only santa knows which are which

"This is my holiday body! Memorize it! You may not recognize it in January!"

"Maybe we should have sex now—you always seem more interested while I'm dressing. And after the party, I'm pooped."

"Let's go off somewhere quiet and get out of our winter underwear."

"It's a long, long New Year's Eve when you're chosen to be the designated lover."

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

Call it high-tech nastalgia. The Model 91 countertop jukebox is a 23"x23"x19" repraduction of a classic 1940 Wurlitzer. Only this one holds 100 CDs instead of 78s, is programmable and comes with an infrared remote control, by Antique Apparatus, Torrance, California, about $5000.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Gentlemen, place your bets. Michel Perrenoud's ebony-mahogony-and-brass roulette desk clock features an outer rim with red and black numbers that actually spins, $700.

Sony's Data Discman, a 24-ounce portable CD-ROM computer, plays 3" disks that store a library's worth of reference material and graphics, $550, including three disks.

Perfect for travelers, Rowenta's Steambrush gets rid of wrinkles in seconds and comes with a lint remover and crease attachment for pleating, $50, including a travel case.

You'll get a lift in more ways than one working out with Ivanko Barbell's 45-pound gold-plated dumbbell set, which is housed in an oak carrying case, $500 per pair.

This aluminum System Diary features a ring binder for dates and addresses, compartments for cards and memos, plus a pen housed in the spine, by Zona Alta Projects, $100.

Proton's RS-325 clock-radio has two programmable alarms, a light sensor that dims or brightens the LED display, plus a battery that switches on in power failures, $110.

Where & How to Buy on page 205.

Cheers to the pop artist Roy Lichtenstein, who was chosen to design Taittinger's limited-edition vintoge-1985 brut champogne, from Schaefer's, Skokie, Illinois, $145.

ROBIN WILLIAMS *(continued from page 72)*

"He came out as Pee-wee and nobody seemed to mind. They weren't going, 'Begone, demon seed.'"

Billy came out as a dickhead. Everyone unloaded. It was a microwave, not a roast. It was actually written up in *Spy*. They used it as an example of the decadence of Hollywood. I guess all I'll be remembered for is my dick.

PLAYBOY: You're forgetting Popeye.

WILLIAMS: Oh, Popeye, with that face like rubber. I felt like a guy robbing a bank with a condom on his head.

PLAYBOY: Guess you're right. But at least you'll be remembered.

WILLIAMS: When in doubt, go for the dick joke.

PLAYBOY: There were a lot of dick jokes made at Pee-wee Herman's expense after he got busted for allegedly fondling himself in an adult theater. What did you think of all the fuss that was made about that?

WILLIAMS: It was insane. And really frightening. It goes back to the days of Fatty Arbuckle. People forget that. Disney and CBS immediately dropping his stuff. Wait a minute, he's not been proved guilty, what are you doing? Even if it was true—exposure for masturbation—it's like being busted for loitering in a Buddhist monastery.

PLAYBOY: Will this ruin his career?

WILLIAMS: I think his appearing at the MTV awards was a sign that the majority of people who matter are not going to buy that shit. He came out as Pee-wee and nobody seemed to mind. They weren't going, "Begone, demon seed."

PLAYBOY: The Senate didn't buy the charges of sexual harassment against Judge Clarence Thomas. Did you see the hearings as a new mine for future dick jokes?

WILLIAMS: It was incredible. Never did a Congressional hearing have so many references to penises. They kind of lifted the rock and showed you the underside of government. Clarence Thomas never gave any opinions to the Senate. They should have a show called *Bar Search*, with Ed McMahon, where they would go around the country. "Here we are in Pinpoint, Georgia. He's a judge, he's also a dancer."

PLAYBOY: Judge Thomas will probably be on the Court in the year 2020, when you'll be seventy. What do you think the world will be like then?

WILLIAMS: [*In various announcer voices*] It will be one giant film corporation. It will be Sony-Disney-Carolmount. There will no longer be any governments. It will be one nation, under God, indivisible, with circuits and VCRs for all. There will be cold fusion. We'll actually be able to power our cars with our own feces. The emissions problem will be a little intense, but just light a match.

PLAYBOY: This being the start of a new year, did you make any resolutions?

WILLIAMS: I used to when I was a kid. I used to give up a lot of things for Lent, too, and then I still got hairy.

PLAYBOY: At least that won't stop you from working. *Toys*, to be directed by Barry Levinson, is next for you. What's that about?

WILLIAMS: A toy factory taken over by an ex-general who starts making functional war toys. And that's about all I can tell you. Someone just sent me a script to play Harvey Milk—do you think that will offend some people? That'll be an interesting choice for my career, won't it? He really brought a whole city to consciousness.

PLAYBOY: The city was San Francisco and the consciousness had to do with gay men. You're obviously aware that gays have taken you to task for portraying them effeminately in some of the routines you've done for Comic Relief.

WILLIAMS: I understand what they're talking about and I have tried to cut back a little. I can see their point, because they've always been portrayed as being that way. But don't tell me that if you walk down a street in San Francisco, you won't see a lot of people like that. I've been taking a lot of shit for firing at Jesse Helms, too. These born-again Christians were shooting down AIDS research money at a time when it could take out the species. How do you not offend anyone? Finally, you just say fuck it, I have to do what I do. If it pisses you off, I still do other things that piss other people off. I've got the born-again Christians after my ass because I defend gays, and gays are mad at me because I do effeminate characters. You can't keep modifying or you're like a chameleon in front of a mirror.

PLAYBOY: You also managed to piss off John Cardinal O'Connor, who objected to your comment about Marsha's pregnancy when you said you intended to make a movie of it, called *Fetal Attraction*. He said it was in gross bad taste. Does that concern you?

WILLIAMS: No, it doesn't. It was really strange, because I've said things much rougher than that. I think what offended him more than me saying it was the fact that it was quoted on the news and that people laughed. Well, sorry, John, don't mean to bum you out. I guess having babies is kind of rough when you're sitting there surrounded by choir boys. If I'm excommunicated, does that mean I don't get cable?

PLAYBOY: Jesse Helms, Cardinal O'Connor, some militant gays—and we thought everybody liked you.

WILLIAMS: I'll give you a list. The weird thing in Hollywood is they'll still smile at you, but the bottom line is they're thinking, You prick, you scumbag, I hope you choke on your own shit! Why don't you gag on your own genitals?

PLAYBOY: Does this come from jealousy?

WILLIAMS: Sometimes they don't like the way you look. "You're not funny, fuck you." In New York, a guy came up and said, "You the guy on TV?" "Yeah, I am." "You suck! You bite donkey dick, get off, you're so fucking bad!" Perhaps he had a bad day. But then you start to free up and have a good time with it and hope that a few people like what you do so you don't have to sell stuff like male hygiene spray. [*TV commercial voice*] "Foul Ball, for the man. Want to get rid of that special smell? Foul Ball."

PLAYBOY: You spend a lot of time in New York—making films, doing plays or shows. Do you like going back there?

WILLIAMS: It's great to go back for a while and get the shit peeled off you, get sandblasted: "You think you're so hot? I don't think so." My favorite part of New York is the Park and the zoo, where you can see the animals wondering, What the fuck am I in a cage for? Look at that lady in bicycle shorts at three hundred pounds. Why am I an object to stare at? Look at her.

PLAYBOY: What's more important to you: your life or your work?

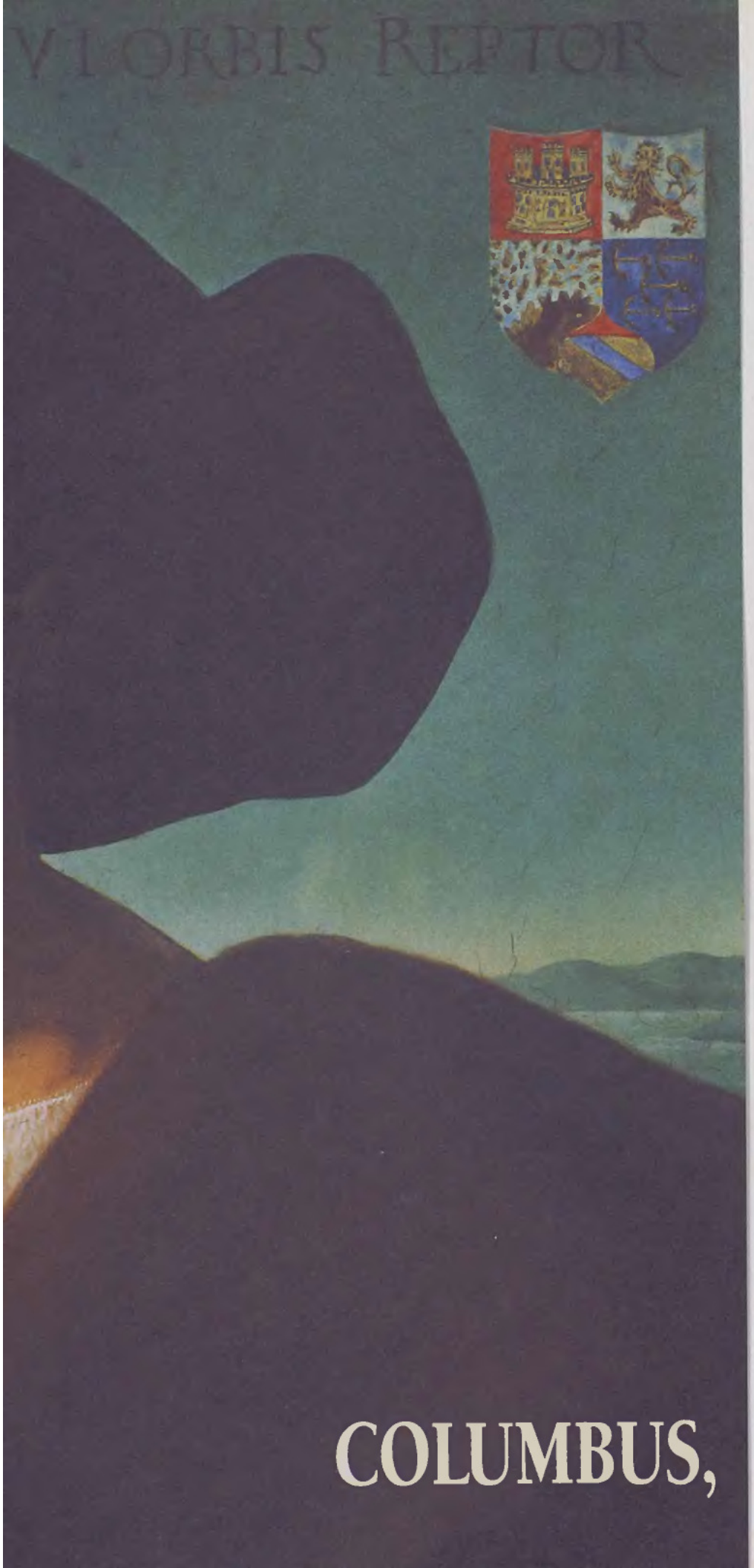
WILLIAMS: A balance of the two. Time is really this delicate thing. Working your tits off during the week, then find time to come home at night and not be so self-involved. "So, enough about me. Now, what do you think about me?"

PLAYBOY: Any fears of your losing that balance?

WILLIAMS: Recently, Jerzy Kosinski killed himself; supposedly, the reason was that he just didn't want to become a vegetable, he didn't want to lose his sharpness. There's that fear—if I felt like I was becoming not just dull but a rock, that I still couldn't spark, still fire off or talk about things, if I'd start to worry or got too afraid to say something. As long as you still keep taking the chances and you're not afraid to play Peter Pan. . . . What if it fails? "I don't care, I'm having a great fucking time." If I stop trying, I'd get afraid.

"If this isn't the greatest way to start a new year, I don't know what is."

COLOMBVS LYGVR
NO



COLUMBUS,

the 500th anniversary of the european discovery of america was supposed to be a bash. it's turning out to be a bashing

article By Garry Wills

A CENTURY AGO, Christopher Columbus inspired what was arguably the greatest party ever thrown on this continent, the most visionary of all world's fairs, Chicago's World Columbian Exposition, which raised a gleaming White City on the shore line of Lake Michigan. Even the guarded and ironic Henry Adams said this vision had battered his defenses and left him "crushed flat" by revelations: "Chicago was the first expression of American thought as a unity." All that to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Columbus' arrival in the Americas.

One might have predicted an even grander bash for the 500th anniversary—that nice round number, half a millennium. A decade ago, Chicago itself was getting ready to repeat the fabled exposition, or even to top it.

But there was trouble from the outset. Environmentalists did not want any further tampering with Lake Michigan's shore line. Communities quickly mobilized to prevent incursions into their settled patterns. Much had changed in the intervening century—a fact made evident in the person of Mayor Harold Washington. A black man presiding over a new White City—that was something the planners of the Columbian Exposition, for all their visionary gifts, could never have foreseen. Mayor Washington had constituencies quite different from those addressed by Mayor Carter Harrison in the 1890s. The White City had been thrown up by the civic muscle and boundless money of the Gilded Age. Chicago's millionaires had income from rail, grain and livestock deals that were hardly disturbed by Chicago's cyclonic Great Fire of 1871.

But in the 1980s, planning for a new fair required government money at all levels, and competitors for that money thought there were better uses for it than in throwing a large party on the lake front. Some $10,000,000 was allotted to the planning and selling of the fair, but community groups opposed it

PAINTINGS BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

COLOMBVS LYCVR

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PAINTINGS BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

every step of the way. This kind of democratic obstructionism was not a problem for the top-down planners of the past.

The objections were not only practical but ideological. Poor Mayor Washington found it hard enough to be civil to Columbus on the annual October holiday, Columbus having been targeted for criticism by black activists. He might not have been the actual discoverer of America, but he certainly was the first European to enslave people in this hemisphere. What would the protests be like if the city began years of construction and disruption to honor a man whose glory had gone under a cloud since the day when his statue drove a white chariot over the White City?

Early in the 1980s, defenders of the fair could brush aside such protests as eccentric. But one of the most ardent lobbyists for the Chicago expo of 1992 now tells me she is glad it failed. The doubts about Columbus have been deepening, country by country, all around the world. Mexico and Spain and the Caribbean countries now have their own activist critics. To some of these, Columbus is not only a slave driver but also the initiator of a holocaust. (Perhaps 8,000,000 native Americans died in the course of Spain's 16th Century conquest of Latin America—most of them from diseases introduced by the conquerors.)

The darkening of Columbus' image is indicated in a touchiness to the language now used by his students. His is no longer an act of discovery but an encounter between different cultures. He no longer finds Indians but native Americans. The quincentenary of his arrival cannot be a celebration but an observance. When the Federal commission called it a jubilee, native-American activist Russell Means objected to the verbal echo of jubilation—and the commission said it meant jubilee in the Biblical sense, as a time of reflection and atonement (*Leviticus* 25:9–54). Every related exhibit or ceremony is being patrolled by linguistic police. What Theodore Roosevelt described (in four volumes) as *The Winning of the West* was—as the Smithsonian Institution recently reminded people in a controversial exhibit of Western art—the *losing* of the American West by its original owners.

For some, this abject need to find the politically correct terminology is more than a nuisance. It is a surrender. Columbus, they say, need not crawl. They remind us that all native Americans were not angels. Many of them fought alongside the Spaniards to defeat their indigenous oppressors. The Aztecs practiced human sacrifice. Columbus brought more than germs to the New World and took back more than gold. To people like Lynne Cheney, handing out grants at the National Endowment for the Humanities, Columbus revisionism picks up where the Vietnam syndrome left off—Columbus is the Lieutenant William Calley of a larger-scale My Lai in America. The anti-Columbians are treated as part of Jeane Kirkpatrick's "blame America first" brigade.

The 1990s certainly do represent a backing away from the 1890s. In that sense, the two Columbian events bracket an era, the American Century. From the Columbian Exposition to the failed Chicago fair, one can trace a decline in both national confidence and self-centeredness.

In 1892, the United States was on the verge of its plunge into imperialism. The conquests of Hawaii, Cuba and the Philippines were about to occur. Millennial apprehensions and the depression of the early 1890s gave way to the optimism of William McKinley's and Theodore Roosevelt's Presidencies. It was this new confidence that impressed Henry Adams, himself an imperialist and a celebrant of war. The White City of the expo was gestating, without knowing it, the great white fleet of Theodore Roosevelt. It was at a conference during the Chicago fair that Frederick Jackson Turner announced the closing of the American frontier; but the drives into the Caribbean and the Pacific replaced the conquest of native Americans with that of what Rudyard Kipling called other "lesser breeds without the law." This was an overtly racist development. Theodore Roosevelt preached the rescue of Pacific islanders from "Chinafication." Roosevelt's history of the Indians' conquest proclaimed the victory of sturdier blood. The Indians did not even deserve the title connected with their own continent. Roosevelt regularly wrote sentences like, "The Spaniards of Louisiana pursued as a settled policy this plan of inciting the Indians to war against the Americans." The Spaniards, who were here before the British Protestants, are not allowed to be Americans, any more than are the continent's original possessors.

Visitors to the Columbian Exposition would have found signs of racist attitudes everywhere. The city had performances of minstrel shows and "Buffalo Bill" Cody's Wild West Show during the fair, which showed how inferior blacks and Indians were treated by their white lords. What seems funny, in retrospect, was the recruiting of Columbus for this effort. He was, after all, a leader of the Spanish and not an American in Roosevelt's sense—certainly not English-speaking and certainly not Protestant. He was a spokesperson for things Roosevelt considered almost as despicable as the inferior races of the Orient. Columbus, a Catholic and a bit of a mystic, was an enthusiastic supporter of a regime that had just established the Inquisition, seen the election of a Spanish Pope named Borja (Borgia in Italy), expelled Jews, crushed Moslems and was planning to revive a Crusade to conquer Jerusalem. Why was *this* fellow, of all people, standing on top of the White City of good WASP values?

Columbus had arrived there by a long process of distortion and misreading, symbolized by the popularity in the United States of Washington Irving's biography of the man. Irving, who wrote his book in Spain, had a hearty distaste for the Catholic Church, and he cast Columbus as a secular opponent of ecclesiastical superstition. Here was born the idea that Church officials opposed the voyage of Columbus because they thought the earth was flat. (Irving thought Columbus' journey over the Atlantic somehow demonstrated the sphericity of the earth—an empirical feat not accomplished until Magellan's circumnavigation.) Actually, in Columbus' day, no one of any importance thought the earth was flat. Irving just seized a dramatic way of separating Columbus from his Church.

The real argument Columbus had with the Spanish committee was not over the *shape* of the earth but over its *size*. Columbus thought he could reach Cipango (Japan), his real goal, because he underestimated the size of the globe. He told the commission of his sponsors he could sail 2764 miles from the Canaries and arrive at the Orient. That would be a heroic endeavor even if he were right. Luckily for Columbus, there was an unknown land mass less than a third of the way to his target. But for this unforeseeable fact, he was wrong on every significant point he urged on the scholars. And he was not speaking for modern science but out of a medieval mélange of pagan prophecy and Biblical myth (mainly from the apocryphal Second Book of Esdras). What's more, his discoveries drove him further back into myth, rather than out into New World views. His third voyage took him (he thought) to the site of the Garden of Eden in the book of Genesis.

The secularization of Columbus involved a de-Hispanifying, since Spain

(continued on page 114)

WAKE UP AND SMELL *The Nineties*

A FAMOUS MAN once observed: "That which does not kill you will make you strong." This is precisely the way Americans should view the appalling decade that recently ended. As a people, we were assaulted during the 1980s by Nancy Reagan, herpes, Manuel Noriega, crack, the Federal deficit, a magazine called *Wigwag*, the pit-bull scare and two books by Lee Iacocca. It did not kill us. We were set upon by such malignancies as Charles Keating, *Contras*, heavy hands, Judas Priest, HDTV, James Watt, AIDS, Louis Farrakhan, supply-side economists, VH-1, fresh pasta that costs $7.98 a pound, David Crosby's autobiography, radiation from Chernobyl, *Redbook* jugglers, antique shops, Bon Jovi and waiters named Trent who insist on reciting the house specials—which always feature angel-hair pasta in a light but piquant pesto sauce. We survived. We found ourselves hemmed in by Ivan Boesky, angel dust, Morton Downey, Jr., junk bonds, T. Boone Pickens, Kitty Dukakis, rap music, Muammar el-Qaddafi, the New York Mets, the bow-tied Pee-wee Herman, nine Barbara Mandrell comebacks, the bow-tied Senator Paul Simon, Milli Vanilli, 437 overnight delivery services, 243 John Candy movies, Regis Philbin, tofutti, 1213 serial murderers, the Fox network, the United States Football League and Donna Rice. It only made us stronger.

OUT WITH THE OLD, THE GLITZ, THE GREED, IN WITH THE NEW, THE REAL, THE FREED, WELCOME A DECADE WE DESPERATELY NEED!

It was an era of excess, to be sure, but much of the excess has now been purged, and we will not soon look upon its like again. Gone is the notion that debt is a good thing. Gone is the notion that corporate raiders are healthy for America. Gone is the notion that a man who makes Fruit of the Loom underpants for a living would make a good President of the United States. Gone is the notion that casinos shaped like garish 17th Century Indian mausoleums are just what downtown Atlantic City needs to arrest its staggering urban decay. Gone is the notion that smirking guys from Queens who build 17th Century Indian mausoleums in downtown Atlantic City with other people's money should either:

a) run for the White House,

b) run an airline,

c) run ads encouraging people to buy their godawful books.

The nicest thing about the Nineties will be how little they will resemble *(concluded on page 194)*

A Playboy Special Section:

the nineties are going to be trickier than you think. . . . better start reading

article By JOE QUEENAN

NINETIES DINNER PARTY

A-LIST

Camille Paglia
Robert Bly
John Singleton
Keanu Reeves
Michael Jordan
Jodie Foster
Arnold
Claudia Schiffer
Ice Cube
Your banker

•

B-LIST

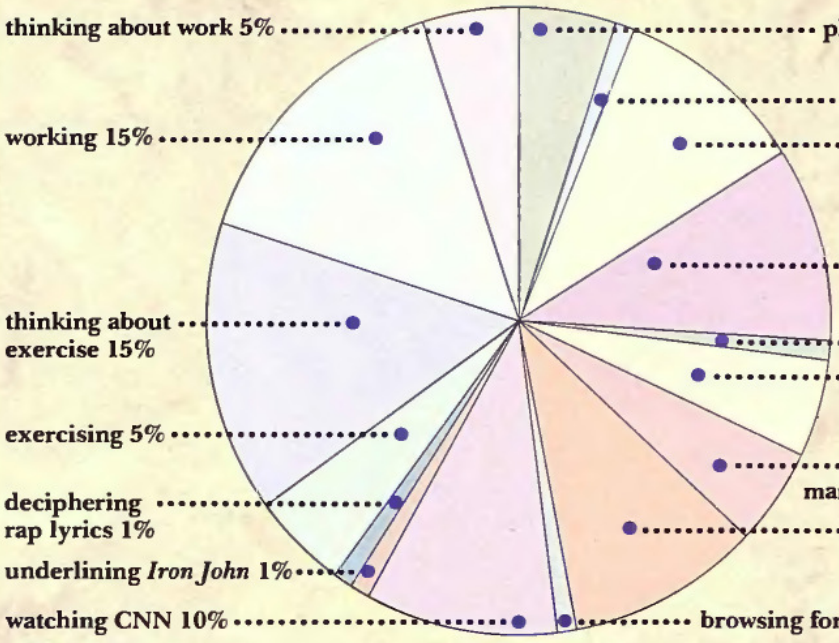
Cicciolina
John Bradshaw
Spike Lee
Kevin Costner
Bo Jackson
Winona Ryder
Steven Seagal
Mariah Carey
Ice-T
Your accountant

•

UNINVITED

Isiah Thomas

HOW WE'LL SPEND THE NINETIES



NINETIES GYM BAG

Essentials for on the go

Japanese-language audio tape	tube of Rogaine
deodorant crystals	golf instruction video
keys to Jeep Cherokee	yohimbine extract
ceramic tile with serenity prayer	Game Boy
patch kit for Reebok Pumps	pocket phone
AT&T Visa card	canteen with tap water

NINETIES GARAGE SALE:

What to throw out from the Eighties

gelato maker	neon-colored clothes
sushi roller	Frisbees
The Beemer	woks
art by Julian Schnabel	fur coat
mousse	the space shuttle
thin ties	bungee cords in lengths under 100 feet
suspenders	baseball caps with goofy, three-dimensional animal parts
portable sound systems	granite desk accessories
rowing machines	acid-washed jeans
ceiling mirrors	strategically ripped jeans
personal Quotron	New Age music
books by Bret Easton Ellis	L. A. Lakers jerseys
get-rich-quick-in-real-estate books	ten-speed bikes
The Art of the Deal, by Donald Trump	tanning tables
skates saved for skateboard parts	beta videos
co-dependency books	turntable
nuclear freeze buttons	debt
Pictionary	

NAVIGATING THE NINETIES:
The P.C. Survival Guide

quiz By PETER N. NELSON

1. When I greet the morning sun, I:
A. Take a deep breath, stretch out my arms and embrace life.
B. Realize that we are consuming fossil fuels at an obscene rate and need to use more passive energy sources such as the sun's rays.
C. Ask the bartender to give me back my car keys, so I can go home.

If you answered A, you really need to be more socially aware: People are being oppressed even as you indulge yourself. B is the correct answer. Never allow yourself to enjoy the moment without being fully cognizant of the sorrow that lurks around the corner. If you chose C, which is so obviously not P.C., you're in for a long, slow decade, and we suggest that you study the rest of the questions carefully.

•

2. I watch *Club MTV* because:
A. I want to monitor what kind of television my children are viewing, because I know TV is bad for them.
B. It provides a window onto contemporary pop culture.
C. I'm curious to see how intimate a girl's butt can get with a camera.

If you answered A, you are describing an attitude liberals had regarding children and television in the Seventies and Eighties, before they had children. People with children regularly thank the goddess that TV exists. If you answered C, you're probably telling the truth, but the truth is no longer politically correct—even if you are a normal heterosexual person. Expressing an interest in normal heterosexual stimuli violates the rights of those people who, for whatever reason, aren't curious to see how far a camera can get with a girl's butt. P.C. people are always interested in contemporary pop culture, as long as it's viewed through a window, so the correct answer is B.

•

3. If I saw Cindy Crawford in a bar and wanted to pick her up, I would say:

being politically correct is no simple matter. you have to learn it—and that's like learning greek. want to make it through the decade? better study this quiz

A. "I think together we could both reach our full sexual potential, but only if you think it's still possible for two people to celebrate their gender diversity without oppression or subsuming their individuality."
B. "I know to women like you, guys like me are a dime a dozen, but then, what have you got to lose—eighty-three cents?"
C. "I can lick my eyebrows."

The correct answer is A. Neither humor nor self-deprecation, which encourages negative self-images, are considered P.C., so B is out. A small thing, you might say, but part of the foundation of P.C. theory is the belief that every instance of political incorrectness, no matter how small, adds up and is therefore catastrophic. The universe is sort of a philosophical-karmic ecosystem; if you piss in your sink, it will end up in the drinking water in Chile. Answer A uses several P.C. buzzwords, such as "diversity" and "celebrate," and is earnest. Being earnest is very P.C., without necessarily being honest—which isn't. It is also obfuscatory, a P.C. tactic resorted to when on thin ice, and let's face it, if you're trying to pick up Cindy Crawford anywhere, you're on thin ice. C is out, because it makes Cindy Crawford into a sex object and is such an *obvious* lie.

•

4. I object to the Miss America Pageant because:
A. It exploits women's bodies for commercial ends.
B. It doesn't go far enough to exploit women's bodies for commercial ends.
C. It gives me Joan Van Ark nightmares.

Answers A and B describe a schism in the P.C. church, which traces its origins to feminism, which rewrites its manifesto about once a month. On the one hand, P.C. endorses a new Puritanism in which any use of sexuality for financial gain becomes exploitation, unless it's women using men—it's very P.C. for the oppressed to oppress back—or women using other women, as long as such usage is self-exploitive without being self-deprecating or self-gratifying. On the other hand, P.C. embraces all alternative sexualities, and for many young women today, entering beauty pageants is an alternative to sexuality—therefore, the correct answer is C.

•

5. I consider Norman Schwarzkopf's Operation *(concluded on page 195)*

THE POLITICS *of Everything*

PRISONER: Can you get the light out of my eyes?
GUARD: No.
PRISONER: These handcuffs are very tight.
GUARD: Too bad. Are you ready to sign the confession?
PRISONER: I didn't mean to do it.
GUARD: That's what they all say.
PRISONER: Listen, it really wasn't my fault. The tuna commercial set me off.
GUARD: The tuna commercial?
PRISONER: Remember how it started? "Ask any mermaid you happen to see, 'What's the best tuna. . . .'"
GUARD: No singing!
PRISONER: Why? What's wrong with singing?
GUARD: You might use banned thoughts or words or even concepts that are offensive or may be offensive to individuals or groups.
PRISONER: I guess I don't understand. Nobody sings anymore?
GUARD: There are only three songs approved by the government: *My Country, 'Tis of Thee*, *Amazing Grace* and *Runaround Sue*.
PRISONER: *Runaround Sue*?
GUARD: It's Jesse Helms's favorite. We don't ask why.
PRISONER: So I'm listening to this tuna commercial and I'm waiting for the jingle and, all of a sudden, I hear them telling me I should buy their tuna because they don't catch dolphins in their nets. And I just snapped.
GUARD: What's wrong with that?
PRISONER: We're talking about tuna fish, for cripe's sake! Tuna sandwiches. Tuna salad. Tuna casserole. Tuna surprise. It's not about politics! It's about tuna!
GUARD: Tuna *is* politics. Don't you get it? Life is politics.
PRISONER: So I was beginning to realize. And I guess I knew it for sure when I saw the copy of *Playboy*. I don't suppose *Playboy* is still legal?
GUARD: On the contrary. The *Girls of the Justice Department* was a big hit last month.
PRISONER: Sex is still OK?
GUARD: Oh, yes. Approved at the highest levels. So long as it's not done outdoors.
PRISONER: And what's wrong with doing it outdoors?
GUARD: It might scare the spotted owls.
PRISONER: I pick up an issue of *Playboy* and I'm flipping through and I get to this ad for something called Low Tide. It shows an attractive couple on the beach watching a sunset.
GUARD: So?
PRISONER: The ad copy begins: "Help restore and preserve the waters, shores and coastlines of America. Volunteer your time! Make a donation! Speak out publicly!"
GUARD: So?
PRISONER: So, it's an ad for cologne. Stuff you splash on your face to smell nice.
GUARD: It also happens to make you tingle nice after you shave. Don't forget about that.
PRISONER: Right, exactly. It tingles nice after you shave. So what does that have to do with the waters, shores and coastlines? And then I get a coupon in the mail for something called Purific. A shampoo and conditioner. The ad says: "Better for the Environment. Better for Your Hair. Earth-Friendly Package. Not Tested on Animals. One-hundred percent Biodegradable Ingredients." I couldn't help myself. I snapped again.
GUARD: Were you

you're manacled to the ergonomic chair. the halogen lamp is in your eyes. you can't imagine the crimes you've committed. welcome to the nineties

A dolphin is politics. *satire* By ROGER SIMON *(concluded on page 196)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

WE HATE HATE
EGALITARITY! YOU DICKHEAD
SENSITIVITY ÜBER ALLES
WASTE the ANIMAL-FATHEADS
GREEN UP OR SHUT UP
JOG OR DIE
Arnold Roth

COLUMBUS, GO HOME *(continued from page 108)*

"Columbus must have been a genius at dead reckoning. He hit the Americas by accident the first time."

was so clearly a center of persecuting Christianity in the age of the fanatically pious Isabella. So the followers of Irving stressed Columbus' birth in Genoa—making him the true patron of Italian immigrants to North America rather than of conquistadors in America. Columbus' Italian origin actually let Irving make him a champion of classical antiquity, as opposed to medieval superstitions. At the Chicago exposition, his 14-foot-high statue was placed in a classical four-horse chariot (a quadriga). The absurdity of this approach reached its climax in 1984, when Congress set up the original Federal commission for celebrating the quincentenary—which contained an Italian (Governor Mario Cuomo of New York) but not a single native American. The book that people relied on at this stage was no longer Washington Irving's but Samuel Eliot Morison's, which viewed Columbus as a kind of shrewd Yankee yachtsman steering by the seat of his pants and keeping his secrets to himself, like a laconic skipper out of Newport. Actually, Columbus must have been something of a genius at dead reckoning. He hit the Americas by accident the first time, but he went back, demonstrating great skill in the use of his compass and in estimates of the wind's and the current's effects on his course—not using newer instruments available to him.

The Federal commission was being set up in Washington soon after the Chicago negotiations fell through. There was no chance for community sentiment to be voiced in Reagan's capital. The first chairman of the commission, John Goudie, was a Republican fund raiser in Florida, a Cuban *émigré* who had made his money in the real-estate boom. Since Cuba was so much a part of the original voyages, and modern Cuba was scheduled to play an important role in the 1992 festivities, it made no sense to have an opponent of Castro in charge of coordinating United States participation with Caribbean countries. When I went to interview Goudie at his Florida office in the summer of 1990, he showed me the shelf of Columbus books from which he was doing his homework. In the line-up of a dozen or so volumes dealing with the 15th Century, there was an odd man out—a book on communism in Cuba. I asked how he expected to get along with the Cuban government, but he saw no more problem here than in dealing with the Indians who were not represented on his commission. Goudie was having a hard time learning the new language of cultural encounter. He began one sentence, "When Columbus discovered . . . I mean, bumped into, America."

Goudie, short and tanned and energetic, bounced around his office showing me pictures of Columbus, books about him, photographs of his ships (caravels) being built in replica. His prize exhibit was a large caravel model made of silver. His enthusiasm for the replicas was infectious—he had raised $5,000,000 from Texaco for these ships, which were soon to be launched for a year of shakedown exercises.

"Come to Seville," he urged me with his best promoter's patter. "The king [of Spain] will be there, all the diplomatic corps; you can come to the cocktail party at our consulate. You will meet Columbus scholars from all over the world."

Since I was going to be in Europe that August, I agreed to meet him there. He told me that everything could be arranged through the commission's Washington office.

That office had a woman at the switchboard whose main duty was to inform you that everyone else was absent. The office came briefly to life when Goudie arrived to encourage Congress to sell Government coins as part of the quincentenary celebration, but handling that operation so strained the commission's resources that I could get little information about the activities in Seville. At last, one of my calls was returned. I was told there was no schedule that could be sent to me, but the launching would take place on August the third (the date Columbus left Spain in 1492) and that I could find out everything I needed at the Hotel Alfonso Trece. "Everyone will be there. It's the only decent hotel in town—the only one with a good swimming pool."

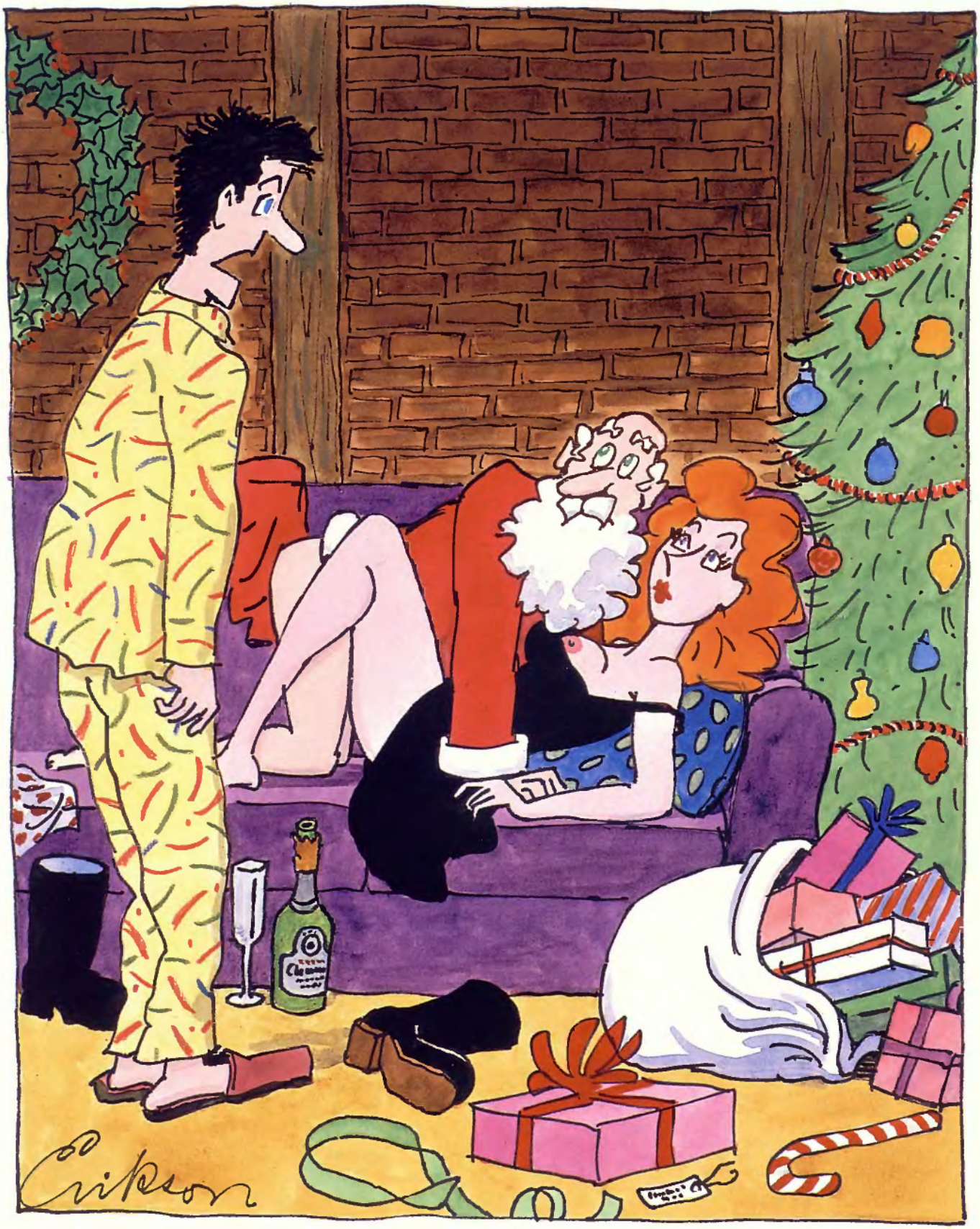
On the day before the launching, I could find no one connected with the commission present or registered at the Alfonso Trece—its strolling musicians serenaded empty tables. A newspaper noted that the public would get a chance to look at the caravels that afternoon in Huelva, Seville's port city, so my wife and I rented a car to take us the hour's drive there. A press pass let us in for a close look at the boats, scary in their authentically small scale and minimal furnishings (the originals, crammed with men and livestock, had no space for bunks or galley—one slept or cooked in any temporary niche one could clear). But still, no one from the commission could be found. After asking guards and vendors, I found that a Mr. Goudie was known to be staying in the Huelva hotel, La Luz. I tried, over and over, to call his room from the lobby; but the line was always busy. I went and knocked on his door.

Through the door, he told me he was sleeping, but I could get all the information I needed from Diana Holman back at the Alfonso Trece. Holman, a Washington, D.C., publicist, was there representing Texaco, and she turned out to be very helpful, indeed. She explained that things were all so confused at the last minute that people had been forced to converge directly on Huelva. She would take us there and back in her rented limousine.

The next day, launching day, was lighted like an overexposed movie, as Andalusia always is in summer. It was unbearably hot and the press boat soon ran out of soft drinks. It maneuvered, for the photographers, around the Spanish naval vessel where Goudie and other officials observed the scene. When the caravels moved from the wharf, shamefacedly using their motors, not their sails, private yachts and dinghies flitted about them—one filled with people dressed like Indians greeting the sailors at the wrong end of their voyage. Not everyone in the press boat made notes or took pictures. One elderly woman from Texas had a commission to make a painting of the caravels, and she was studying the ships while a friend showed around sample pictures of the woman's work—none so impressive as the happy faces she had painted on her toenails, ten little children tucked into bed where her feet should be. Another woman, far her junior, drifted about the boat, drawing stares in her scanty attire.

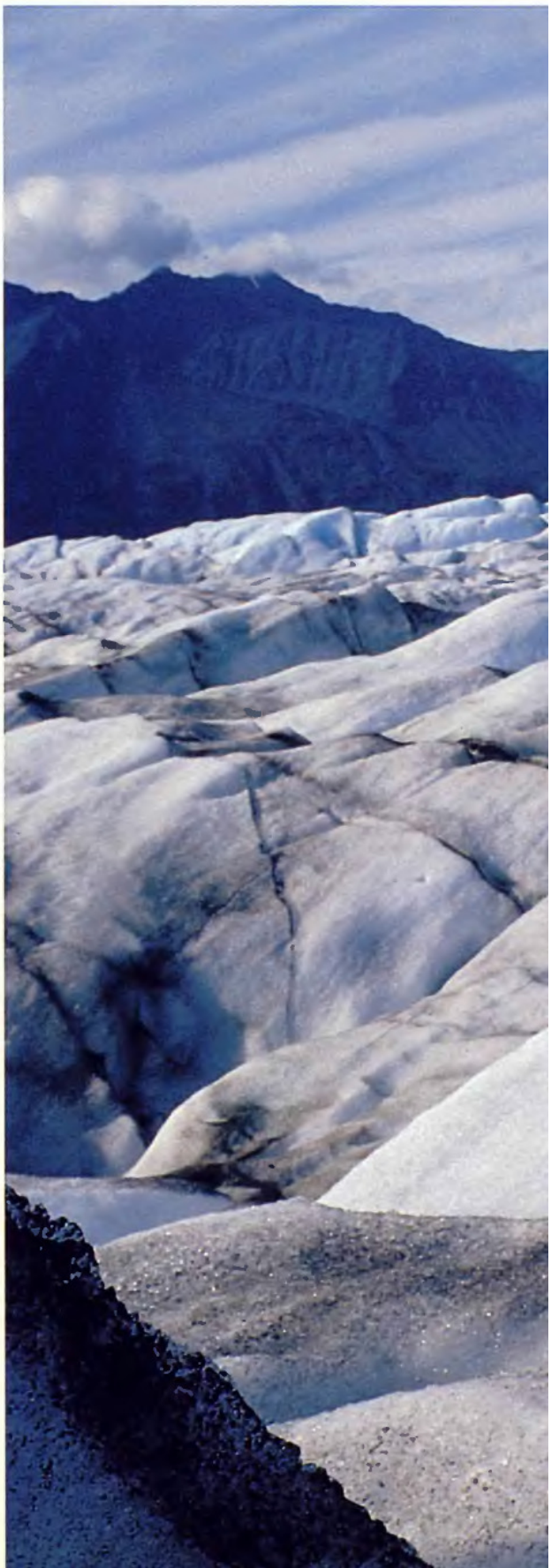
When an old man came up and seemed to claim possession of this young blonde, a correspondent for *The Village Voice* whispered to me, "Isn't that Tongsun Park?" Sure enough, it *was* that reputed purchaser of Congresspeople from the 1970s. Soon, everyone was asking what brought him here. An American working for the Spanish government told me Park was Goudie's personal guest, one whose presence

(concluded on page 190)



"I can find another wife, that's not what hurts. What hurts is that I can no longer believe in Santa!"

you'd recognize miss january as an all-american girl



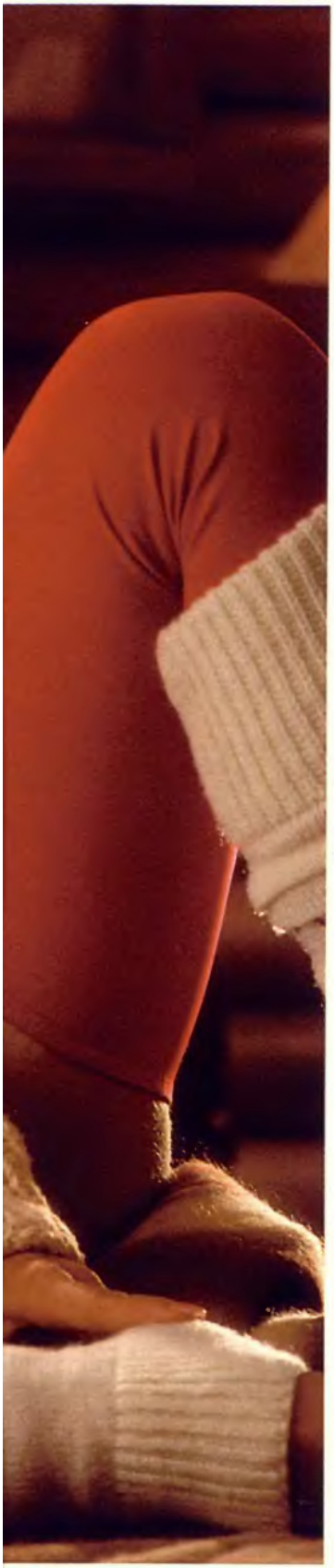
BUNDLED IN SWEATERS, snow crunching beneath her boots, Suzi Simpson trekked onto Alaska's Colony Glacier with a small army of attendants in her wake. While the photo crew framed this month's northern exposures, Suzi gazed at the Chugach Mountains in the distance and let memories roll past like ice floes in a swift current. Cross-country skiing through the woods. Racing snowmobiles across frozen fields. Harnessing her pet Samoyed dogs to a sleigh for a mush down snowed-in suburban streets. The last time Suzi saw the Great North, she was 11 years old and tomboy tough. Her father, a career Navy man, was stationed in the Aleutian Islands, which meant a summer of midnight sun for his itinerant clan. The oldest of four children, Suzi learned her first lessons in independence early—how to go along and get along but keep her self-image intact. "Some military children have a terrible time adjusting to a life that's maybe not the norm. They become really introverted people," she says. "I always figured that you make your own

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY AND STEPHEN WAYDA

IF YOU KNEW SUZI

At a floatplane dock near Talkeetna (right), Suzi packs her bag for a ride to the Colony Glacier. Talkeetna, a frontier town much like the one in CBS' *Northern Exposure*, is in the shadow of Mount McKinley, the highest peak in North America. Miss January was thrilled to be back. "I remembered that up here people *fly* to visit friends. I pictured L.A. traffic and thought, Boy, do they have it easier here!"

way in the world, and you might as well make it a good one." Born in a military hospital in Greece at the height of the Vietnam war (her father, stationed on a gunboat in the South China Sea, scooted over to Athens to attend the birth), Suzi made her way through schools in Maine, Florida, Wisconsin, Arizona and Virginia before settling in southern California to do what young blonde beauties do out there—model and act. The erstwhile tomboy, now a femme fatale, spends her work week in the city at auditions and photo shoots, then kicks back on weekends in a little seaside town far from the maddening smog. Last summer, after a two-year romance, she walked down the aisle with a Marine just days after he returned from war in the



"Some people look at *Playboy* and say, 'How can you compete?' I've heard that from lots of women, as if I were competing with an image and had to beat that image," says Suzi. "I say, forget competition. Fantasy is a big part of life. Men look at women, women look at men; what's wrong with that?"

Raised in a household headed by a military man, instructed at a high school run by nuns, Suzi still managed to develop her own opinions. "The nuns always saw things in black and white, right or wrong. I see the world as a place that's made of a lot of shades of gray."

Persian Gulf. En route to their Hawaiian honeymoon, they joined the mile-high club. "I had to talk him into having sex on the airplane," Suzi says, with a laugh that's two parts carnal and one part shy. "I thought, Here's this guy who has lived a much wilder life then I have—he was president of his fraternity, he sowed his little wild oats all over the place. And I've always wanted just one person to be wild with. I guess that's the difference between a hormonal young man and a woman. The funny thing is, it turns out I'm the more playful and uninhibited one. I figure if you love someone, the two of you can do anything you want with each other."

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: SUZI SIMPSON

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 100

BIRTH DATE: 11-16-68 BIRTHPLACE: Athens, Greece

AMBITIONS: To pursue my modeling career, travel, save $$ and do my part to make this world a better place.

TURN-ONS: Peppermint stick ice cream, surfing in the hot summer sun and great sex anywhere but the bedroom!

TURN-OFFS: Bras with 7 snaps in the back, toes that hang over the front of sandals, prejudice, phony people.

WHY I'M HERE: I wanted to be a Playmate because I love being sexy. It's a very fun and special part of being a complete woman! (But it's only a part!)

WHO I AM: Loyal, eccentric, love to laugh and spend time with family and friends, outgoing & PATRIOTIC!

IDEAL MAN: Kind, funny, intelligent, sexy, ton o' integrity. He's a manly man who knows I'm his equal & treats me that way.

IDEAL MAN'S ATTIRE: I love a man in uniform - USA. is #1!

SECRET OF THE MONTH: I'm the cousin Bart Simpson never talks about.

Christmas '89 with my sis

At Malibu Beach with an Alaskan pal

Miss D.C. Teen U.S.A. 1984

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After submitting to X rays, electrocardiograms and blood tests, the anxious patient waited for the doctor's opinion. "Howard," the physician began, "I have good news and bad news."

"What's the good news?"

"My son has been accepted to the Harvard School of Medicine."

"And the bad news?"

"You're going to pay for it."

What would you call it if President Bush had one arm shorter than the other? A speech impediment.

Grafitti spotted on the wall of a singles-bar men's room: I FUCKED YOUR MOTHER. Underneath, someone had scrawled: GO HOME, DAD, YOU'RE DRUNK.

What does Dan Quayle have printed on the top of his hat? THIS SIDE UP.

As he was walking along a beach in southern New Jersey, a man suddenly heard a voice from above boom, "Dig!" He dug and soon discovered three gold coins. Just as he pocketed them, the same voice boomed, "Casino!" so the man headed for the nearest gambling house. "Chips!" the voice ordered, so the fellow handed over the gold coins to the cashier and was stunned to receive $30,000 in chips. "Roulette!" the voice commanded, so the man walked to the closest table just as the croupier began to spin the ball. "Twenty-six!" came the voice, and the man placed his bet.

"No more bets," the croupier said. The ball slowed, bounced a few times and landed on its number. "Twenty-seven," the croupier announced.

"Oh, shit!" the voice thundered.

A friend reported that while he was aboard an airline that had recently filed for Chapter 11, a flight attendant made her rounds down the aisle. "Would you like dinner?" he was asked.

"What are my choices?"

"Yes or no," she answered.

An Italian, a Jew and an Iraqi were each sentenced to five years in prison and given one request. The Italian asked that his wife be allowed to stay with him, so that they could start a family. The Jew asked for all the great books, so that he might study and learn. The Iraqi asked for 300 cartons of cigarettes.

At the end of five years, the warden released the Italian first. "I am the happiest man alive," he exclaimed. "I now have five beautiful children. Bless you all."

When the Jew was released, he thanked the warden for his kindness and added, "I am happy and content. I possess great knowledge."

As the Iraqi was released, he turned to the warden and said, "Anybody got a match?"

What do you get when you play a country-and-western record backward? You get back your lover, your pickup and your dog.

The two partners in a law firm were having lunch when suddenly one of them jumped up from the table and said, "I have to go back to the office. I forgot to lock the safe!"

"What are you worried about?" the other said. "We're both here."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *genius* as a nudist with a memory for faces.

A couple of securities brokers were out fishing when a sudden squall came up, crashed their boat against a reef and sank it. Doug could swim, so he hoisted the foundering Greg onto his back and began to head for shore.

After half a mile, Doug was exhausted. "Do you think you could float alone for a little while?" he gasped.

"How," Greg sputtered, "can you think of business at a time like this?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"How about resolving that, starting next year, you won't be such a total jerk?"

深夜のマクドナルドにて

THE SECOND BAKERY ATTACK

"thirty big macs. for takeout." the manager looked into the muzzle of the shotgun and resigned himself to fate

fiction

By HARUKI MURAKAMI

I'M STILL NOT SURE I made the right choice when I told my wife about the bakery attack. But then, it might not have been a question of right and wrong. Which is to say that wrong choices can produce right results, and vice versa. I myself have adopted the position that, in fact, *we never choose anything at all*. Things happen. Or not.

If you look at it this way, *it just so happens* that I told my wife about the bakery attack. I hadn't been planning to bring it up—I had forgotten all about it—but it wasn't one of those now-that-you-mention-it kind of things, either.

What reminded me of the bakery attack was an unbearable hunger. It hit just before two o'clock in the morning. We ate a light supper at six, crawled into bed at nine-thirty and went to sleep. For some reason, we woke up at exactly the same moment. A few minutes later, the pangs struck with the force of the tornado in *The Wizard of Oz*. These were tremendous, overpowering hunger pangs.

Our refrigerator contained not a single item that could be technically

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

categorized as food. We had a bottle of French dressing, six cans of beer, two shriveled onions, a stick of butter and a box of refrigerator deodorizer. With only two weeks of married life behind us, we had yet to establish a precise conjugal understanding with regard to the rules of dietary behavior. Let alone anything else.

I had a job in a law firm at the time, and she was doing secretarial work at a design school. I was either 28 or 29—why can't I remember the exact year we married?—and she was two years and eight months younger. Groceries were the last things on our minds.

We both felt too hungry to go back to sleep, but it hurt just to lie there. On the other hand, we were also too hungry to do anything useful. We got out of bed and drifted into the kitchen, ending up across the table from each other. What could have caused such violent hunger pangs?

We took turns opening the refrigerator door and hoping, but no matter how many times we looked inside, the contents never changed. Beer and onions and butter and dressing and deodorizer. It might have been possible to sauté the onions in the butter, but there was no chance those two shriveled onions could fill our empty stomachs. Onions are meant to be eaten with other things. They're not the kind of food you use to satisfy an appetite.

"Would madame care for French dressing sautéed in deodorizer?"

I expected her to ignore my attempt at humor, and she did. "Let's get in the car and look for an all-night restaurant," I said. "There must be one on the highway."

She rejected that suggestion. "We can't. You're not supposed to go out to eat after midnight." She was old-fashioned that way.

I breathed once and said, "I guess not."

Whenever my wife expressed such an opinion (or thesis) back then, it reverberated in my ears with the authority of a revelation. Maybe that's what happens with newlyweds, I don't know. But when she said this to me, I began to think that this was a special hunger, not one that could be satisfied through the mere expedient of taking it to an all-night restaurant on the highway.

A special kind of hunger. And what might that be? I can present it here in the form of a cinematic image.

One, I am in a little boat, floating on a quiet sea. *Two*, I look down and, in the water, I see the peak of a volcano thrusting up from the ocean floor. *Three*, the peak seems pretty close to the water's surface, but just how close, I cannot tell. *Four*, this is because the hypertransparency of the water interferes with the perception of distance.

This is a fairly accurate description of the image that arose in my mind between the time my wife said she refused to go to an all-night restaurant and I agreed with my "I guess not." Not being Sigmund Freud, I was, of course, unable to analyze with any precision what this image signified, but I knew intuitively that it was a revelation. Which is why—the almost grotesque intensity of my hunger notwithstanding—I all but automatically agreed with her thesis (or declaration).

We did the only thing we could do: opened the beer. It was a lot better than eating those onions. She didn't like beer much, so we divided the cans, two for her, four for me. While I was drinking the first one, she searched the kitchen shelves like a squirrel in November. Eventually, she turned up four butter cookies. They were leftovers, soft and soggy, but we each ate two, savoring every morsel.

It was no use. Upon this hunger of ours, as vast and boundless as the Sinai Peninsula, the butter cookies and beer left not a mark.

Time oozed through the dark like a lead weight in a fish's gut. I read the print on the aluminum beer cans. I stared at my watch. I looked at the refrigerator door. I turned the pages of yesterday's paper. I used the edge of a postcard to scrape together the cookie crumbs on the table top.

"I've never been this hungry in my whole life," she said. "I wonder if it has anything to do with being married."

"Maybe," I said. "Or maybe not."

While she hunted for more fragments of food, I leaned over the edge of my boat and looked down at the peak of the underwater volcano. The clarity of the ocean water all around the boat gave me an unsettled feeling, as if a hollow had opened somewhere behind my solar plexus—a hermetically sealed cavern that had neither entrance nor exit. Something about this weird sense of absence—this sense of the existential reality of nonexistence—resembled the paralyzing fear you might feel when you climb to the top of a steeple. This connection between hunger and acrophobia was a discovery for me.

Which is when it occurred to me that I had once before had this same kind of experience. My stomach had been just as empty then. . . . When? . . . Oh, sure, that was——

"The time of the bakery attack," I heard myself saying.

"The bakery attack? What are you talking about?"

And so it started.

•

"I once attacked a bakery. Long time ago. Not a big bakery. Not famous. The bread was nothing special. Not bad, either. One of those ordinary little neighborhood bakeries right in the middle of a block of shops. Some old guy ran it who did everything himself. Baked in the morning, and when he sold out, he closed up for the day."

"If you were going to attack a bakery, why that one?"

"Well, there was no point in attacking a big bakery. All we wanted was bread, not money. We were attackers, not robbers."

"We? Who's we?"

"My best friend back then. Ten years ago. We were so broke we couldn't buy tooth paste. Never had enough food. We did some pretty awful things to get our hands on food. The bakery attack was one."

"I don't get it." She looked hard at me. Her eyes could have been searching for a faded star in the morning sky. "Why didn't you get a job? You could have worked after school. That would have been easier than attacking bakeries."

"We didn't want to work. We were absolutely clear on that."

"Well, you're working now, aren't you?"

I nodded and sucked some more beer. Then I rubbed my eyes. A kind of beery mud had oozed into my brain and was struggling with my hunger pangs.

"Times change. People change," I said. "Let's go back to bed. We've got to get up early."

"I'm not sleepy. I want you to tell me about the bakery attack."

"There's nothing to tell. No action. No excitement."

"Was it a success?"

I gave up on sleep and ripped open another can of beer. Once she gets interested in a story, she has to hear it all the way through. That's just the way she is.

"Well, it was kind of a success. And kind of not. We got what we wanted. But, as a holdup, it didn't work. The baker gave us the bread before we could take it from him."

"Free?"

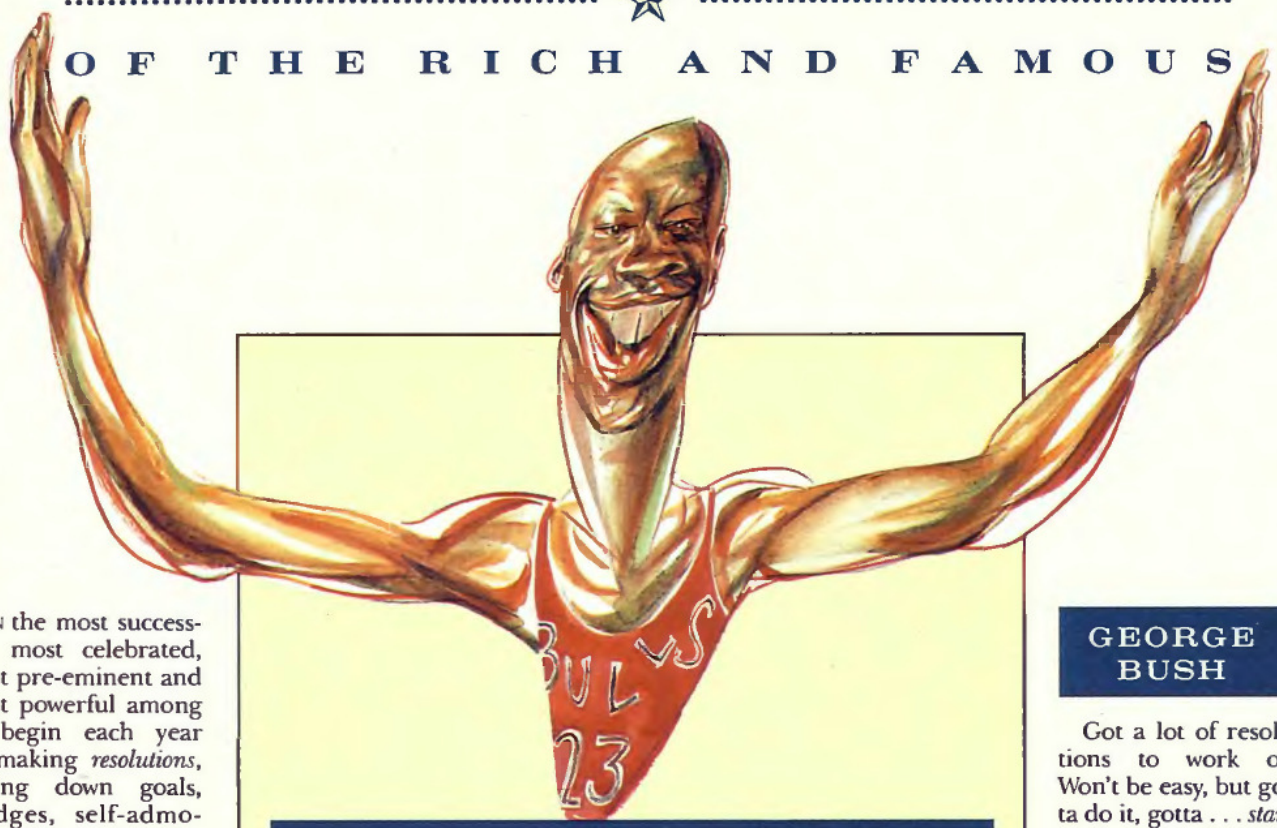
"Not exactly, no. That's the hard part." I shook my head. "The baker was a classical-music freak, and when we got there, he was listening to an album of Wagner overtures. So he made us a deal. If we would listen to the record all the way through, we could take as much bread as we liked. I talked it over with my buddy and we figured OK. It wouldn't be work in the purest sense of the word, and it wouldn't hurt anybody. So we put our knives back into our bag,

(continued on page 197)

"OK, give me a big smile and say, 'Hi, you hard-working, horny little elves.'"

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS



MICHAEL JORDAN

In light of my huge contract with Gatorade, I resolve to take further advantage of my wholesome, trustworthy, positive image by endorsing other products that have gotten bad publicity and are willing to pay big bucks to reverse it. Possibilities: Suzuki Samurai, Exxon, Salomon Brothers, scientology, the Milwaukee Visitors' Bureau, the American Lard Association.

EVEN the most successful, most celebrated, most pre-eminent and most powerful among us begin each year by making *resolutions*, setting down goals, pledges, self-admonitions, commitments, disavowals and good intentions that are designed to make us better persons, to get our friends, families and PR consultants off our backs and maybe even to help us to screw up less than we did in the previous year.

We assume the following public figures have made their lists, and our guess is they read something like this.

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

Resolutions are for half-hearted weaklings. Here are the things I will do. I will strike a deal with Uncle Ted. He pushes through that Constitutional amendment permitting naturalized Americans to run for President, and I switch parties and let him drive the humvee. I will copyright the phrase "I'll be back" and franchise a slogan product line. I will get a street named after me in Vienna. I will sing and dance in *Terminator 3*, and they will love it. I will create a public persona as an easygoing, likable fun guy, and God help anyone who gets in my way.

DAVID LETTERMAN

Yeah, like I'm the first guy you think of when you think *resolve*. Oh, hell, let's get on with it. Unload my G.E. stock before I bail out of this dump. Hire a guy to sit in the *Tonight Show* audience and yell, "Whe-e-e-ere's Johnny?" when Leno's monolog bombs. Have T-shirts printed to send to NBC execs reading, I HAD A LOCK ON THE LATE-NIGHT AUDIENCE AND NOW ALL I'VE GOT IS THIS STUPID T-SHIRT. Plant snotty "Leno's chin-reduction surgery" rumor. Dump Larry "Bud" Melman. Get a better hairpiece.

RONALD REAGAN

I hereby resolve to vacation less and spend more time at the White House, to call Bill Casey (we seem to have drifted apart), to appoint a woman to the Supreme Court, to replace George on the ticket in 1984.

GEORGE BUSH

Got a lot of resolutions to work on. Won't be easy, but gotta do it, gotta . . . *stand firm* here. First off, wanna go a whole year with no wars; starting to get in a *rut* there. And get a handle on this domestic policy issue thing; becoming a problem. Have to make some tough decisions, too. Unload Sununu (ambassador to Syria), break the news to Dan that he's history in 1992—won't be pleasant, but, hey. Also, gotta deal with this *health* thing, have Bethesda destroy the records of my black-outs and my dizzy spells, get a double to do my jogging. And have the FBI dig up something on Dana Carvey and that fella that draws *Doonesbury*. Enough is enough.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BRODNER

NEIL BUSH

I resolve to be more conservative and guarded in my business affairs, or at least to stop taking advice from guys named Swifty. I resolve to improve my relationship with Dad, and especially not to sign anything until he has read it. I resolve to get myself reinstated to the grownups' table at Thanksgiving.

LADY DI

This year, I really do resolve to try to avoid making Charles look like such a stuffy, dithering twit. Not that I mean to, for he is a dear thing, but he's forever toppling off ponies or droning on about bird sanctuaries or confusing Elton John with Elvis Costello. It's hard to maintain a straight face, let alone a look of devotion. But I shall try, truly, for, as the saying goes, "If you want to be a queen, you have to boff the king—and pretend it's wonderful."

JOHN SUNUNU

Just once, to see what it's like, I will fly coach. I will accept that my dream—to be borne about on a litter—is probably now out of reach, at least temporarily. I will give up stamp collecting, which only contributes to my dork reputation. I will devote the hours I formerly spent flying hither and yon to more constructive purposes: character assassination, revenge, etc.

DAN QUAYLE

I resolve to take steps to show people my true intelligence, like getting those college incompletes cleared up. I resolve to exercise my Vice-Presidential authority more, such as making them let me take the controls on Air Force Two. I resolve to stop falling for Sununu's telling me my fly is open. I resolve to try to look more mature and distinguished (see if I can finally grow a mustache, or maybe get an eye patch, like the guy in the shirt ads). I resolve to acquire more knowledge—for example, to find out why we don't spell it "Quail." I resolve to be more thoughtful, because thoughts are the thinking of the mind, and a thoughtless mind is a mindless . . . wait. . . .

DONALD TRUMP

Having learned the folly of false pride and egotistic vanity, I hereby resolve to be more humble. I will do good works on behalf of the poor and the downtrodden. I will devote my fortune to the betterment of humanity! I will achieve unprecedented heights of selfless sacrifice! I will make Mother Teresa look like a slacker! I can see it now: Donald Trump—Benefactor of Mankind! *Saint Donald*! YES!

TED KENNEDY

I resolve to continue my tireless battle against the forces of repressive, right-wing, fundamentalist morality by introducing legislation that will guarantee the freedom of all Americans to choose their own sexual lifestyles and behaviors, to express themselves without the restraints of puritanical censorship, and, occasionally, not to wear pants. I resolve to dedicate myself to reversing the unconscionable financial inequities that separate the wealthy few from the impoverished multitudes—even if this means that I must, with profound regret, disinherit my beloved nephew Willie. I particularly resolve to be more aware of, and responsive to, women's feelings, attitudes and legal rights. (Specifically, no more amateurs in the compound!)

JOSE CANSECO

Get my socks back from Madonna. Catch more fly balls.

GERALDO RIVERA

Nude transsexual vegetarian serial killers. Go for it.

SINÉAD O'CONNOR

I resolve that, while it's important to have principles, I will take greater care that my left-wing-purist image doesn't drag my career into the tank. I won't forget the lesson of Joan Baez. I will do fewer fund raisers and will not appear on any stage with U2, especially not with Bono. Also, I will compromise and meet my marketing staff halfway, with a crewcut.

WOODY ALLEN

I will make a movie about people who don't live in New York City. I won't enjoy it, but I'll do it.

NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF

Resolutions: Lose weight—agent says each pound worth $5000 in endorsement contracts. Find out how my autobiography is coming along. Decide who'll play me in the TV bio movie (Charles Durning? Or John Goodman? *Brando*?). Find out if my honorary knighthood is good for British Airways discounts. Finalize the licensing of Stormin' Norman character for new Desert Storm ride at Disney World. Do something about my uncontrollable fear of mice before it becomes public.

JULIA ROBERTS

OK, first of all, I promise that I'll get around to returning the wedding gifts. The ones from my friends and family, that is; Kiefer's strictly on his own. So to speak! Second, and very important, no more getting involved with my co-stars. I mean, you never know when you'll wind up making a movie with Gary Busey or Wilford Brimley or Danny DeVito. Third, I will *be less manic*! I'm starting to get brochures from rehab clinics, for God's sake.

WOODY HARRELSON

up close and personal, hollywood's cheeriest naïf talks about the need for extra toothbrushes, his tijuana marriage and when it's best to play dumb

Emmy-winner Woody Harrelson is best known for six seasons of tending bar as Woody Boyd on "Cheers." He's been called the "best dumb blond on TV," a guy who has "the lovable-yokel act down." He has also earned the reputation as one of Hollywood's leading ladies' men, "the slick prince of El Lay." Most recently, he consorted with—but never talked publicly about—actress Glenn Close, whom he met while doing the play "Brooklyn Laundry." Harrelson has also been linked with Brooke Shields, Ally Sheedy, Moon Unit Zappa and Carol Kane.

Now Harrelson says he's changing, becoming more spiritual, getting in touch with himself after years of hedonism. We sent Contributing Editor David Rensin to check it out. Says Rensin, "We met at Woody's rented Malibu Colony house while he was filming 'White Men Can't Jump,' a basketball story of sorts. He suggested we talk in his tepee, which he built on the huge lawn next to the hedge. Inside were three mats, some drums and a recently used fire pit. Harrelson lay down, opened a bottle of water and began to talk. Was Woody really the spiritual, back-to-nature boy he claimed to be? After two bottles of spring water, he excused himself to pee. If this is any clue, he didn't think twice about using the hedge."

1.

PLAYBOY: Settle the great bar-food debate: pretzels or nuts?

HARRELSON: I've never been a big fan of pretzels or nuts. I like those little fish things. The Goldfish. I know they're terrible for you, but, damn, those things are tasty. I can easily eat a couple bowlfuls.

2.

PLAYBOY: What was your first thought when Ted Danson pulled down your pants on the set of *Cheers*?

HARRELSON: I'm gonna get him! Instantly. The revenge was to get a picture of him naked. So I enlisted Kirstie Alley and George Wendt on my mission. George got Ted to leave the bathroom door open. I opened the shower door. Kirstie took the picture. And it was a good one. He's just standing, washing his hair. His hands are up, he's sudsed. It's a *perfect* shot! And there is *no* question why Ted Danson's a leading man. [*Laughs*] At first, I didn't know what to do with it. I would take it around and show it to anyone who happened by. Strangers. I figured I had one hundred fifty people to show it to, just to catch up with what he did to me. But that wasn't giving me the kind of satisfaction I needed. So I got the picture and put it on the year-end gag reel. At the party, four or five hundred people saw it.

3.

PLAYBOY: How good *are* bartenders at solving other people's problems?

HARRELSON: They get so many really sad cases that they *have* to be good at it. Otherwise, they're just going to be miserable. The bartenders I know are all gregarious, fun-loving people. I always loved bartenders. And I always tipped them well. I don't go on percentage. If a drink's a couple bucks, I'll tip a couple bucks. Man, they're working *hard*. Look at Bruce Willis: That guy was a bartender for *years* in New York. Now here's a guy who has an unparalleled sense of humor. I get the feeling he had to hone a lot of that behind that bar. You gotta be quick.

4.

PLAYBOY: Recall the last time someone confused you with your character and was unwilling to acknowledge the difference.

HARRELSON: I can't really expect anything else. Even so, I have turned down movie roles—like a rapist, once—in which I would be too different from Woody. I've looked for parts that are an appropriate transition, like my character in *Doc Hollywood*. He had some of Woody's innocence, but he was considerably more in touch with his sexuality. [*Smiles*] Not that he was getting much sex, but he was kind of charged sexually. Jack Nicholson said that he always approaches his roles in terms of that character's sexuality. That was really interesting—besides realizing that Jack must perceive all his characters to be perverts. [*Laughs*] You gotta love him.

5.

PLAYBOY: Your experience with women is legendary. Some women are wary of a man's extensive experience and some are turned on by it. If a woman stayed overnight and asked, "Woody, do you have an extra toothbrush?" how would you respond?

HARRELSON: "What color?" [*Laughs*] This sometimes comes up in conversation. A woman will say, "Boy, you probably say this all the time. That's a good line." Or, "You've done this a lot." And my response is, "It may be a good line, but I can assure you it's original." I don't have any set pieces. I operate from a standpoint of complete honesty. [*Smiles*] If a woman asks, "Have you slept with a lot of women?" I'll say yes. If she asks, "Are we going to see each other again?" I'll say I don't know. I would never say yes just to get over. But the more times I was asked, the more likely it would be no.

6.

PLAYBOY: What does it take to see you twice?

HARRELSON: A hell of a body. Oops! [*Pauses*] See, now the problem with this interview is I *know* you'll only print that part of the answer. The truth is that it takes someone who's interesting in every aspect, and genuine. That's because I meet so many people who just want to tell me what I want to hear because I'm a celebrity, or making money or whatever. I'd never choose to pursue that as a continuing relationship. [*Smiles*] Of course, there are some women who are just so completely convincing I could never tell. And a lot of times it didn't matter. [*Laughs*] Oh boy, I just can't keep my fucking mouth shut.

7.

PLAYBOY: Was there a time in the dim past when you actually struck out with the opposite sex?

HARRELSON: While I've had a lot of experience, a lot of that had to do with my own insecurity and need to feel like a man by having as much sex as I could. I always felt like such a dweeb when I was younger. I thought I didn't appeal to women. Now I don't have any problems—and haven't for a while. But when I was younger, I went to a private school for four years—the grammar *(continued on page 184)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW BRUCKER

THE SERPENT IN THE CHAPEL

for 2000 years, the church has denied, repressed and ignored sex. now it's trying to do the most difficult thing of all: deal with it

ARTICLE BY CRAIG VETTER

FOR A WHILE last summer, it looked as if the Presbyterian church was about to lose its virginity to the real-world notion that it might be possible to enjoy a healthy, moral sex life outside of traditional Christian marriage. It was the best chance any mainstream denomination has ever had to modernize and humanize Christian sexual morality, and it arrived with the publication of an official church report, *Keeping Body and Soul Together: Sexuality, Spirituality, and Social Justice*. The committee that produced the report spent three years listening to sincere Christians who were suffering with the church's stubborn, long-standing refusal to say anything but "thou shalt not" about sexual realities that were all around them. And when the committee members sat down to write, they didn't pull any punches.

"We have been stunned by the scope of sexual pain in our society," read the preface to the report, "saddened by the stories of grief and disillusionment, and repentant that as a denomination we have spoken so cautiously and acted so timidly about sexuality and its many life-centered issues."

Their investigations, they said, revealed "a massive, deep-seated crisis of sexuality in this culture." Then, as they launched bravely into their tough-minded and enlightened proposals for a modern Christian sexual ethic, they suggested that perhaps the way to start was to imagine the Lord Himself as "a gracious God, delighting in our sexuality."

That phrase alone was enough to keep me reading, because it blew away the dark spirit of everything I'd ever been taught about Christian sexual morality. I'll admit that my

ILLUSTRATION BY AMY CREHORE

education in these matters was not ordinary. It was long and brutal and Catholic, with catechism classes, altar service, followed by high school and college under the scholar-thugs of the Church, the Jesuits, who flogged me through eight years of theology and philosophy, Church history and comparative religion. I studied the Old Testament and the New, Saint Paul and Saint Augustine, Martin Luther and John Calvin, all the way up through the encyclicals of the modern Popes, and when these men got to talking about sex, there was deep loathing in their voices.

Which is strange, because Jesus didn't seem to hate sex. In fact, by the evidence of the Gospels, he worried more about greed and demonic possession than he did about sexual matters. And the few things he did say about marriage and divorce were designed to shock his Jewish audience, whose sexual mores were based on macho religious laws that treated women as property. In Jesus' time, Jewish men were polygamous and could divorce their wives for wrecking dinner.

It was an attitude that made Jesus mad enough to knock the stones out of the hands of the crowd that was about to slaughter a harlot; that provoked him to say that prostitutes and tax collectors had a better shot at heaven than the hypocrites who administered Jewish moral law. As far as Jesus was concerned, such religious nitpickers were missing the point of all human relationships: love. The kind of love that shuts no one out.

A man with a message that sweeping isn't likely to spend a lot of energy arguing the rules of who can sleep with whom, and Jesus didn't. That pretty much left the design of a Christian sexual code in the hands of the men who followed him. Unfortunately, most of them were coming off bad sexual experiences, or had no sexual experience at all.

There was Saint Paul, who advised marriage as a second choice for those who were too weak to be celibate. "Better to marry than to burn with sexual desire" is the way he put it.

Saint Augustine was the dark genius who really put the snake into things, who gathered up and packaged the Christian sexual ethic that has kept the delight out of it to this day. He was the man, 400 years after Jesus, who thought up the idea of original sin. At the age of 32, on the heels of a sexual rampage that had driven him mad, Augustine decided that God had given us sexual desire not as a gift but as a punishment for the disobedience of Adam and Eve. It was a mean afterthought, a dirty, unnatural effect that robbed both Adam and Eve of any choice in the matter, which turned them into wretched slaves of lust, filled them with shame and sent them searching for fig leaves. And, he added, the sewing of those leaves into loincloths was about the most useful thing Eve ever did.

For Augustine, all sexual desire was evil and ruinous, even between husband and wife. Sex within marriage was all right so long as you took no pleasure in it, so long as you understood that God wouldn't have made such a degrading act necessary if He hadn't been so damn mad at humanity for its arrogance in the garden. Pudenda—derived from the Latin word for shame—was a perfect name for penis and vagina as far as Augustine was concerned. Did your foot do things you didn't want it to do? Did your elbow swell up and fill you with lust against your will? "Lust is a usurper," he wrote.

Augustine predicted that without hell-fire rules that severely restricted sexual desire, "people would have intercourse indiscriminately, like dogs." And because reason and persuasion had never controlled his own ravenous sexual appetites, he decided that the best way to drive such rules into the hearts of the faithful was by fear and force.

Those in the young Church who argued with Augustine, who tried to put some delight back into the story, were branded as heretics. Those who agreed with him, like Saint Jerome, the sex-loathing preacher who translated the Bible into Latin, assured their sainthood by suggesting various techniques to snuff out the poisoned breath of lust.

"Blessed is he who dashes his genitals against a stone," said Jerome.

•

The spirit of those words was still haunting Christianity 1600 years later in San Jose, California, when the Jesuits turned me and my classmates over to a man who would make Jerome look like a sex therapist.

It was 1960, we were 17 and 18 years old, masturbating like machines, trying to scratch an itch that was too deep to be scratched, about to graduate into a garden of sexual temptation where, the Jesuits were sure, most of us were going to head right for the forbidden stuff. They were right.

But before they watched us scatter, they intended to tell us some true-life stories of the perdition that came to those who thought they knew better than the Church about sexual matters.

For three days, they cloistered us in a Mission-style retreat house—El Retiro—that sat on a California hillside under oaks, pines, palms and eucalyptus. They gave each of us bare rooms and forbade us to talk to one another. They left us nothing to read but religious pamphlets, and turned us over to a specialist, Father Peter Newport, who was to have a few words with us, man to man, about the true nature of our sexuality. He warned us that the things he had to say weren't for the squeamish.

At first sight, old Father Newport didn't look the part. He was a frail man with a bad hip who carried his head down as he limped with a cane to the altar, knelt for a short prayer beneath the stained glass of Saint Ignatius contemplating the Virgin Mary, then rose and turned quietly to begin his lessons. But, oh God, when he got going about sex, he was ice and thunder, torture and death, bleeding genitals and rotting flesh, madness and suicide, rape and disease, coat hangers, broken bottles, souls falling into hell like rain. For three days, we sat like prisoners and listened while he cataloged the kind of ugly truths that had led Augustine and all the other fathers of the Church to the inescapable conclusion that sexuality was given to us as bitter punishment.

He told us about a fraternity pledge at a secular college (Stanford, I think) who was bound and blindfolded, then choked to death in a hazing ritual when his godless fraternity brothers cut a piece of liver into the shape of a penis and stuffed it down his throat; about a young couple who were slaughtered in a traffic accident on their way home from a little fondling and French-kissing, a few minutes of vain pleasure that pitched both their souls to an eternity of molten fire; about a male hitchhiker picked up on El Camino Real, then driven to a lonely eucalyptus grove and attacked by a homosexual more vicious and predatory than a werewolf; about Jesus on the night before his crucifixion, chained to a pillar while his Roman jailers scourged his genitals, then laughed and spat into the wounds.

Augustine would have wept at the awful beauty of it.

But of all the bloody narratives Father Newport sent us off to our dark little rooms to contemplate, there was one that summed it all up for him, that put things in perspective. He hoped we would remember it the next time our blood made its rush down into the shame that hangs between our legs. He shook when he told this one, and delivered the last line in a whisper that I can still hear.

It seemed that a dear friend of his was a Jesuit missionary who had been asked to join a rescue team on its way to the site of an airline crash deep in the moldy Brazilian interior. The team wanted a priest along, on the outside chance that anyone might have survived long enough to

(continued on page 200)

"But of course, as Falzenstein tells us, the exchange of token kisses beneath mistletoe is only the first part of the centuries-old erotic folk ritual. You'll find the second part even more absorbing—here, let me help you out of your dress. . . ."

THE YEAR

GREAT WITH CHILD

MATE WITH CHILD

NOTHIN' SAYS LOVIN' LIKE SOMETHING IN THE OVEN

Demi Moore's cover bow on August's *Vanity Fair* inspired controversy (some outlets refused to stock it) and a flock of imitations—among them (from left) *Spy*'s cover of her spouse, Bruce Willis; an *Entertainment Weekly* sketch of unwed papa-to-be Warren Beatty; Paul Conrad's cartoon of "Mother Russia" gestating liberty; and Mike Peters' riff on Saddam Hussein's nuclear potential. Meanwhile, Simon Le Bon shelled out £1000 for a photo of his wife, Yasmin, *très enceinte*; and Arlette Schweitzer carried her own infertile daughter's twins. But Art Garfunkel's wife, Kathryn, turned out to be the mother of it all: *Her* pregnant photo appeared in *Rolling Stone*'s January 24 issue, a good seven months earlier than Demi's.

DATE WITH CHILD

STATE WITH CHILD

KEEP IT IN YOUR PANTS!

If he'd rented the video, he might have saved himself a heap of trouble. Luckless Paul Reubens, a.k.a. Pee-wee Herman, was busted by overzealous Sarasota cops for doing what comes naturally in an adult-film theater; his show was yanked, but a run on his toys ensued.

EMPRESS' NEW CLOTHES

The see-through fashions of the Sixties are making a comeback—at least on the runways of the ready-to-wear show in Milan. Yes, quipped a journalistic observer, but is anyone ready to wear them?

IN SEX

in which we bid farewell to 1991—a rich stew of scandal, priggishness and fecundity

HATE WITH CHILD

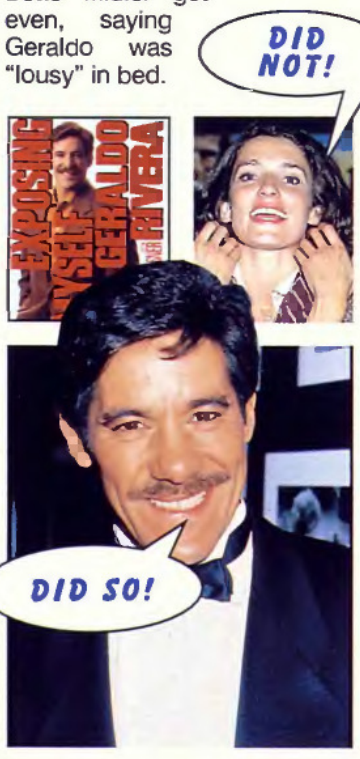
PORTRAIT WITH CHILD

GEMINATE WITH CHILD

KATE WITH CHILD

MUSTA HAPPENED IN AL CAPONE'S VAULT

No, it's not the title of Pee-wee's memoirs: *Exposing Myself*, which hit bookstores this fall, is the steamy autobiography of TV host Geraldo Rivera. To his claims of conquest, a denial came immediately from Margaret Trudeau (below right), but Bette Midler got even, saying Geraldo was "lousy" in bed.



A PEACOCK AND BULL STORY

Despite a network exec's assurance that, "Corporately, we believe in orgasms," nervous Nellies at NBC snipped a *Sisters* steam-room chat on multiple orgasms. (Scissored dialog: Alex: "I had five once. New Year's Eve, 1981." Georgie: "What a memory!" Alex: "What a New Year's.")

WET *DREAM* IN CENTRAL PARK

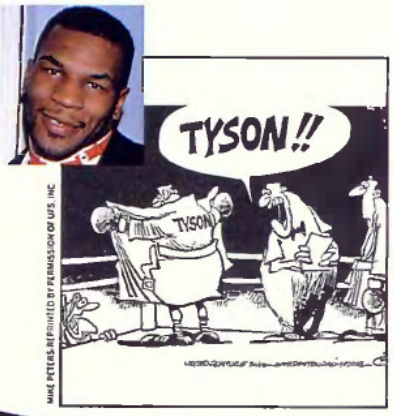
New Yorkers took it in stride when a Brazilian troupe performed *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in (1) Central Park, (2) Portuguese and (3) the nude. Below, fairies bathe Titania.

WHAT A *PERESTROIKA*!

Muscovites got their first look at yet another capitalist invention, the monokini, as temperatures soared into the mid-80s this summer. Above, some topless *glasnost* enthusiasts sun-bathe near the shores of the Moskva River.

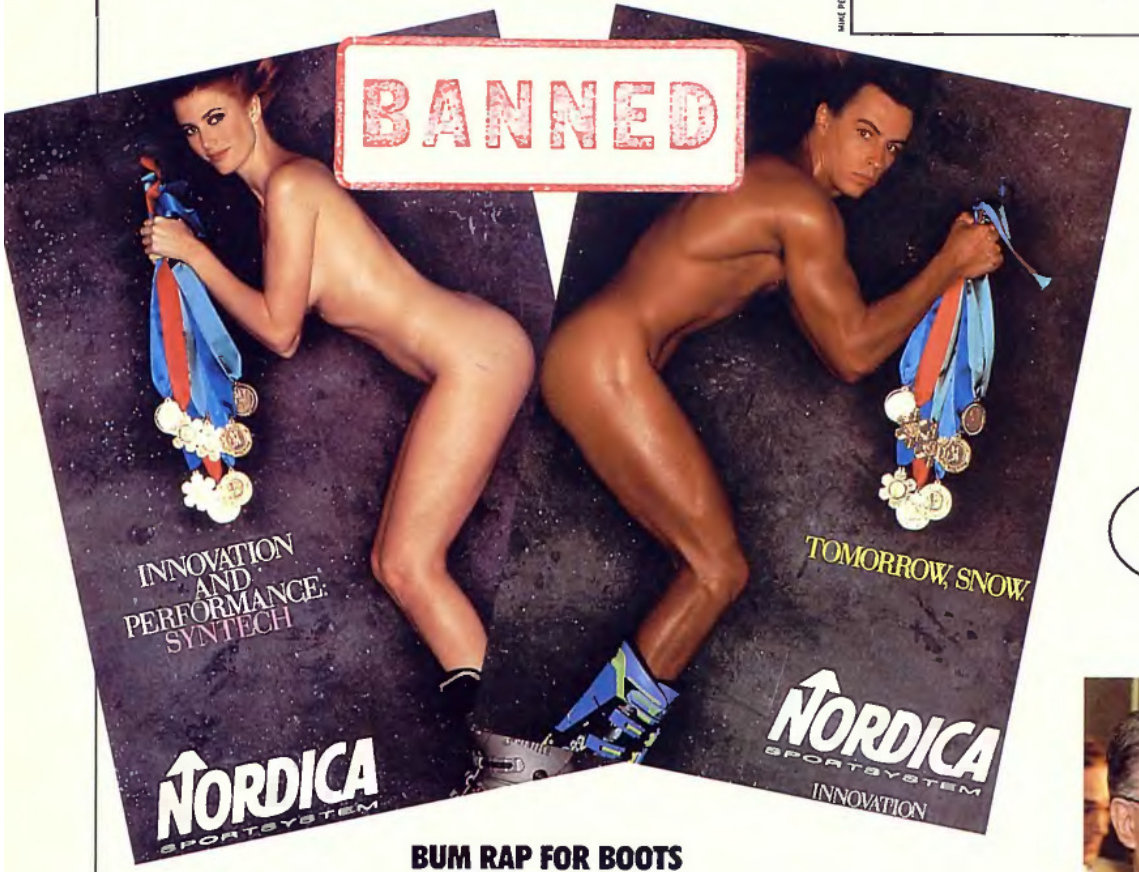
WE'LL HAVE WHAT THEY'RE HAVING

Here's to the workday uniforms worn by dancers at Café Risqué (above left) on Interstate 75 near Gainesville, Florida, and the waitresses at Long Beach, California's, Pegasus Restaurant (above right).



KEEP IT IN YOUR PANTS!

It was bad enough when the pageant's owner called him a "serial buttocks fondler." Now Mike Tyson is charged with raping a Miss Black America contestant.



BUM RAP FOR BOOTS

Bluenoses are busy in the magazine industry, too. *Ski*, *Skiing* and *Snow Country* turned down these Nordica ads, reportedly "on moral grounds." The rejection, however, earned oceans of free ink for the ski-boot manufacturer.

PREACHERS WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES. . . .

Marvin Gorman (bottom left) sued Jimmy Swaggart (below right), claiming that Swaggart's allegations of multiple adulteries hurt his ministry. The jury agreed. Then Jimmy got caught in a Jaguar with a prostitute.

LET'S HEAR A LITTLE SOMETHING IN THE KEY OF 36B

In tribute to the bicentennial of Mozart's death, ingenious Japanese crafted a limited-edition bra that, when hooked, plays the composer's variations on *Ah! vous dirais-je, maman* (a.k.a. *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*). Down under in Australia, Roy Menzel, 80, blows tunes on a condom.

JUST BUFF IT DRY, PLEASE

Must be something in the water in Fort Lauderdale (see the next spread for further details). Here's one more reason to envy Floridians their subtropical climate: a topless car wash.

LAST TANGO IN SOUTH BEND

When Indiana authorities banned topless dancing at spots such as South Bend's Kitty Kat Lounge, the Supreme Court, to the dismay of civil libertarians, let them get away with it. (A Californian at right shows what Hoosiers are missing.)

THE FRIDGE WAS RUNNER-UP

Jecquin Stitt, winner of a *Ladies' Home Journal*'s Oprah look-alike contest, was revealed to be a guy who's having a sex change. The *Journal*, noting "We don't believe in sexual discrimination," let him keep the prize.

SHE *SCHTUPPS* TO CONQUER

Skin is in at Chicago's Halsted Theater Center, as Lenore Zann and Tom Hodges couple in *Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love*, which later moved off-Broadway.

TWO BALLS, NO STRIKES AND A HOLE IN ONE

Airing tape of a streaker at a Cubs–Braves game in Atlanta (below left) won suspensions for some staffers at Chicago's WMAQ-TV, but London tabloids treated Sherrie Beavan's starkers British Open stroll as a matter of course.

I GOT OLD, BABE

Mayor Sonny Bono had thongs banished from Palm Springs, California; folks in Round Lake Beach, Illinois, petitioned to follow suit.

COCK AU VIN

Reproducing Jean Dubuffet's *Bedecked Nude* on a Clos Pegase wine label was too much for the Feds' Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms; it prescribed surgery.

LUST IN THE DUST

After polling its readers, *Biblical Archeology Review* published photos of erotic images on 1500-year-old lamps unearthed in a dig at Ashkelon, Israel (left)—but on a page that priggish readers could easily remove.

KEEP 'EM IN YOUR BLOUSE!

Performance tart Annie Sprinkle is everywhere, signing her autobiography, *Post Porn Modernist*, starring in Rip Off Press comics and appearing at Neikrug gallery's Rated X show.

THOSE WEDDING KNELLS ARE BREAKING UP THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

Three days beforehand, Julia Roberts and Kiefer Sutherland canceled their nuptials, disappointing 200 invitees but not gossips, who spotted her with his old pal Jason Patric (bottom left) and him with stripper Amanda Rice (bottom right).

NOTHING . . . UHH . . . COMES BETWEEN . . . UHH . . . ME AND MY . . . OOOH!

What product is Calvin Klein advertising here? This, and 115 more pages inserted in some copies of October's *Vanity Fair*, promotes jeans.

AND THE HORSE YOU RODE IN ON

Some things are better left untranslated. Thanks to the sharp-eyed *Playboy* reader who spotted this sign in the window of a Malaysian travel agency.

NORTH OF MIAMI VICE: SEX, LISTS AND VIDEO TAPE

Professed smut-buster Doug Danziger (inset, above) resigned as vice mayor of Fort Lauderdale when it was rumored he was on the list of clients of an alleged prostitution biz run by Deputy Sheriff Jeffrey Willets and his wife, Kathy (above). The Willets' novel defense: She turned tricks while he taped from a closet as therapy for (1) her nymphomania and (2) his impotence.

KEEP IT IN YOUR PANTS!

Virginia Senator Charles Robb stepped into the clay-footed slippers of a long line of legislators from Wilbur Mills to Ted Kennedy when beauty queen Tai Collins, posing for *Playboy*, revealed details of her relationship with him during his term as governor. She says it was sexual; he swears he just got a massage.

SIX NO TRUMP

At presstime, the media have tried to link the Donald with (clockwise, from top left) Ivana, his apparently pantyless ex; Italian model Carla Bruni; tennis tyke Monica Seles, who hid out at the Trump estate after ditching Wimbledon; Marla Maples, whose June breakup, July sparkler and September breakup with Trump gave headline writers a workout; Miss America, Carolyn Suzanne Sapp, who denied bragging to contestants of dating Donald; and Rowanne Brewer, a late-1990–early-1991 squeeze.

KEEP 'EM IN YOUR BLOUSE!

We thought that's what they were for: This *People* magazine shot of former *Today* co-anchor Deborah Norville nursing her infant son, Niki, was reportedly a factor in NBC's letting her go.

SHAKIN' BAKER

Here's a motive for hooking up to cable: Lynn Whitfield's Emmy award–winning performance in HBO's critically acclaimed *The Josephine Baker Story* as the legendary entertainer whose erotic dancing rocked *tout* Paris.

KEEP IT IN YOUR PANTS!

Charges and countercharges flew as William Kennedy Smith (top) was arrested for raping a Florida woman at the Kennedy family compound in Palm Beach over Easter weekend. Michele Cassone, a waitress who was also present at the compound, took advantage of her moment in the spotlight until *A Current Affair* reporter Steve Dunleavy confronted her on camera with explicit photos from a racy past she'd denied. So she bit him.

NOW YOU SEE 'EM, NOW YOU DON'T

The ad above was published in *Newsweek* February 4. Two weeks later, it reappeared—with the alteration shown in the inset. Even a hint of cleavage is too much for Disney.

SUBLIMINAL SEX

We'd say ad-agency artists are having fun with us. Check the ecstatic lip-smacker enjoying Cool Whip Lite and Macy's oh-so-erect wooden soldiers.

PRURIENT PASTRY

The Lutheran pastor who married porn star/parliamentarian Ilona "Cicciolina" Staller and sculptor Jeff Koons in Budapest imposed a condition: "No more advertising of free love." Hmmm. Did he see the cake?

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE ACTION JACKSONS

La Toya Jackson posed for *Playboy* to celebrate publication of her autobiography, in which she says her dad, Joseph (below), beat her. Abused her sexually, too, she told reporters. Her parents called, then canceled, a press conference to refute the allegations.

REACH OUT & TELEPORT SOMEONE

THE MASTER OF FUTURISM LOOKS LONG-DISTANCE AT THE NEXT WAVE IN COMMUNICATIONS

✶

AS THE CENTURY THAT SAW the birth of electronics and optoelectronics draws to a close, virtually everything we have wished to do in the field of telecommunications is now technically possible. The only limitations are financial, legal or political.

But, have we indeed reached the limits of communications technology? Men have always proclaimed that there is nothing more to invent, and they have always been proved wrong.

Electricity has been our most valuable and versatile tool for only a small fraction of human history—yet, see what it has done in its brief time. We are now uniting electron and photon to develop the science of optoelectronics, which will create devices whose names will be as familiar to our children as TV, video tape, CD, Comsat, laser and floppy disk are today—and as meaningless to us as those would have been to our grandparents.

Since the existence of radio waves would have been inconceivable just a few lifetimes ago, one cannot help wondering what other useful surprises nature has up her sleeve. The electromagnetic spectrum has been thoroughly explored—contrary to Edgar Rice Burroughs' hero John Carter, who discovered two new colors on Mars. But are there any other radiations and fields to be found, perhaps with properties that might make them even more valuable than radio waves?

It must have been 60 years since I encountered a story in *The Boy's Own Paper*—almost the only source of science fiction in my

ARTICLE BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BOSWICK

youth—about a telescope that allowed one to see through the solid earth and observe events on the other side. I doubt if the author went into technical details about his planet-piercing radiation; he probably talked glibly about X rays—after all, they go through solid matter, don't they?—and left it at that.

Amazingly, there are indeed rays—or rather particles, which in modern physics amount to the same thing—that can travel right through the earth as if it weren't there. The ghostly neutrino interacts so rarely with what we like to call solid matter that it could easily pass through a sheet of lead millions of miles thick.

Our nuclear reactors generate neutrinos in enormous quantities. If a neutrino source could be modulated to carry a signal, such a signal could be beamed straight through the earth, traveling from pole to pole in a fraction of a second. There would be none of the annoying time delays unavoidable with satellites in stationary orbit.

There are some practical difficulties. One way to modulate a neutrino source is to switch a nuclear reactor on and off. Nuclear reactors do not appreciate such treatment (*vide* Chernobyl), and even if one were specially designed for this purpose, the rate of data transmission would be about the same as the first transatlantic cable—a few words an hour.

And that is the least of the problems. To receive a message, you have to collect *something*, and because matter is so transparent to neutrinos, they are almost impossible to detect. To catch a neutrino, you would fill a tank with several hundred tons of liquid, in the hope that one or two particles a day of the quadrillions passing through might be unlucky enough to make a direct hit on a nucleus and produce a signal indicating their demise.

At the risk of having Clarke's first law—"When a distinguished but elderly scientist says that something is impossible, he is very probably wrong"—thrown at me once again, I will venture a daring prediction: No one will ever put a wrist-watch neutrinophone on the market.

If you think that neutrino communications is a hopeless prospect, here is an even more unlikely one.

According to Einstein's general theory, the universe is permeated by gravitational waves that travel at the speed of light. During the last quarter century, heroic attempts have been made to detect them, so far without success, but few scientists doubt their existence. Ever more sensitive instruments are now searching for them, however, and it seems unlikely that they will elude us much longer.

The difficulty of detecting gravitational waves is nothing compared to the problem of generating them. To get a power equivalent to that of a medium-sized radio station, you need to take a couple neutron stars (only a few kilometers across, but weighing several billion tons per spoonful) and shake well. Alternatively, trigger a supernova explosion, which will collapse a star to a neutron core that vibrates briskly for a few seconds. This will send the universe a message that says, if not "I'm here," then, at least, "I *was* here."

Even if neutrino beams and gravitational waves could be used for telecommunications, they would be limited by the speed of light. As we move out into the solar system, it would be really useful to have something move a lot faster than a miserable 186,000 miles a second. Because of this speed-of-light limit, a real-time conversation with anyone beyond the moon is highly impractical. You can fax your Mars office—but you wouldn't want to telephone it.

Contrary to popular opinion, many things move faster than light; it depends on what you mean by "things." Let me give an example familiar to most air travelers.

Airports have a line of strobe lights down the center of the runway that can be triggered in sequence to give a visual aid to a pilot making a night landing. From the air, it looks as if a bolt of lightning is hurtling along at enormous speed.

Obviously, the interval between flashes can be adjusted to any gap desired; the shorter it is, the quicker this visual phantom will appear to move down the runway. It would be easy to make it move faster than light; in fact, if the flashes were simultaneous, its speed would be infinite.

A little thought will show that nothing is *really* moving. No message—no *information*—is being transmitted. There are similar examples in physics and in everyday life. One of the most dramatic may be seen along a breakwater during a storm. As a line of waves moves toward a sea wall, the explosion of spray can race along the wall at an enormous speed; the smaller the angle of approach, the greater its velocity. When the approaching wave front is exactly parallel to the breakwater, spray erupts along its entire length simultaneously—i.e., the apparent speed is infinite. But nothing material is moving at more than a few score miles an hour.

Is there any way that we can ever break the light barrier? There are a few far-out possibilities.

Although Einstein's equations state that no object can travel at precisely the speed of light (because its mass would then be infinite), that does not rule out the existence of particles that can never travel slower than light. It is true that such particles (christened tachyons, meaning "swift ones") would have some odd properties; but who would have believed in the existence of neutrinos a few decades ago?

In any event, no one has been able to prove that tachyons are impossible, and we thus can conjure them into existence by applying the totalitarian principle, useful in many branches of physics and astronomy: "Anything that is not forbidden is compulsory." Whether we will be able to detect tachyons—still less use them—is another matter. Meanwhile, they have been a godsend to writers of science fiction.

Another godsend—to those who understand it, which does not include this writer—has been the notorious Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen paradox. According to this, under certain conditions, one particle can have an *instantaneous* influence on another, even if the two are light-years apart. Although the EPR paradox appears to have been confirmed in exquisitely sophisticated laboratory tests, debate continues as to what it really means. The majority opinion is that, even in theory, it will not permit supra-light-velocity transmission of signals. Too bad.

Some unorthodox scientists have invoked EPR and similarly weird quantum effects to explain a type of communication that probably does not exist—telepathy, or the direct contact between two human minds without any physical connection. There are so many apparently well-authenticated examples that I hesitate to dismiss it completely. However, even if natural telepathy does not occur, I have no doubt that future science will be able to provide an artificial variety. As we better understand brain function and the central nervous system, we may literally learn to read thoughts. To a limited extent, this exists already, with the bionic limbs now available to amputees. A person wearing such a prosthesis simply *wills* a movement—and electronics does the rest. I am not sure that I would altogether welcome a surgically embedded microchip to replace the telephone, but it's an interesting possibility—especially to the various military labs that are working on it at this very moment.

But enough of these humdrum, down-to-earth concepts. Let's consider the most speculative of all: teleportation—the long-distance transmission of material objects, including persons. Seemingly fantastic, and certainly unlikely, teleportation does not appear to be completely forbidden by the laws of physics. The required technology,

(concluded on page 193)

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

OUR COMPREHENSIVE PRE-SEASON GUIDE TO THE NATION'S TOP TEAMS AND PLAYERS

sports By GARY COLE

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
—King Henry IV, Part II

SO FAR AS WE KNOW, the Bard of Avon had no premonition of University of Nevada–Las Vegas' semifinal loss to Duke in Indianapolis last March when he penned the above line. But, if the pressure of being king of the hill all season—and attempting to be the first back-to-back national champion since John Wooden held court in Westwood—didn't beat the Runnin' Rebels, what did?

This is not to detract from the achievements of Mike Krzyzewski's splendid Duke team. Coach K. had been to the Final Four before—five out of the past six times, to be exact. So why shouldn't it be the Blue Devils' turn to wear the crown? Simply because Jerry Tarkanian's 1990–1991 UNLV team was the greatest collection of college basketball talent ever to hit the court.

Consider: Three of UNLV's starting five—Larry Johnson, Stacey Augmon and Greg Anthony—were taken in the first round of the N.B.A. draft. Center George Ackles was chosen in the second round. Anderson Hunt, the fifth starter, subsequently signed with the Boston Celtics. And when seven-foot Elmore Spencer, who came off the bench last season, finishes this season with the Rebels, he also may be a first-round N.B.A. pick.

And remember chemistry. These were the guys who humbled virtually the same Duke team two years ago; whose two star players, Johnson and Augmon, deferred millions of pro dollars so that UNLV could have a chance to repeat as national champs. This team was so good that even the N.C.A.A., an institution about as flexible as the Vatican, did a backflip by delaying UNLV's probation and ban on post-season play so the world could see the best team win it all again.

But when Johnson, with 17 seconds remaining, passed up an open jump shot that could have won the game, it was time for the pretender to take the throne.

And now the pressure of being the prohibitive favorite passes on to Duke. With his most important players returned, the cerebral Krzyzewski seems just the right fellow to craft another championship. Our hunch, however, is that the pressure of being the team to beat could bring him down. Plus, there's a Knight in Bloomington with his eye on the crown.

So without further ado, as the Bard would say, let's begin our annual tour of college basketball.

The 1991–1992 Indiana Hoosiers, led by Calbert Cheaney (40) and Eric Anderson, could win a fourth national championship for coach Bob Knight.

PLAYBOY'S TOP 25

1. Indiana	14. Virginia
2. Duke	15. Seton Hall
3. Arkansas	16. Georgetown
4. Ohio State	17. Iowa
5. North Carolina	18. Utah
6. Arizona	19. Louisville
7. Oklahoma State	20. Oklahoma
8. St. John's	21. Michigan
9. Kansas	22. DePaul
10. Connecticut	23. Memphis State
11. Louisiana State	24. Missouri
12. UCLA	25. Georgia Tech
13. Kentucky	

POSSIBLE BREAKTHROUGHS:
Alabama, Arizona St., Wake Forest, Notre Dame, UNLV, Massachusetts, Temple, Pepperdine, Villanova, Louisiana Tech, East Tennessee St., Princeton, Maine, South Carolina.

For a complete conference-by-conference listing of the predicted final standings, see page 174.

ATLANTIC COAST

Duke will dominate the A.C.C. and the nation if the pressure of being the favorite does not take its toll. After five visits to the Final Four, coach Mike Krzyzewski was clearly relieved to stand in the winner's circle. "This was so much fun, let's do it again," said coach K. With Christian Laettner, a Playboy All-America and the Final Four M.V.P., and three other starters returning, the coach may be more realist than prophet. Point guard Bobby Hurley now has the maturity to control the Blue Devils' offense; and the Hill boys, Thomas and Grant (no relation), can only improve. The fact that Krzyzewski lost Bill McCaffrey and Crawford Palmer to transfer is a tribute more to Duke's depth and the quality of its freshman class than a symptom of any weakness in the program. **North Carolina,** 29–6 and another Final Four participant last season, has terrific talent but probably not enough experience to take it to the top of the heap. Gone are Rick Fox, Pete Chilcutt and floor leader King Rice. Coach Dean Smith should have no trouble patching together a first-class offense, with forward George Lynch (12.5 points per game last season) ready to emerge as a scoring force inside as well as Eric Montross, a seven-foot sophomore. A tenacious defense, one trademark of Smith's teams, may take longer to develop. **Virginia** landed a strong recruiting class to go along with three returning starters. Second-year coach Jeff Jones hopes freshman Cory Alexander can replace graduated John Crotty at guard. The Cavaliers' best player is 6'5" forward Bryant Stith (19.8 p.p.g.). **Georgia Tech** lost only one starter, but what a starter he

STEPHEN HOWARD
ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE
DE PAUL UNIVERSITY
SHAQUILLE O'NEAL
CENTER
LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY
CLARENCE WEATHERSPOON
FORWARD
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI
JIM JACKSON
GUARD
OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY
MALIK SEALY
FORWARD
ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY
DON MACLEAN
FORWARD
UCLA

PLAYBOY'S 1992 ALL-AMERICA TEAM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARC HAUSER
SPECIAL THANKS TO GINGISS FORMALWEAR

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

Playboy's College Basketball Coach of the Year is ***RICK MAJERUS*** of the University of Utah. Last season, Majerus led the Utes to a 30–4 record, a Western Athletic Conference championship, a top-ten national ranking and into the Sweet Sixteen of the N.C.A.A. championship tournament. Majerus previously coached at Ball State, where he posted a two-season record of 43–17, and at Marquette, where his teams finished 56–35.

JIM JACKSON—Guard, 6'6", junior, Ohio State. Big Ten Player of the Year last season, Jackson averaged 18.9 points per game while shooting 52 percent from the floor. Led Buckeyes in steals with 55.

HAROLD MINER—Guard, 6'5", junior, Southern California. Led his team in scoring with an average 23.5 points per game. Has more points in his first two years than any previous Pac Ten player.

ALLAN HOUSTON—Guard, 6'6", junior, Tennessee. The S.E.C. tournament M.V.P., averaging 24.5 points per game. Only the second player in Volunteer history to total more than 1000 points after two seasons.

TODD DAY—Guard, 6'8", senior, Arkansas. Already first in career three-point field goals for Razorbacks with 169. Needs only 172 points to become Arkansas' all-time leading scorer. Two-time Playboy All-America.

MALIK SEALY—Forward, 6'8", senior, St. John's. Led his team in scoring with 22.1 points per game and rebounding with 7.7 per game. His 707 points last season were the second-highest season total in school history.

CLARENCE WEATHERSPOON—Forward, 6'7", senior, Southern Mississippi. Averaged 17.8 points and 12.2 rebounds per game. Shot 59 percent from the floor last season.

DON MACLEAN—Forward, 6'10", senior, UCLA. Enters season as the highest-scoring active college player in nation with 1947 points. Already owns Bruin career free-throw mark with 514. Two-time Playboy All-America.

CHRISTIAN LAETTNER—Forward, 6'11", senior, Duke. (Not pictured.) Led Duke in points, rebounds, steals and blocked shots. M.V.P. of Final Four after scoring 46 points in two games.

ALONZO MOURNING—Center, 6'10", senior, Georgetown. Dominating defensive player for past three seasons. Has 1320 career points. Three-time Playboy All-America.

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL—Center, 7'2", junior, Louisiana State. Leading rebounder in nation last season with 14.6 per game. Averaged 27.6 points and five blocked shots per game. Named 1991 College Player of the Year by A.P. and U.P.I. Two-time Playboy All-America.

BEST OF THE REST

GUARDS: Steve Rogers (Alabama State), Tony Bennett (Wisconsin–Green Bay), Terry Dehere (Seton Hall), Litterial Green (Georgia), Walt Williams (Maryland), Lee Mayberry (Arkansas), Chris Smith (Connecticut), Alphonso Ford (Mississippi Valley State), Terrell Lowery (Loyola Marymount), Anfernee Hardaway (Memphis State), Bobby Hurley, Thomas Hill (Duke), Damon Bailey (Indiana), Anthony Peeler (Missouri), James Robinson (Alabama), Jim McCoy (Massachusetts), Doug Christie (Pepperdine), Randy Woods (La Salle), Mark Brisker (Stetson), Sean Miller (Pittsburgh), Brent Price (Oklahoma), Henry Williams (North Carolina–Charlotte).

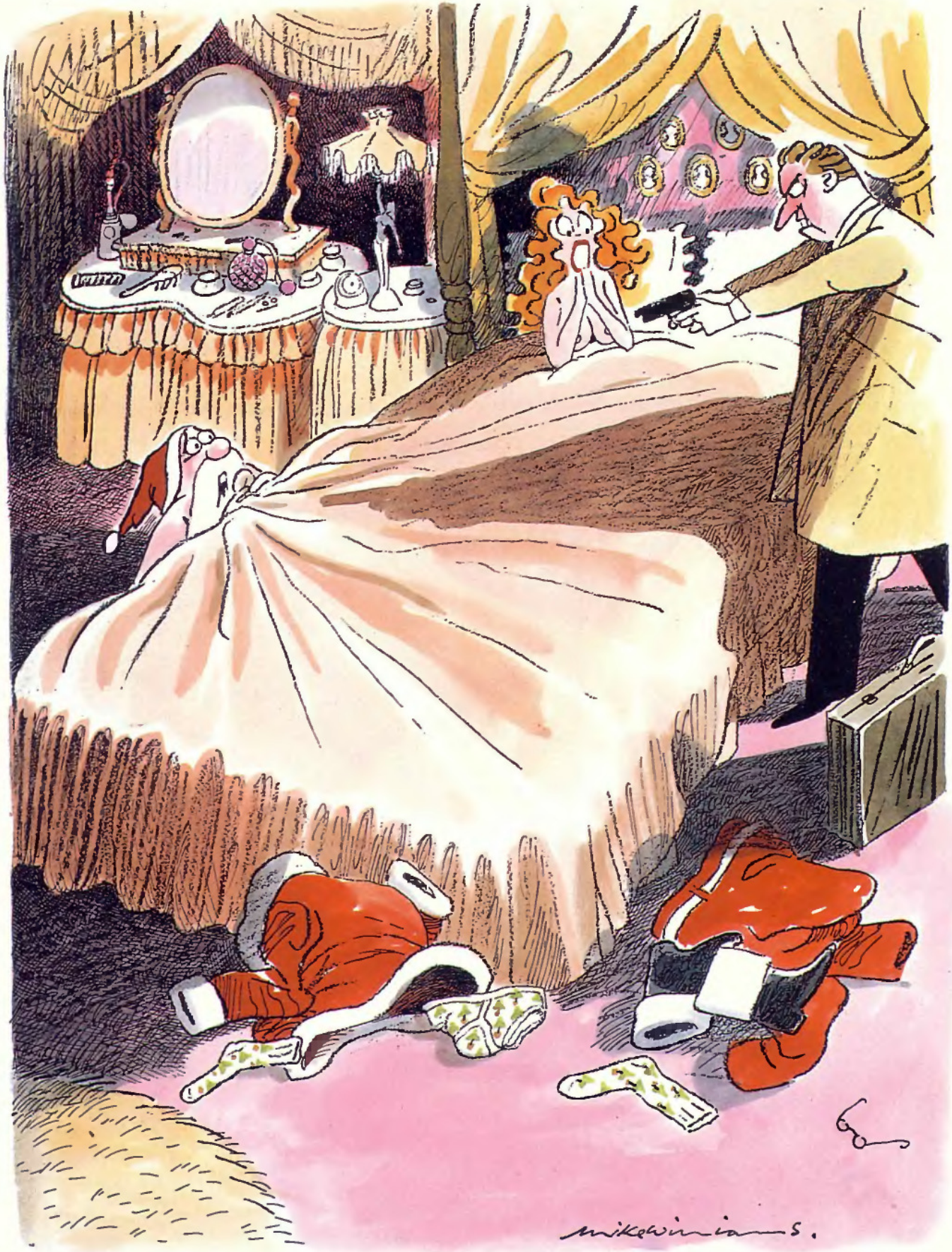
FORWARDS: Damon Key (Marquette), Byron Houston (Oklahoma State), Adam Keefe (Stanford), Colbert Cheaney, Eric Anderson (Indiana), Bryant Stith (Virginia), Josh Grant (Utah), Jeff Webster (Oklahoma), David Booth (DePaul), Mik Kilgore (Temple), Doug Edwards (Florida State), Robert Horry (Alabama), LaPhonso Ellis (Notre Dame), Vin Baker (Hartford), Tom Gugliotta (North Carolina State), Ashraf Amaya (Southern Illinois), Grant Hill (Duke), Joe Harvell (Mississippi), Rodney Rogers, Chris King (Wake Forest), Dave Johnson (Syracuse), Chris Mills (Arizona), Kendrick Warren (Virginia Commonwealth), Kevin Roberson (Vermont).

CENTERS: Acie Earl (Iowa), Oliver Miller (Arkansas), P. J. Brown (Louisiana Tech), Ervin Johnson (New Orleans), Sean Rooks (Arizona), Robert Werdann (St. John's), Ronald Jones (Murray State), Elmore Spencer (UNLV), Daren Engellant (Montana), Reggie Smith (Texas Christian), Ron Reis (Santa Clara).

was. Kenny Anderson, a 1991 Playboy All-America and the best college guard in the nation last season, skipped his final two years of college for the N.B.A. Coach Bobby Cremins, who spurned the head coaching job at Notre Dame to stay in Atlanta, lost no time recruiting Travis Best, whose credentials include an 81-point scoring effort in a high school game last season. After five straight losing seasons, **Wake Forest** basketball fortunes took a turn for the better under coach Dave Odom. The Demon Deacons return four starters from a 19–11 squad that includes the formidable forward tandem of Rodney Rogers (16.3 p.p.g.) and Chris King (15.1 p.p.g.). This team will surprise some of its more heralded conference opponents. With the loss of Chris Corchiani and Rodney Monroe, it's rebuilding time at **North Carolina State.** Coach Les Robinson may have a future first-round N.B.A. pick in 6'9" forward Tom Gugliotta (15.2 p.p.g.). **Florida State,** last year's Metro Conference champ, plays its first season in the A.C.C. The Seminoles' best player is junior forward Doug Edwards (16.4 p.p.g.). **Maryland's** success will largely depend on the play of 6'8" guard Walt Williams, who missed half of the past season with a broken leg. Coach Gary Williams has enough bodies to run his all-out pressing defense and fast-break offense as much as he pleases. **Clemson,** which last season experienced tough sledding in the conference (2–12) with 6'11" Dale Davis at center, will find the going even tougher without him.

ATLANTIC TEN

Temple will still be the best team in the conference despite losing four-year starter Mark Macon and seven-foot Donald Hodge to the N.B.A. Coach John Chaney does have experience in returning players Mik Kilgore (14 p.p.g.), Vic Carstarphen and Mark Strickland, but Temple will need strong performances from some of its understudies if it is to make any noise outside the conference. If coach John Calipari had more size in the middle, **Massachusetts** would be ready to make a splash on the national scene. It has a veteran scoring punch in guard Jim McCoy (18.9 p.p.g.) and 6'6" forward Tony Barbee (15.3 p.p.g.). Bigger opponents, however, will present a problem for the Minutemen. **West Virginia** should be much improved, since six experienced players will return. The best of them is point guard Mike Boyd. **St. Joseph's, Duquesne, George Washington** and **Rutgers** are all competitive, as the conference continues its over-all improvement. St. Joe's sophomore guard Bernard *(continued on page 171)*



"I had to give her something. I ran out of presents."

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

Cancel lunch. Reschedule your appointments. Tell the guys there's no time for football. Tell them you have to call the Playmates. The 12 most beautiful women in the world are waiting by the phone. Waiting for you. You can help decide which one spends 1992 as our Playmate of the Year. The winner drives a shiny new car to the bank, along with her $100,000 cash prize—and you might make out almost as well. To join the party, call our hotline (the cover charge is three dollars per minute). Tell us your choice for P.M.O.Y. and hear her recorded message. But be ready for more: Some phonemates will speak to their Playmates live. And the luckiest caller wins a trip for two to Los Angeles for the Playmate of the Year party at Playboy Mansion West, with luxury hotel accommodations, tours of the Playboy photo studios and Universal Studios—plus $500 in folding money. For details, see page 173. For a shot at a love connection with your favorite Playmate, pick up the phone now.

Last year, some lucky callers made person-to-person connections with Playmate of the Year 1991 Lisa Matthews (left). Want to help choose Lisa's successor? Call right now.

HELP US CHOOSE! CALL THE PLAYMATE HOTLINE. SEE PAGE 173.

The Playmates of 1991 want to know who you think should reign as our Playmate of the Year 1992. This competition is friendly—forget what you've heard about the cattiness of gorgeous women; you won't find it here—but the stakes are high. Your decision will be divinely difficult, as the next 11 pages prove. But when you make your choice, don't delay. Seize the phone, call the hotline (in Canada, 1-800-722-6172) and make your Playmate's day.

MISS JANUARY—01

MISS MARCH—03

MISS FEBRUARY—02

MISS JULY—07

MISS MAY—05

MISS APRIL—04

MISS AUGUST—08

MISS JUNE—06

MISS SEPTEMBER—09

MISS NOVEMBER—11

MISS OCTOBER—10

MISS DECEMBER—12

Miss August

CORINNA HARNEY

Budding poet Corinna (left) thrilled at the sight of her verses published in these pages last summer—a thrill enhanced by the many letters she received from blissful *Playboy* readers. Wrote one: "We need more poets in the world!" Inspired to return to school this year, our literary Las Vegas Playmate has her sights set on a writer's life when her modeling days are through.

Miss January

STACY ARTHUR

On her Playmate Data Sheet, Stacy (right) confided her ambition: "To become a successful country singer." Not one to wait on fate, this Ohioan—a mother of three and a top-ten finalist in the 1990 Mrs. America Pageant—headed into a Nashville studio last fall between modeling gigs. With her hopes roped to an Opryland debut, Stacy aims to become our first C&W P.M.O.Y.

Miss September

SAMANTHA DORMAN

When we checked in with Samantha (left), she was hanging out at her parents' barbecue restaurant in North Carolina—the best smokehouse sales' tool south of the Mason-Dixon line. Her goals haven't changed a jot since her splash on the pages of *Playboy*. A jet-set vet and model for nearly a decade, this down-to-earth beauty is aiming for a career in marine biology.

Miss March

JULIE CLARKE

In and out of more bikinis than she could count last year, Julie (right) parlayed her bronzed assets and centerfold celebrity into the glamourous life of a swimwear model. An agent in Paris wants to sign "Jules" (as friends call her) to dazzle Europe. But the 20-year-old Florida beauty, who now lives in Tampa, says she may kick back in 1992—swim in the ocean, ride and go back to school.

Miss July

WENDY KAYE

The last time you saw her on these pages, Wendy (left) was draped in red, white and blue ribbons, waving Fourth of July sparklers. Our patriotic Playmate has since ridden a float in Manhattan's Desert Storm parade and graced the greens in a golf benefit for the families of Servicemen killed in the war. This small-screen siren is now co-hosting Santa Barbara's *Around the Town Live* show.

Miss April

CHRISTINA LEARDINI

"I've had a total personality change—my goals have changed completely!" reports Christina (left) of life since her issue hit the stands. Before her *Playboy* debut, Miss April was a domestic goddess—happy at home in Florida, cooking, cleaning and caring for her husband and young son. Since the spring, Mrs. Mom, 23 years old in January, has added a blossoming career as a model.

Miss May

CARRIE JEAN YAZEL

A practical girl in a town full of flakes, Carrie (right) took an office job in Los Angeles when she launched her career as a model/actress last spring. After quick successes on commercials and TV series, including appearances on the newly syndicated *Baywatch* and NBC's *Blossom*, Carrie is now ready to quit her day job. The best news from a year of Playmate fame? "I got engaged!"

Miss October

CHERYL BACHMAN

Jacksonville whipped itself into a late-summer frenzy when Cheryl (right) stepped into *Playboy*'s limelight. *The Florida Times-Union* ran a feature story and followed it with a phone survey (more people liked the story on Cheryl than didn't—big news!). Then the savvy civic fathers offered Miss October a key to the city. "Isn't that *wild*?" she asks. Naah. It's perfectly understandable.

Miss February

CRISTY THOM

Cristy (left) wore holes in the soles of her traveling shoes last year. Between auditions and acting classes, the aspiring screen star let modeling pay her way to such far-flung backdrops as China, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Mexico and the Maldives. The money was nice and seeing the sights was lots of fun, but this Los Angeles native has her heart set on making good in her home town.

Miss June

SASKIA LINSSEN

"I don't want to get stuck all my life," Holland's Saskia (right) told us when we met her in England. Saskia, whose English is a shade less spectacular than her metric measurements—97-68-97—means she abhors routine. She avoided it in 1991, communing with nature and turning heads all over Europe, while our Dutch edition sold 150 life-sized Saskia torsos to art-loving readers.

Miss November

TONJA CHRISTENSEN

Her mom was glad when Tonja (left) became a Playmate last year—it brought the adventurous 20-year-old back from Spain to meet her new fans on this side of the Atlantic. Born and raised in Utah, Miss November traveled to Europe with a friend, then settled in Sitges, a resort town near Barcelona. Now she auditions *en español y catalán* for modeling and acting jobs.

Miss December

WENDY HAMILTON

Would she like to be in music videos? On television shows? In the movies? "Yeah, all of them!" replies Wendy (right), laughing. A recent Hollywood transplant, this Detroit native is not letting the L.A. run-around get her down. If she shows up for an audition and sees 100 beautiful girls in line ahead of her, "I mentally block them out. It's like I don't even see them. I'm there for *me*."

May you all find comfort during this holiday season.

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"At least five Big East teams are capable of making big noise on the national basketball scene this season."

Blunt (18.8 p.p.g.) is an outstanding player. Coach John Griffin left a vice president's job at PaineWebber before last season to take control of the Hawks' program. Duquesne will field a bigger, more physical team than it has in recent seasons. Derrick Alston, a 6'10" sophomore who is still growing, will be the Dukes' impact player. George Washington, which got a taste of post-season action in the N.I.T. after posting a 19–12 record last season, could be back for more behind the play of forward Sonni Holland and guard Dirkk Surles.

BIG EAST

At least five Big East teams are capable of making big noise on the national basketball scene this season. With **St. John's,** Lou "I Never Saw a Sweater I Didn't Like" Carnesecca's team has enough talent and experience to go all the way to the Final Four. The centerpiece of likable Lou's entourage is Playboy All-America forward Malik Sealy, the quickest 6'8" player in the nation. Point guard Jason Buchanan and hulking 6'11" center Robert Werdann complement Sealy's skills perfectly. **Connecticut** coach Jim Calhoun landed a recruiting class that is second only to Michigan's stellar group. Calhoun's challenge will be to meld these freshmen with the four returning starters from last season's 20–11 squad. Guard Chris Smith (18.9 p.p.g.) is Calhoun's prime player, with Scott Burrell (12.7 p.p.g.) and 6'9" Rod Sellers in important supporting roles for the Huskies. Since P. J. Carlesimo took over as coach nine years ago, **Seton Hall** has made a habit of exceeding the expectations of the experts. Last year, the Pirates (25–9) won the Big East championship tournament and got all the way to an N.C.A.A. regional championship game before being eliminated by UNLV. With Terry Dehere—the top returning backcourt scorer (19.8 p.p.g.) in the conference—a deep bench and some talented newcomers, the Hall will again be extremely competitive. At **Georgetown,** Playboy All-America Alonzo Mourning should have the most productive season of his collegiate career now that he returns full-time to his natural position at center. Last season, Mourning shared time at center or was bumped to forward by 7'2" Dikembe Mutombo. Now that Mutombo has taken his awesome shot-blocking skills to the N.B.A., Georgetown may intimidate less and win more. The Hoyas need a stronger performance from the outside, where three-point shooting has been a weakness. Coach Rollie Massimino has everyone back from last season's 17–15 **Villanova** team. The Wildcats will be big on the front line, with 6'11" Anthony Pelle getting the nod at center and 6'9" Marc Dowdell at forward. Swing man Lance Miller (15 p.p.g.) should again lead the team in scoring and rebounding. In the backcourt, Massimino should get consistent play from Greg Woodard and Chris Walker, who are in their third seasons as starters. **Providence** will miss the smooth ball-handling skills and scoring touch of graduated Eric Murdock, who last year accounted for 30 percent of the Friars' points. Senior forward Marques Bragg (12.2 p.p.g.) will have to take over as team scorer and leader. If any of **Syracuse's** Big East opponents harbor a grudge against the Orangemen for averaging better than 27 wins the past six seasons, this would be the time to seek revenge. Three starters return, but the two that will not were the heart and muscle of last season's 26–6 team. LeRon Ellis exhausted his collegiate eligibility and superstar Billy Owens decided to forgo his senior year. Both now call the N.B.A. home. Coach Jim Boeheim failed to recruit a big-time big man; unless 6'10" Conrad McRae steps in with authority, the Orangemen will have to do most of their damage outside. Things look even dimmer for coach Paul Evans and **Pittsburgh.** The Panthers lost four starters from last year's team, each of whom scored 1000 points in his career. Lone returning starter Sean Miller, a 6'1" point guard, will be joined by 6'10" Darren Morningstar and forward Chris McNeal, understudies hoping to hit it big in featured roles. The pleasure of joining the Big East conference will belong to **Miami's** football team, not to the Hurricane hoopsters. Miami, which last season won only nine games as an independent under first-year coach Leonard Hamilton, will find the going tough in one of the nation's most competitive conferences. The Canes return three starters and add center Constantin Popa from Romania. Despite the fact that Popa is 7'3", the Canes will still come up short.

BIG EIGHT

The Big Eight was bullish last season. Five teams qualified for post-season play. (Missouri was ineligible because of an N.C.A.A. probation.) Kansas finished second to national champ Duke, Oklahoma finished second and Colorado third in the N.I.T., while Oklahoma State reached the N.C.A.A.'s final 16. Big Eight teams combined for a 161–97 record, and only two (Iowa State and Kansas State) had losing records. This season, the strength of the conference is concentrated in four teams, while the other four look to rebuild. **Oklahoma State** is the team to beat, because the Cowboys return 6'7" center-forward Byron Houston (22.7 p.p.g.), one of the nation's most underrated players. Houston, already OSU's all-time career scoring leader (1691 points) is a collegiate version of Charles Barkley. Eddie Sutton, beginning his second year as the Cowboys' coach, knows how to win, as his 454–172 career record demonstrates. Since taking over at **Kansas** three years ago, coach Roy Williams has posted 19–12, 30–5 and 27–8 records, each year not only surpassing the expectations of KU's fans but also working wonders with the basketball talent at hand. With Williams, the whole is truly greater than the parts. This season will be no exception. Three starters from last season's national champ runner-up have departed, including center Mark Randall, now in the N.B.A. Guard Adonis Jordan and forward Alonzo Jamison, however, return, and Williams has added Rex Walters, a transfer from Northwestern. It's difficult to determine the stars of this season's Jayhawks, but Williams' team concept will make Kansas a winner again. **Oklahoma** appeared to be loaded last season, but three starters were declared academically ineligible at the start of the season. The Sooners never completely recovered, missing the N.C.A.A. tournament for the first time since 1982. Coach Billy Tubbs' charges aren't likely to miss the big show this time. Big Eight Newcomer of the Year Jeff Webster (18.3 p.p.g.) and guard Brent Price (17.5 p.p.g.) lead the cast of returnees. Damon Patterson, who was redshirted last season, will also be back. **Missouri** is once again eligible for post-season play. It will probably make some tournament headway, thanks to the talents of guard Anthony Peeler (19.4 p.p.g.) and 6'9" forward Jevon Crudup, who missed the final 15 games of last season because of a broken wrist. Doug Smith, a Tiger mainstay in the paint for the past four years, has moved to the N.B.A. and star forward Jamal Coleman has been suspended from school, pending an appeal. For the remainder of the conference, it's rebuilding time. Coming off its most successful season ever (26–8), **Nebraska** loses four starters—including 7'2" Rich King, the school's first first-round N.B.A. pick. Coach Danny Nee grabbed three junior college players in an attempt to fill the gap. **Iowa State** loses center Victor Alexander (23.4 p.p.g.). Coach Johnny Orr has recruited well, bringing in 6'11" Loren Meyer and Iowa Mr. Basketball Fred Hoiberg. The Cyclones, however, are a year or two away from challenging the conference front runners. Second-year **Kansas State** coach Dana Altman thinks his recruiting class is

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strong. He also thinks Gaylon Nickerson, a first-team Junior College All-American last season, will turn some heads. **Colorado** coach Joe Harrington also went the junior college route, adding forward Mark Dean and center Poncho Hodges. The Buffaloes, who lost 6'10" center Shaun Vandiver and two other starters from last season, will be hurting until some younger players gain experience.

BIG SKY

It will be a four-team photo finish in the Big Sky this season. We'll take **Montana** by a nose, because of returning 6'10" all-conference center Daren Engellant and flashy forward Delvon Anderson. The Grizzlies are the defending conference champs, having won the dubious honor of facing Nevada–Las Vegas in the first round of last season's N.C.A.A. tournament. In second, we have the other **Nevada,** the one in Reno. Best player for the Wolf Pack is center Ric Herrin, who averaged 18.2 p.p.g. last season and led the conference in rebounding. **Idaho** coach Larry Eustachy has again heavily recruited the junior colleges. Orlando Lightfoot, who originally signed with Oklahoma, should make an immediate impact, as should 6'10" center Frank Waters. Junior Tanoka Beard (17.7 p.p.g.) is a strong enough player to keep **Boise State** in contention this season. The 6'9" junior center will get help from returning forward Billy Fikes and some junior college talent.

BIG SOUTH

Coastal Carolina will shoot for its fifth consecutive Big South title this season. The Fighting Chanticleers were 13–1 in the conference last season and blew away Jackson State in the play-in game for an N.C.A.A. tournament berth. They then made a great run at Indiana in the first round of the Southeast Regional before losing, 79–69. Coach Russ Bergman, who was under consideration for head coaching jobs at Northern Illinois, Toledo, Murray State and South Carolina in the off season, decided to stay put. One reason is that 6'7" forward Tony Dunkin, two-time Big South Player of the Year, is still only a junior. The other is that Bergman landed his best recruiting class in 16 years and wants to watch it develop. With four returning starters, including hot-shot guard Doug Day (20.2 p.p.g.), **Radford** should also be in contention. New head coach Ron Bradley will try to keep the Highlanders on the pace that netted them 22 wins last season. **Davidson** figures to improve last year's ten-win total. Big man Detlef Musch, a 6'11" junior, gives the Wildcats plenty of size in the middle. **North Carolina–Asheville** has an even bigger candidate for its center spot: 7'2" Scott Barnes. But the best of the Bulldogs may be the smallest: 5'8" point guard Jeff Lippard.

BIG TEN

That other coach K., the Robert Montgomery one, has another powerhouse team this year at **Indiana.** The Hoosiers, who finished 29–5 last season, didn't lose anybody and added 6'9" Alan Henderson and seven-foot Todd Lindeman, the tallest Hoosier roundballer since Uwe Blab. Coach Knight's best player is junior Calbert Cheaney, who should increase his 21.6 p.p.g. average from last season. Knight, already enshrined in the Basketball Hall of Fame, has three national championships in his pocket. With Eric Anderson in the middle and Damon Bailey outside, an all-coach-K. confrontation at the finals in Minneapolis is more than a remote possibility. One of Bob Knight's former Indiana recruits, 6'9" Lawrence Funderburke, could come back to haunt him. Funderburke, who sat out last year after leaving Bloomington when he couldn't adjust to Knight or Indiana, will be eligible to play for **Ohio State** when the winter quarter begins. Buckeye coach Randy Ayers doesn't need Funderburke to do it all for OSU, because he has Playboy All-America Jim Jackson (18.9 p.p.g.). **Iowa,** picked by most pre-season pundits to finish in the bottom half of the conference last year, won 21 games and made the N.C.A.A. tournament—thanks in large part to the play of 6'10" center Acie Earl, who averaged 16.3 p.p.g. and 6.7 rebounds. Coach Tom Davis likes to play a lot of people, and with all starters from last season returning, he'll have plenty of bodies to use. The Hawkeyes snuck up on some teams last year; this year they will simply confront them. If a trophy were awarded for best freshman recruits, it would sit on Steve Fisher's desk in Ann Arbor. **Michigan** landed 6'11" forward Chris Weber, Michigan's Mr. Basketball, and 6'9" Juwan Howard, considered by many to be the best high school center in the nation. Not content to stop there, Fisher added 6'8" Jalen Rose from Detroit and 6'4" guard Jimmy King. Fisher's challenge now will be to mix this influx of talent with returning starters Michael Talley (11 p.p.g.), Kirk Taylor and 6'11" center Eric Riley. The Wolverines will be formidable this season. Next year, look out. **Michigan State** failed to live up to pre-season expectations last season. It never found a consistent scorer to go with 1991 Playboy All-America guard Steve Smith and finished a disappointing 19–11. With Smith in the N.B.A., coach Jud Heathcote's four returning starters must find a new team leader to put points on the board. Forward Matt Steigenga (12.6 p.p.g.) is a likely candidate. **Illinois** overachieved its way to a 21–10 record last season. The Illini were hampered by an N.C.A.A. probation that limited scholarships and prohibited them from participating in post-season play. The scholarship limitations are still in effect,

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PLAYBOY'S 1992 COLLEGE

ATLANTIC COAST

*1. DUKE	6. NORTH CAROLINA STATE
*2. NORTH CAROLINA	7. FLORIDA STATE
*3. VIRGINIA	8. MARYLAND
*4. GEORGIA TECH	9. CLEMSON
*5. WAKE FOREST	

STANDOUTS: Christian Laettner, Grant Hill, Thomas Hill, Bobby Hurley (Duke); George Lynch, Hubert Davis, Eric Montross (North Carolina); Bryant Stith (Virginia); Malcolm Mackey, Jon Barry, Travis Best (Georgia Tech); Rodney Rogers, Chris King (Wake Forest); Tom Gugliotta (North Carolina St.); Doug Edwards, Charlie Ward (Florida St.); Walt Williams (Maryland).

ATLANTIC TEN

*1. TEMPLE	6. GEORGE WASHINGTON
*2. MASSACHUSETTS	7. RUTGERS
3. WEST VIRGINIA	8. ST. BONAVENTURE
4. ST. JOSEPH'S	9. RHODE ISLAND
5. DUQUESNE	

STANDOUTS: Mik Kilgore, Mark Strickland, Vic Carstarphen (Temple); Jim McCoy, Tony Barbee, Harper Williams (Massachusetts); Tracy Shelton, Mike Boyd (West Virginia); Bernard Blunt, Rap Curry, Craig Amos (St. Joseph's); Derrick Alston, Alan Watkins (Duquesne); Sonni Holland, Dirkk Surles (George Washington); Mike Jones, Daryl Smith (Rutgers); Jason Brower (St. Bonaventure).

BIG EAST

*1. ST. JOHN'S	6. PROVIDENCE
*2. CONNECTICUT	7. SYRACUSE
*3. SETON HALL	8. PITTSBURGH
*4. GEORGETOWN	9. MIAMI
*5. VILLANOVA	10. BOSTON COLLEGE

STANDOUTS: Malik Sealy, Jason Buchanan, Robert Werdann (St. John's); Chris Smith, Scott Burrell (Connecticut); Terry Oehere, Jerry Walker, Luther Wright (Seton Hall); Alonzo Mourning, Charles Harrison (Georgetown); Lance Miller, Greg Woodard (Villanova); Marques Bragg, Dickie Simpkins (Providence); Dave Johnson, Adrian Autry (Syracuse); Sean Miller, Eric Mobley (Pittsburgh); Jerome Scott (Miami).

BIG EIGHT

*1. OKLAHOMA STATE	5. NEBRASKA
*2. KANSAS	6. IOWA STATE
*3. OKLAHOMA	7. KANSAS STATE
*4. MISSOURI	8. COLORADO

STANDOUTS: Byron Houston, Sean Sutton, Darwyn Alexander (Oklahoma St.); Alonzo Jamison, Adonis Jordan (Kansas); Jeff Webster, Brent Price (Oklahoma); Anthony Peeler, Jevon Crudup (Missouri); Carl Hayes, Eric Piatkowski (Nebraska); Justus Thigpen (Iowa St.); Gaylon Nickerson, Wylie Howard (Kansas St.); Billy Law, James Hunter (Colorado).

BIG SKY

*1. MONTANA	6. WEBER STATE
2. NEVADA	7. EASTERN WASHINGTON
3. IDAHO	
4. BOISE STATE	8. IDAHO STATE
5. MONTANA STATE	9. NORTHERN ARIZONA

STANDOUTS: Daren Engellant, Delvon Anderson, Roger Fasting (Montana); Ric Herrin, Kevin Soares, Bryan Thomasson (Nevada); Orlando Lightfoot, Deon Watson (Idaho); Tanoka Beard, Billy Fikes (Boise St.); Johnny Mack, Willard Dean (Montana St.); David Baldwin, Al Hamilton (Weber St.); Miguel Johnson (Eastern Washington).

BIG SOUTH

*1. COASTAL CAROLINA	5. WINTHROP
2. RADFORD	6. CAMPBELL
3. DAVIDSON	7. AUGUSTA
4. NORTH CAROLINA–ASHEVILLE	8. BAPTIST
	9. LIBERTY

STANDOUTS: Tony Dunkin, Eddie Lesaine, J. J. Foster (Coastal Carolina); Doug Day, Chris Hawkins (Radford); Detlef Musch, Jason Zimmerman (Davidson); Derek Borden (North Carolina–Asheville); George Henson, LaShawn Coulter (Winthrop); Joe Spinks, Mark Mocnik (Campbell).

BIG TEN

*1. INDIANA	6. ILLINOIS
*2. OHIO STATE	7. MINNESOTA
*3. IOWA	8. PURDUE
*4. MICHIGAN	9. WISCONSIN
*5. MICHIGAN STATE	10. NORTHWESTERN

STANDOUTS: Calbert Cheaney, Eric Anderson, Damon Bailey (Indiana); Jim Jackson, Mark Baker, Jamaal Brown (Ohio St.); Acie Earl, James Moses (Iowa); Eric Riley, Michael Talley, Chris Weber (Michigan); Matt Steigenga, Mark Montgomery (Michigan St.); Deon Thomas (Illinois); Randy Carter, Dana Jackson (Minnesota); Craig Riley (Purdue); Tracy Webster (Wisconsin); Pat Baldwin, Kevin Rankin (Northwestern).

BIG WEST

1. NEVADA–LAS VEGAS	6. UTAH STATE
*2. LONG BEACH STATE	7. CAL STATE FULLERTON
3. FRESNO STATE	
4. NEW MEXICO STATE	8. CALIFORNIA–IRVINE
5. CALIFORNIA–SANTA BARBARA	9. SAN JOSE STATE
	10. PACIFIC

STANDOUTS: Elmore Spencer, J. R. Rider, Evric Gray (Nevada–Las Vegas); Lucious Harris, Bryon Russell (Long Beach St.); Tod Bernard, Wilbert Hooker (Fresno St.); Eric Taylor, William Benjamin (New Mexico St.); Lucius Davis, Ray Kelly (Cal–Santa Barbara); Kendall Youngblood (Utah St.); Joe Small (Cal St. Fullerton); Jeff Von Lutzow, Craig Marshall (Cal–Irvine).

COLONIAL

*1. RICHMOND	6. GEORGE MASON
2. JAMES MADISON	7. EAST CAROLINA
3. OLD DOMINION	8. NORTH CAROLINA–WILMINGTON
4. AMERICAN	
5. WILLIAM & MARY	

STANDOUTS: Curtis Blair, Kenny Wood (Richmond); Jeff Chambers, Troy Bostic (James Madison); Ricardo Leonard, Keith Jackson (Old Dominion); Brian Gilgeous, Craig Sedmak (American); Scott Smith, Thomas Roberts (William & Mary); Byron Tucker (George Mason); Lester Lyons, Ike Copeland, Curley Young (East Carolina); Matt Fish (North Carolina–Wilmington).

EAST COAST

*1. TOWSON STATE	5. BROOKLYN COLLEGE
2. RIDER	6. CENTRAL CONNECTICUT STATE
3. MARYLAND–BALTIMORE COUNTY	7. BUFFALO
4. HOFSTRA	

STANDOUTS: Devin Boyd, Chuck Lightening (Towson St.); Darrick Suber, William Kinsel (Rider); Oana Harris, Derell Thompson (Maryland–Baltimore County); Demetrius Dudley (Hofstra); Rafael Solis (Brooklyn); Kevin Swann (Central Connecticut St.); Robbie Middlebrooks (Buffalo).

GREAT MIDWEST

*1. DE PAUL	5. ST. LOUIS
*2. MEMPHIS STATE	6. ALABAMA–BIRMINGHAM
3. MARQUETTE	
4. CINCINNATI	

STANDOUTS: David Booth, Stephen Howard (DePaul); Anfernee Hardaway, Todd Mundt (Memphis St.); Damon Key, Jim McIlvaine, Ron Curry (Marquette); Herbert Jones, Corie Blount (Cincinnati); Melvin Robinson, Quitman Dillard (St. Louis); Elbert Rogers, Stanley Jackson (Alabama–Birmingham).

IVY LEAGUE

*1. PRINCETON	5. YALE
2. PENNSYLVANIA	6. COLUMBIA
3. BROWN	7. HARVARD
4. CORNELL	8. DARTMOUTH

STANDOUTS: Sean Jackson, Chris Marquardt, Matt Eastwick (Princeton); Will McAllister, Ken Graf, Paul Chambers (Pennsylvania); Chuck Savage, Rick Lloyd (Brown); Shawn Maharaj, Rich Medina (Cornell); Michael Lombard, Gregg Frame (Dartmouth).

METRO

*1. LOUISVILLE	5. NORTH CAROLINA–CHARLOTTE
*2. TULANE	6. SOUTH FLORIDA
3. SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI	7. VIRGINIA TECH
4. VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH	

STANDOUTS: Everick Sullivan, Cornelius Holden (Louisville); Anthony Reed, David Whitmore, Kim Lewis (Tulane); Clarence Weatherspoon (Southern Mississippi); Kendrick Warren, Eric Atkins (Virginia Commonwealth); Henry Williams, Jarvis Lang (North Carolina–Charlotte); Raderiko Dobras, Gary Alexander (South Florida); John Rivers (Virginia Tech).

METRO ATLANTIC

*1. LA SALLE	6. LOYOLA–MARYLAND
2. MANHATTAN	7. FAIRFIELD
3. IONA	8. CANISIUS
4. SIENA	9. ST. PETER'S
5. NIAGARA	

STANDOUTS: Randy Woods, Jack Hurd (La Salle); Keith Bullock, Russ Williams (Manhattan); Derrick Canada, Antoine Lewis (Iona); Bruce Schroeder, Lee Matthews (Siena); Brian Clifford, Clint Holtz (Niagara); Kevin Green, Tracy Bergan (Loyola–Maryland); Drew Henderson, Lewis George (Fairfield); Harry Seymour, Ed Book (Canisius); Antoine Allen (St. Peter's).

MID-AMERICAN

*1. OHIO UNIVERSITY	6. EASTERN MICHIGAN
2. BALL STATE	7. BOWLING GREEN STATE
3. MIAMI UNIVERSITY	
4. KENT	8. TOLEDO
5. CENTRAL MICHIGAN	9. WESTERN MICHIGAN

STANDOUTS: Lewis Geter, Dan Aloi (Ohio); Chandler Thompson, Emanuel Cross (Ball St.); David Scott, Craig Michaelis (Miami); Tony Banks, Harold Walton (Kent); Sean Waters, Darian McKinney (Central Michigan); Kory Halas (Eastern Michigan); Michael Huger, Tom Hall (Bowling Green St.); Tom Best (Toledo).

MID-CONTINENT

*1. WISCONSIN–GREEN BAY	5. ILLINOIS–CHICAGO
2. WRIGHT STATE	6. WESTERN ILLINOIS
3. EASTERN ILLINOIS	7. AKRON
4. CLEVELAND STATE	8. NORTHERN ILLINOIS
	9. VALPARAISO

STANDOUTS: Tony Bennett, John Martinez (Wisconsin–Green Bay); Bill Edwards, Marcus Mumphrey, Mark Woods (Wright St.); Steve Rowe, Barry Johnson (Eastern Illinois); Shawn Fergus, Anthony Reed (Cleveland St.); Brian Hill (Illinois–Chicago); Preston Lewis, Jack Forcine (Western Illinois); Mark Alberts, Roy Coleman (Akron); Tracy Gipson (Valparaiso).

MID-EASTERN

*1. FLORIDA A&M	5. MORGAN STATE
2. SOUTH CAROLINA STATE	6. COPPIN STATE
	7. MARYLAND–EASTERN SHORE
3. NORTH CAROLINA STATE A&T	8. HOWARD
4. DELAWARE STATE	9. BETHUNE–COOKMAN

STANDOUTS: DeLon Turner, Reginald Finney, Kelvin Daniels (Florida A&M); Jackie Robinson, Petey Faust, Deon Murray (South Carolina St.); Dana Elliott (North Carolina St. A&T); Victor Ford, Donell Thomas (Delaware St.); Terry Butler (Morgan St.); James Mazyck, Larry Yarbray (Coppin St.); Marlin Kimbrew, Mike Harris, Rackland Richards (Maryland–ES).

MIDWESTERN

*1. XAVIER	4. EVANSVILLE
2. BUTLER	5. LOYOLA–CHICAGO
3. DAYTON	6. DETROIT–MERCY

STANDOUTS: Jamie Gladden, Brian Grant (Xavier); Darin Archbold, J. P. Brens (Butler); Chip Jones, Alex Robertson (Dayton); Scott Shreffler (Evansville); Keir Rogers, Hurter Atkins (Loyola–Chicago); Dwayne Kelley (Detroit–Mercy).

BASKETBALL PREDICTIONS

MISSOURI VALLEY

*1. SDUTHERN ILLINDIS
2. WICHITA STATE
3. SDUTHWEST MISSOURI STATE
4. BRADLEY
5. TULSA
6. NORTHERN IOWA
7. INDIANA STATE
8. CREIGHTDN
9. ILLINOIS STATE
10. DRAKE

STANDDUTS: Ashraf Arnaya (Southern Illinois); Robert George, Claudius Johnson (Wichita St.); Andre Rigsby, Tony Graves, Jackie Crawford (Southwest Missouri St.); James Harnilton (Bradley); Lou Dawkins (Tulsa); Dale Turner, Cedrick McCullough (Northern Iowa); Greg Thornas (Indiana St.); Matt Petty, Latrell Wrightsell (Creighton); Reggie Wilson (Illinois St.); Chris Jones (Drake).

NORTH ATLANTIC

*1. MAINE
2. DELAWARE
3. HARTFDRD
4. VERMDNT
5. DREXEL
6. NDRTHEASTERN
7. BDSTDN UNIVERSITY
8. NEW HAMPSHIRE

STANDDUTS: Derrick Hodge, Marty Higgins, Francois Bouchard (Maine); Mark Murray, Alex Coles, Spencer Dunkley (Delaware); Vin Baker (Hartford); Kevin Roberson, Kenny White (Vermont); Jonathan Raab, Michael Thornpson (Drexel); Lamont Hough (Northeastern); Mark Daly, Jason Scott (Boston University); Bob Curnrnins (New Hampshire).

NORTHEAST

*1. MONMOUTH
2. RDBERT MDRRIS
3. FAIRLEIGH OICKINSON
4. ST. FRANCIS–PENNSYLVANIA
5. MARIST
6. LONG ISLAND
7. WAGNER
8. ST. FRANCIS–NEW YORK

STANDOUTS: Alex Blackwell, Williarn Lewis (Monrnouth); Ricky Cannon, Myron Walker (Robert Morris); Turi Carter, Clive Anderson (Fairleigh Dickinson); Harkeem Dixon (St. Francis–Penn.); Fred Ingles, Dexter Dunbar (Marist); Shannon Shell (Long Island).

OHIO VALLEY

*1. MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE
2. EASTERN KENTUCKY
3. MURRAY STATE
4. TENNESSEE TECH
5. AUSTIN PEAY STATE
6. MDREHEAD STATE
7. TENNESSEE STATE

STANDOUTS: Warren Kidd, Robert Taylor (Middle Tennessee St.); Jarnie Ross, Mike Srnith, John Allen (Eastern Kentucky); Ronald Jones (Murray St.); Van Usher, John Best (Tennessee Tech); LaMonte Ware, Geoff Herrnan (Austin Peay St.); Kevin Howard (Tennessee St.).

PACIFIC TEN

*1. ARIZDNA
*2. UCLA
*3. ARIZONA STATE
*4. STANFORD
5. USC
6. WASHINGTDN STATE
7. OREGDN STATE
8. DREGDN
9. WASHINGTDN
10. CALIFDRNIA

STANDOUTS: Sean Rooks, Chris Mills, Ed Stokes, Khalid Reeves (Arizona); Don MacLean, Tracy Murray, Darrick Martin (UCLA); Jarnal Faulkner, Dwayne Fontana, Stevin Srnith (Arizona St.); Adarn Keefe (Stanford); Harold Miner (USC); Terrence Lewis, Neil Derrick (Washington St.); Chad Scott, LeRoy Jackson (Dregon St.); Jordy Lyden, Johnnie Reece (Dregon); Doug Meekins, Rich Manning (Washington).

PATRIOT

*1. LEHIGH
2. FDRDHAM
3. BUCKNELL
4. HOLY CROSS
5. ARMY
6. COLGATE
7. NAVY
8. LAFAYETTE

STANDOUTS: Bob Krizansky, Dozie Mbonu (Lehigh); Jean Prioleau, Dave Buckner, Fred Herzog (Fordham); Bill Courtney, Mike Bright, Pat King (Bucknell); Leon Dickerson, Bill Walker (Holy Cross); David Ardayfio (Army); Jonathan Stone (Colgate); John Haase, Nick Marusich (Navy); Craig White (Lafayette).

SOUTHEASTERN

*1. ARKANSAS
*2. LOUISIANA STATE
*3. KENTUCKY
*4. ALABAMA
*5. SDUTH CAROLINA
*6. TENNESSEE
7. AUBURN
8. GEORGIA
9. FLORIDA
10. MISSISSIPPI
11. VANDERBILT
12. MISSISSIPPI STATE

STANDDUTS: Todd Day, Lee Mayberry, Dliver Miller, Isaiah Morris (Arkansas); Shaquille O'Neal, Vernel Singleton, Jamie Branson (Louisiana St.); Jamal Mashburn, John Pelphrey (Kentucky); Robert Horry, Jarnes Robinson, Latrell Sprewell (Alabarna); Jo Jo English, Barry Manning, Jeff Roulston (South Carolina); Allan Houston, Carlus Groves (Tennessee); Wesley Person, Ronnie Battle (Auburn); Litterial Green (Georgia); Stacey Poole, Craig Brown (Florida); Joe Harvell, Dondi Flemister (Mississippi); Kevin Anglin, Bruce Elder (Vanderbilt); Tony Watts (Mississippi St.).

SOUTHERN

*1. EAST TENNESSEE STATE
2. APPALACHIAN STATE
3. FURMAN
4. TENNESSEE–CHATTANDDGA
5. WESTERN CARDLINA
6. VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE
7. THE CITADEL
8. MARSHALL

STANDDUTS: Greg Dennis, Rodney English, Calvin Talford (East Tennessee St.); Steve Spurlock, Tim Powers, Rodney Peel (Appalachian St.); Bruce Evans, Hal Henderson, Derek Waugh (Furrnan); Keith Nelson, LeVert Threats (Tennessee–Chattanooga); Terry Boyd (Western Carolina); Percy Covington (VMI); Scott Van Schaardenburg, Todd Holstein (The Citadel).

SOUTHLAND

*1. TEXAS–ARLINGTDN
2. TEXAS–SAN ANTDNID
3. NDRTHEAST LOUISIANA
4. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN
5. NDRTH TEXAS
6. SDUTHWEST TEXAS STATE
7. NDRTHWESTERN STATE–LOUISIANA
8. MCNEESE STATE
9. NICHDLLS STATE
10. SAM HDUSTDN STATE

STANDDUTS: Bobby Kenyon, Johnny McDowell, Eric Gore, Glover Cody (Texas–Arlington); Ronnie Ellison, Keith Horne, Shawn Jamison (Texas–San Antonio); Ryan Stuart, Chad Jacobs (Northeast Louisiana); Jesse Ratliff, Cedric Carson (North Texas); Troy Washington (Southwest Texas St.); Rornan Banks, Jay Scherer, Dexter Grirnsley (Northwestern St.–La.); Martin Yokurn (McNeese St.); Kelvin Hamilton, Jason Tucker (Nicholls St.); Gibbiarra Outten (Sarn Houston St.).

SOUTHWEST

*1. RICE
2. TEXAS CHRISTIAN
3. HDUSTDN
4. TEXAS
5. SDUTHERN METHDDIST
6. BAYLOR
7. TEXAS TECH
8. TEXAS A&M

STANDOUTS: Brent Scott, Dana Hardy, Chase Maag (Rice); Reggie Srnith, Michael Strickland (Texas Christian); Craig Upchurch, Sam Mack (Houston); Benford Williarns (Texas); Mike Wilson, Tirn Mason (Southern Methodist); David Wesley, Kelvin Chalmers (Baylor); Will Flemons, Bryant Moore (Texas Tech).

SOUTHWESTERN

*1. ALABAMA STATE
2. JACKSDN STATE
3. ALCDRN STATE
4. SDUTHERN
5. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY STATE
6. TEXAS SDUTHERN
7. GRAMBLING STATE

STANDDUTS: Steve Rogers (Alabarna St.); Lindsey Hunter, John Taylor (Jackson St.); Reginald Ward, John Hall, Levi Wyatt (Alcorn St.); Leonard White (Southern); Alphonso Ford (Mississippi Valley St.); David Arceneaux, Byron Anderson (Texas Southern); Kelvin Broadnax (Grarnbling St.).

SUN BELT

*1. LOUISIANA TECH
*2. NEW ORLEANS
3. SDUTH ALABAMA
4. SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA
5. LAMAR
6. WESTERN KENTUCKY
7. ARKANSAS–LITTLE RDCK
8. CENTRAL FLORIDA
9. ARKANSAS STATE
10. TEXAS–PAN AMERICAN
11. JACKSDNVILLE

STANDOUTS: Anthony Dade, P. J. Brown, Ron Ellis (Louisiana Tech); Ervin Johnson, Melvin Sirnon (New Orleans); Cesar Portillo, Cedric Yelding (South Alabarna); Michael Allen, Carroll Boudreaux (Southwestern Louisiana); Jack Jennings, Darnell Mee (Western Kentucky); Jarnes Womack, Fred Surnrners (Arkansas–Little Rock); Ken Leeks, Sinua Phillips (Central Florida); Fred Shepherd (Arkansas St.); Francisco Siller (Texas–Pan Arnerican).

TRANS AMERICA

*1. GEDRGIA STATE
2. GEDRGIA SOUTHERN
3. SDUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA
4. STETSDN
5. CENTENARY
6. SAMFDRD
7. MERCER

STANDOUTS: Phillip Luckydo, Zavian Srnith (Georgia St.); Charlton Young, Tony Windless (Georgia Southern); Henry Washington (Southeastern Louisiana); Mark Brisker (Stetson); Nate Taylor (Centenary); Tirn Donlon (Sarnford); Shaun Thompson (Mercer).

WEST COAST

*1. PEPPERDINE
*2. LOYOLA MARYMOUNT
3. SANTA CLARA
4. SAN FRANCISCO
5. ST. MARY'S
6. GONZAGA
7. SAN DIEGO
8. PDRTLAND

STANDDUTS: Doug Christie, Dana Jones, Geoff Lear (Pepperdine); Terrell Lowery (Loyola Maryrnount); Ron Reis, Rhea Taylor (Santa Clara); Tirn Owens, Orlando Srnart, Darryl Johnson (San Francisco); Eric Barnberger, Allen Caveness (St. Mary's); Jarrod Davis, Eric Brady (Gonzaga); Kelvin Woods, Michael Brown (San Diego); Erik Spoelstra, Grant Tracy (Portland).

WESTERN ATHLETIC

*1. UTAH
*2. WYOMING
3. HAWAII
4. NEW MEXICD
5. BRIGHAM YDUNG
6. TEXAS–EL PASD
7. SAN DIEGO STATE
8. COLORADD STATE
9. AIR FORCE

STANDDUTS: Josh Grant, Byron Wilson, Paul Afeaki (Utah); Reginald Slater, Tim Breaux, Maurice Alexander (Wyorning); Tirn Shepherd, Phil Lott (Hawaii); Steve Logan, Willie Banks (New Mexico); Mark Heslop (Brigham Young); Keith Balzer (San Diego St.); Lynn Tryon (Colorado St.); Dale French, Charles Srnith (Air Force).

INDEPENDENTS

*1. NOTRE DAME
*2. PENN STATE
3. MISSOURI–KANSAS CITY
4. YOUNGSTDWN STATE
5. CHICAGO STATE
6. NDRTH CARDLINA–GREENSBDRD

STANDDUTS: LaPhonso Ellis, Elrner Bennett (Notre Darne); Freddie Barnes, Monroe Brown (Penn St.); Ronnie Schrnitz, Tony Durnas (Missouri–Kansas City); Reggie Kernp, Bob Fick (Youngstown St.); Yusuf Stewart, Chuck Fortney (North Carolina–Greensboro).

*Our predictions to rnake the N.C.A.A. post-season tournarnent.

but the Illini can play in the post-season; that is, if they are good enough to get there. Coach Lou Henson's best player is 6'9" forward Deon Thomas. **Minnesota** returns four starters but lost linchpin Kevin Lynch to the N.B.A. Coach Clem Haskins has experience on the front line with 6'8" forwards Randy Carter and Dana Jackson and seven-foot center Bob Martin. Freshman guard Voshon Lenard will start and star early. **Purdue's** basketball fortunes for this season hit a snag when freshman forward Glenn Robinson, rated by many as the nation's top prep power forward, failed to qualify under Proposition 48. Coach Gene Keady will look to Craig Riley and leaper Ian Stanback to lead the Boilermakers. After losing all five starters from last season's 15–15 squad, **Wisconsin** coach Steve Yoder has a major rebuilding job. Bill Foster, the best coach in the nation not to win a conference game last season (0–18), will again try to guide the overmatched **Northwestern** Wildcats to respectability. Foster has a good one in sophomore guard Pat Baldwin, who led the Big Ten in steals last season with 90.

BIG WEST

For the first 34 games of the 1990–1991 season, **UNLV** was the best team in college basketball. The Runnin' Rebels, coming off a national championship in 1989–1990, floated through the regular season and the first four games of the tournament, unchecked and unchallenged. But the real Vegas didn't show up in Indianapolis, and Duke, more disciplined, perhaps better coached, but certainly less talented, went home the winner. Now the future for UNLV looks as bleak as the final moments of its tournament defeat. The team is banned from post-season play and all live television appearances this season as the final resolution of a 1977 N.C.A.A. infractions case that went all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. A current N.C.A.A. investigation, alleging more than 30 rules violations, could result in additional penalties and a lengthy appeals process. Coach Jerry Tarkanian, angered by media reports attempting to link him to a convicted sports fixer, has announced he will resign, effective June 30, 1992. All five starters from last season's team have departed, taking with them 78 percent of the previous season's scoring and 66 percent of the rebounding. But, even with all the cards stacked against them, the Rebels will still be the best team in the Big West. For his swan song, Tarkanian has seven-foot center Elmore Spencer and slick small forward Evric Gray, who have both been waiting for a chance to assert themselves. Tarkanian will also bring up J. R. Rider and Dedan Thomas from Antelope Valley Junior College, Vegas' version of a farm club. Finally, despite the Rebels' demise, no other Big West team appears ready to step to the front. One of the best of the rest of the conference will be **Long Beach State.** Under second-year coach Seth Greenberg, the 49ers return three starters, among them 6'5" junior guard Lucious Harris. **Fresno State** returns four starters, including team scoring (19.2 p.p.g.) and rebounding (7.5 r.p.g.) leader Tod Bernard. **New Mexico State's** chances of equaling last season's 23–6 mark were hurt when forward Tracey Ware injured a knee and underwent surgery in the off season. Guard William Benjamin may be coach Neil McCarthy's only returning starter. **California–Santa Barbara,** a snappy outside shooting team, will need a big contribution from 6'11" forward Sam Robson to compete inside with conference rivals.

COLONIAL

Richmond is again the class of the Colonial this season. The Spiders, who have won the conference championship the past two years, lose only part-time player Terry Connolly from the team that finished 22–10 and defeated Syracuse in the first round of the N.C.A.A. tournament before it was eliminated by Temple. Coach Dick Tarrant's two best players are guard Curtis Blair (16.1 p.p.g.) and forward Kenny Wood (14.3 p.p.g.). While the Spiders may be a cut above everyone else in the conference this time around, the Colonial is competitive top to bottom. Lefty Driesell, as usual, will field an excellent team at **James Madison.** Jeff Chambers and Troy Bostic are players to watch. **Old Dominion,** playing its first season in the Colonial after leaving the Sun Belt, has installed Oliver Purnell as its new coach. Purnell, an Old Dominion alum, formerly coached at Radford. The Monarchs return four starters—but not standout center Chris Gatling, now in the N.B.A. The key player for **American University** will be forward Brian Gilgeous, a 6'6" junior who averaged 18.1 p.p.g. last season. **William and Mary,** the most improved team in the league last season, should be even better since coach Chuck Swenson has all five starters returning. **George Mason's** offense will revolve around 6'11" Byron Tucker (17.7 p.p.g.). The Patriots are green at most other positions.

EAST COAST

Towson State should win its third consecutive conference title this season. All five starters return from last season, including the conference's Player of the Year, Devin Boyd (20.7 p.p.g.), and Chuck Lightening (16.1 p.p.g.), who probably leads the nation in puns generated by a last name. The Tigers are a little small to make a dent come post-season time, but they play big in the conference. **Rider** hopes to get strong play in the paint from Pete Wasko, a 6'10" center who was redshirted last season after injuring his foot. The Broncs managed to make the N.C.A.A. post-season bash last season with a 6'7" center, primarily because of hot-shooting guard Darrick Suber (18.2 p.p.g.), who is only a junior this year. **Maryland–Baltimore County**—a school that definitely needs a snappier name—didn't play well last year until season's end and then won four straight before being edged (78–76) by Towson State in the conference tourney semifinal. Transfers Sony Nixon and Dion Andrews could help the Retrievers this season. **Hofstra's** Butch van Breda Kolff has met all sorts of challenges in his 39-year combined college (431–211) and professional (290–313) coaching career. Rebuilding the Flying Dutchmen after losing four starters from last season's 14–14 team will be just another day at the office. The conference adds new members **Brooklyn,** a former independent, and the **University of Buffalo,** which returns to Division I after a 12-year absence.

GREAT MIDWEST

The not-so-humbly named Great Midwest Conference makes its debut this season. With four starters returning and an impressive group of recruits, **DePaul** should not only win the conference title but also find a spot in the season's top 25. David Booth (18.7 p.p.g.) and Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Stephen Howard will lead coach Joey Meyer's point parade. Two junior college transfers from last season, 6'11" Jeff Stern (62 blocked shots) and point guard Joe Daughrity should make bigger contributions this year. **Memphis State** coach Larry Finch has one of the most exciting players in the nation—that is, if he can ever get him on the court. Anfernee Hardaway, a 6'7" point guard whose passing abilities in high school were compared to Magic Johnson's, was forced to sit out last year because of Proposition 48. Then Hardaway was shot in the foot while being robbed in Memphis. He should be fully recovered by the start of the season, which will be a particularly fortunate turn, since star guard Elliot Perry has graduated. **Marquette** will be better after a disappointing 11–18 campaign last season. Coach Kevin O'Neill's team is extremely young, with four sophomores likely to start. Damon Key (13.3 p.p.g.) will score big this year. **Cincinnati** coach Bob Huggins recruited four junior college and two prep standouts to beef up a Bearcats offense that lost three starters to graduation. Six-nine Corie Blount, named the Junior College Player of the Year by *Basketball Times*, should make an immediate impact. Team scoring and

rebounding leader Herbert Jones (16.1 p.p.g.) returns for his senior season. **St. Louis'** basketball fortunes took a tumble when team scoring and rebounding leader Quitman Dillard broke a kneecap during summer-league play. If Dillard is not completely recovered, seven-foot center Melvin Robinson will be the Billikens' lone returning starter. With perimeter scoring threat Andy Kennedy (21.8 p.p.g.) graduated, **Alabama-Birmingham** may find opposing defenses collapsing on inside-threat Elbert Rogers. Coach Gene Bartow, who did not have a true center last season, won't have one this year, either.

IVY LEAGUE

Princeton coach Pete Carril is totally out of step with the times. When the Tigers played UNLV last year on nationwide TV, he wore a nondescript sweater and forgot to comb his hair. He teaches his players that it's better to pass than it is to shoot, and to play defense with more intensity than offense. He still thinks the lay-up, the one that bounces off the backboard, is the most exciting shot in basketball. But the curmudgeonly Carril seems content with his disheveled image and his anachronistic basketball philosophy. A career record of 432–231 doesn't seem all that bad. And neither does the fact that the Tigers led the nation in defense once again last season—the ninth time they've done so in the past 16 years. And, of course, Princeton did win its third consecutive Ivy League title with a 14–0 league record; it finished 24–3 overall. But Carril wasn't pleased that Princeton lost its first-round N.C.A.A. play-off game for the third year in a row. He plans to bring the Tigers back once more, though this time they'll have to win without two-time Ivy League Player of the Year Kit Mueller, who has graduated. But you can count on some kids who can make a crisp pass or quick cut, hit the open three and play ferocious D. The race for second place in the Ivy will be more intense than that for first. **Pennsylvania** ended an undistinguished 9–17 season on an optimistic note, winning four of its final five games. Coach Fran Dunphy returns three starters, Ivy League Rookie of the Year Will McAllister among them. First-year **Brown** coach Frank Dobbs inherits a talented backcourt crew headed by Chuck Savage (15.5 p.p.g.). The big question for the Bears will be up front, where several subs from last season will battle for starting assignments. **Cornell** couldn't beat Princeton last season, but did hire former Carril assistant Jan van Breda Kolff to be its new coach. Van Breda Kolff's father, Butch, is the current coach at Hofstra.

METRO

The Metro Conference experienced a big shuffle in the off season. Cincinnati,

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Florida State, Memphis State and South Carolina left to join other conferences; Virginia Commonwealth, South Florida and North Carolina–Charlotte became new conference members. The net effect is that the Metro is a weaker conference. And the revolving door may not be finished turning. Perennial national basketball power **Louisville,** which has an unaffiliated football team, may be the next to leave the Metro fold. The Cardinals, who are coming off a rare losing season (14–16), should be back on the national scene with a bang this year. Coach Denny Crum, who has guided Louisville to six Final Four appearances and two national championships, loses only one starter, guard LaBradford Smith. He adds a pair of 6'6" sophomores, Dwayne Morton and Greg Minor, both of whom sat out last season because of Proposition 48. **Tulane** continues to improve each season under third-year coach Perry Clark. The Green Wave, with all five starters returning from last season's 15–13 squad, could win 20 games this year. **Southern Mississippi** will be in the thick of the conference title race because of Clarence Weatherspoon, a Playboy All-America and two-time conference Player of the Year. Six-nine freshman forward Glen Whisby, described by coach M. K. Turk as one of the top prospects in the South, should help fill the void left by three departing starters. **Virginia Commonwealth** coach Sonny Smith is high on sophomore Kendrick Warren (15.7 p.p.g.). "Players like Kendrick don't come along very often," he says. The Rams, who have improved in each of Smith's two years as coach, should find themselves above .500 at the end of this season. **North Carolina–Charlotte** started last season hot (12–6) and ended it cold (2–8). Coach Jeff Mullins has everyone back from that squad, including guard Henry Williams (21.6 p.p.g.) and Jarvis Lang, who led all freshmen in the nation last season in scoring (19.6 p.p.g.) and rebounding (10.6 r.p.g.). The 49ers, who allowed opponents an average of 89 points per game last season, must find some defense to go with their scoring. **South Florida** sports our nominee for the best-player-you've-never-heard-of award, Radenko Dobras. The 6'7" guard from Yugoslavia has led the Bulls in scoring in each of his three seasons. South Florida will be formidable if junior college transfers Derrick Sharp and Corey Allen play well. Veteran coach Bill Foster, most recently with Miami, takes over the reins at **Virginia Tech.**

METRO ATLANTIC

La Salle returns Randy Woods (21.6 p.p.g.) and Jack Hurd (15.9 p.p.g.), two thirds of the outside shooting trio that propelled the Explorers to a 19–10 record and a berth in the N.I.T. tournament last season. Coach Bill "Speedy" Morris thought he had the perfect replacement for graduated Doug Overton in freshman guard Kareem Townes, the Philadelphia-area high school Player of the Year who averaged 34.5 p.p.g. in his senior year. But Townes failed to qualify under Proposition 48. **Manhattan,** which sported an impressive 13–9 record at one point last season, finished at 13–15. The Jaspers, who have improved their record in each of the past five seasons, return three starting juniors and should fare better at the end of this season. **Iona** gets help from former All-M.A.A.C. guard Derrick Canada, who sat out last season after transferring from Army. The Gaels have a new coach, Jerry Welsh, who posted a 494–141 career record in 22 Division III seasons. **Siena** will miss all-time scoring and assist leader Marc "Showbiz" Brown, who has graduated. **Niagara** will rely on physically intimidating Sean Schiano under the boards and All-M.A.A.C. rookie forward Brian Clifford. **Loyola-Maryland** has a talented backcourt tandem in Kevin Green (22.1 p.p.g.) and Tracy Bergan (15.1 p.p.g.) but little muscle in the paint. **St. Peter's** crashes back to earth after last season's 24–7 record, which gave the school its first-ever N.C.A.A. tournament bid. Antoine Allen is the Peacock's lone returning starter.

MID-AMERICAN

Look for **Ohio University** to continue its surge to the top under second-year coach Larry Hunter. Picked to finish toward the bottom of the conference last season, Ohio surprised almost everyone except Hunter. Big contributor Lewis Geter (18.8 p.p.g.) will be back this season as will 6'7" Dan Aloi. **Ball State** will again be in the post-season hunt. Coach Dick Hunsaker, who is 47–17 in two seasons with the Cardinals, expects guard Chandler Thompson (15.4 p.p.g.) to lead the offense. **Miami University,** which had an outstanding perimeter game last season but lacked inside muscle, adds 6'11" junior college transfer LaMarr Williams. David Scott (17.4 p.p.g.) and Craig Michaelis (12.8 p.p.g.) are two of the best forwards in the conference. **Kent** limped home with a 10–18 record last season, atypical of coach Jim McDonald's performance over the past nine seasons with the Golden Flashes. McDonald returns his four top scorers, including Tony Banks (15.3 p.p.g.). Keith Dambrot, who takes over at **Central Michigan,** substitutes as freely as a hockey coach. "We'll run on all made or missed baskets and press defensively as much as thirty-eight minutes a game," promises Dambrot. The Mid-American, which picks up **Akron** as a conference member this season, may soon add at least two more new members.

MID-CONTINENT

Wisconsin–Green Bay's Tony Bennett can't carry a tune but he certainly can make the nets hum (21.5 p.p.g.). Bennett, whose father, Dick, is the UWGB coach, is a feisty six-foot guard who runs the Phoenix' offense like Schwarzkopf ran Operation Desert Storm. The result was that Wisconsin–Green Bay had its most successful season ever (24–7), winning the conference championship and losing to Michigan State (60–58) in the N.C.A.A. first round on a last-second shot. Bennett and three other starters are back, meaning that opponents will have more to fear than cold weather when they head to Packerland. Former independent **Wright State** makes its Mid-Continent debut. The Raiders, with 40 victories over the past two seasons, were frustrated at their inability to gain post-season invitations. Now they will have a chance to win the conference's automatic bid. **Eastern Illinois, Cleveland State** and **Illinois-Chicago** all return four starting players and could challenge for the conference title. Eastern's best player is hot-shot guard Steve Rowe (15.2 p.p.g.). Cleveland State has a ton of young talent, including seven-foot Shawn Fergus, who last season developed from a seldom-used sub to a solid starter. Junior college transfer Eugene Witherspoon (6'8", 220 pounds) should beef up Illinois-Chicago's inside game.

MID-EASTERN

Injuries and academic problems plagued **Florida A&M** last season, causing the Rattlers to finish a disappointing fifth in the Mid-Eastern. However, coach Willie W. Booker rallied his charges for the conference tournament and A&M brought home the tourney crown. Booker has added 6'9" transfer Anton Walton, and defensive specialist Reginald Finney returns. **South Carolina State** picks up guards Deon Murray and Bernard Toatley, both of whom did not play last season because of academic problems. If the Bulldogs are to challenge, 6'11" Marvin Lucas must contribute. **North Carolina A&T** coach Don Corbett has some raw but promising recruits in guard Phillip Allen and forward Anthony Jones. In terms of talent, the rest of the conference is bunched with the front runners, so almost everyone has a shot at the top spot.

MIDWESTERN

Pete Gillen's six-year coaching record at **Xavier** is impressive: 141 wins against 49 losses, six N.C.A.A. tournament berths and conference Coach of the Year three times. Gillen, however, likes to downplay his role in the Musketeers' success. "I'm just a caraway seed in the bakery of life" is a typical Gillen proverb. Whatever Gillen's recipe, Xavier again appears to have the ingredients for

another shot at post-season success. Guard Jamie Gladden (15.2 p.p.g.), 6'8" center Brian Grant and forward Maurice Brantley should be the best three Musketeers. After a dismal 6–22 finish in 1989–1990, **Butler** coach Barry Collier scrapped his slow-down, use-the-clock offense for a quicker style of attack. The Bulldogs responded by winning 18 games and a spot in the N.I.T. Collier has his best player, guard Darin Archbold, back. You can bet Collier will stick with his new offensive philosophy. **Dayton's** entire starting line-up returns after posting a 14–15 record last season. **Evansville** has been plagued with injuries the last few seasons. Number-one player, Scott Shreffler, suffered a separated shoulder after just one game in 1990. He's back and, along with 7'1" center Sascha Hupmann, will make the Aces competitive this season.

MISSOURI VALLEY

With lots of stars departed from the conference's best teams, three coaching changes and the debut of **Northern Iowa,** the Missouri Valley conference crown will be up for grabs. **Southern Illinois** should have the inside track because of 6'8" center Ashraf Amaya, who will be the conference's best player this season. But the Salukis will have to correct a disturbing tendency to lose on the road (5–11), and must improve their weak free-throw shooting (67 percent). **Wichita State,** which suffered through a string of crippling injuries last season en route to a 14–17 record, should be improved because of an influx of new talent. Charlie Spoonhour's coaching skills will be tested at **Southwest Missouri State,** since the Bears have 11 new players on this season's roster. Two junior college transfers, Tony Graves and Jackie Crawford, will see lots of action. Jim Molinari takes over at **Bradley** after a successful two-year stint at Northern Illinois (42–17). Molinari will make defense a priority for the Braves, who played a run-and-gun style under former coach Stan Albeck. New coaches Orlando "Tubby" Smith at **Tulsa** and Rick Johnson at **Creighton** will start from scratch, since just about all the proven talent on the two teams has graduated.

NORTH ATLANTIC

Maine and **Delaware** have experience and depth at every position on the floor. The Black Bears have the best backcourt tandem in the conference in seniors Derrick Hodge and Marty Higgins. Coach Rudy Keeling also has an abundance of good forwards in sophomores Francois Bouchard and Tim Dennis and junior college transfer Fritz Marseille. Delaware plays its first year in the North Atlantic after leaving the East Coast Conference. The Fightin' Blue Hens are loaded, with six returning players who have significant experience. Forwards Mark Murray and Alex Coles combined to average more than 30 p.p.g. last season. **Hartford's** 6'11" junior Vin Baker averaged 19.6 p.p.g. and 10.4 r.p.g. last season. **Vermont** also has a player of national stature in center Kevin Roberson who, at a diminutive 6'7", is on a pace that will put him among the top-five shot-blockers in N.C.A.A. history. **Drexel,** another convert from the East Coast Conference, has five starters returning from its 12–16 squad of last season. Michael Thompson and Jonathan Raab are the top scorers for the Dragons.

NORTHEAST

Expectations ran so high at **Monmouth** at the beginning of last season that a 19–10 record and a third-place conference finish was regarded as a disappointment. However, with 6'7" power forward Alex Blackwell (22.9 p.p.g.) returning along with three other starters, the Hawks' performance this season should be more satisfying. **Robert Morris** returns two talents in sophomore guard Myron Walker (16.3 p.p.g.) and 6'8" forward Ricky Cannon (14.9 p.p.g.). The Colonials, however, must find a floor general to replace departed Andre Boyd, the school's fourth all-time leading scorer and third-best assist man. **Fairleigh Dickinson,** 22–9 last season, will have problems replacing the scoring punch of graduated center Desi Wilson (23.8 p.p.g.). **St. Francis–Pennsylvania** would love to bask in last season's success a little

"Remember, 'Happy New Year' is not a synonym for 'Let's screw'!"

longer. The Red Flash had its greatest season ever, with a record 24 wins, its first Northeast Conference title, a victory over heavily favored Fordham in an N.C.A.A. tournament play-in game and the school's first-ever N.C.A.A. tourney bid. But, with four starters gone—including Mike Iuzzolino, Playboy's 1991 Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete—all that will linger from last year will be memories.

MY FATHER, THE COACH

sons currently playing for their coaching fathers

Player	School	Coach
Allan Houston	Tennessee	Wade
Tommy Penders	Texas	Tom
Sean Sutton	Oklahoma State	Eddie
Kevin Grawer	St. Louis	Rich
Pat Knight	Indiana	Bob
Tony Bennett	Wisconsin–Green Bay	Dick

OHIO VALLEY

Murray State's Ronald "Popeye" Jones is the premiere player in the Ohio Valley Conference. But the Racers won't have much else, since the other three starters from last season's 24–9 squad are gone. Jones, a 6'8" senior, led the nation in total rebounds (469) last year. **Middle Tennessee's** Warren Kidd plays bigger than his name. A 6'9" junior, Kidd last year averaged 12.3 r.p.g. With shooting guard Robert Taylor averaging 15.3 p.p.g. and point guard Greg Christian contributing 5.2 assists per game, the Blue Raiders are the most balanced team in the league. **Eastern Kentucky,** 19–10 last season, also figures to improve. Coach Mike Pollio added five players at 6'7" or taller. **Tennessee Tech** features guard Van Usher, who led the nation in steals with 113.

PACIFIC TEN

Arizona will be gunning for its fifth straight Pac Ten title, its sixth in the past seven years. Coach Lute Olson, 190–69 since heading west from Iowa, methodically recruits and grooms his players and always seems able to field a dominating team. This season will be no exception, despite the early departure of 6'11" forward Brian Williams to the N.B.A. Forward Chris Mills, a 6'6" junior, appears ready to step into the role of team leader and primary point producer. Sean Rooks, at 6'10", and seven-foot Ed Stokes give Arizona plenty of muscle on the boards. **UCLA** ended last season with a disappointing first-round loss to Penn State in the N.C.A.A. tournament. Senior starters Don MacLean, Darrick Martin and Gerald Madkins are committed to ending their careers with the Bruins on a successful note. MacLean, a Playboy All-America, is on track to break school and conference scoring records. The Bruins have a second superlative forward in junior Tracy Murray (21.2 p.p.g.). What the Bruins don't have is a legitimate center, which means that coach Jim Harrick needs better over-all team defense if UCLA is to gain a conference title. **Arizona State,** short on big-name talent but strong on man-to-man defense, has a chance to better last season's 20–10 record. Coach Bill Frieder thinks this year's team is quicker and stronger than last year's. But, with only one senior, guard Lynn Collins, expected to start, it is a team admittedly short on experience. Sophomores Jamal Faulkner, Pac Ten Freshman of the Year, Dwayne Fontana and Stevin Smith are the core of Frieder's cast for *The Young and the Talented*. **Stanford** has only one returning starter from its N.I.T. championship team, but 6'9" forward Adam Keefe (21.5 p.p.g.) is a good foundation for coach Mike Montgomery to build on. Marcus Lollie appears to be Montgomery's favorite for the point-guard position and 6'11" sophomore center Jim Morgan will fill the middle. **USC** is another team that will showcase the talents of a great individual player, in this case, Playboy All-America Harold Miner. A junior, Miner will set a Trojan scoring record this season. **Washington State** coach Kelvin Sampson was named conference Coach of the Year after the Cougars finished 16–12, a notable improvement over 1989–1990's 7–22 record. All starters return this year; Sampson has also added 6'8", 270-pound Tommie Oatis, a junior college transfer.

PATRIOT

Look for **Lehigh** to edge out defending champ Fordham this season for the Patriot Conference title. The Engineers have four starters back from last season's 19–10 squad and all are seniors. Forwards Bob Krizansky (16.9 p.p.g.) and Dozie Mbonu (16.6 p.p.g.) are coach Dave Duke's steadiest performers. If Duke gets solid backcourt play from Chuck Penn at the point and Steve Yaniga at shooting guard, Lehigh will make its first N.C.A.A. appearance since 1988. **Fordham** was disappointed when it lost a play-in for an N.C.A.A. berth to St. Francis–Pennsylvania. The Rams and coach Nick Macarchuk will miss graduated Damon Lopez, last season's team leader and top scorer and rebounder. **Bucknell** will play dark horse in the conference. The Bison outside game is strong, but the lack of a big center—which hurt them last season—is still a weakness. **Holy Cross** was narrowly defeated by Fordham in overtime for the conference tournament title; this season it has to replace Earl Weedon and 6'10" Jim Nairus.

SOUTHEASTERN

Arkansas makes its debut in the Southeastern and immediately rates as the favorite to take the conference title. The dynasty that coach Nolan Richardson put together when he recruited Todd Day, Lee Mayberry and Oliver Miller has reached its maturity, with all key Razorback players entering their senior seasons. Playboy All-America Day is an offensive (21.7 p.p.g.) and defensive force who triggers Arkansas' explosive transition game. To make a run at the national championship, Richardson must find a replacement for supersub Ron Huery and get big man Miller in better condition. **Louisiana State** is another national title contender because of the presence of Shaquille O'Neal, the most dominating player since David Robinson left the college neighborhood. O'Neal, a 7'2" package of strength and agility, turned down an opportunity to be the number-one pick in this past N.B.A. draft on the advice of his father, who thought the 19-year-old should take a little more time to get an education before beginning his pro career. Coach Dale Brown has an interesting cast of supporting characters to play around O'Neal—including 6'7" Vernel Singleton (15.2 p.p.g.) and guard Jamie Brandon, a Chicago high school phenom who was academically ineligible last season. Instead of languishing under the N.C.A.A. probation, which limited scholarships and prevented it from post-season play for two years, **Kentucky,** under coach Rick Pitino, continued the Wildcats' tradition of basketball excellence. Last season, UK finished 22–6 and posted a 14–4 S.E.C. mark that would have won the conference crown had Kentucky been eligible. Pitino, whose best players are forwards Jamal Mashburn and John Pelphrey, will keep his slightly undersized team up-tempo at both ends of the floor. Coach Wimp Sanderson and **Alabama** seem to sneak up on the rest of the conference every year at post-season

time—the Crimson Tide has won the last three S.E.C. tournaments. Sanderson lost big man Melvin Cheatum (6'8") to graduation, but bigger man Robert Horry (6'9") returns. Lack of an experienced point guard could hurt the Tide early. **South Carolina,** another new entry in the conference, ended an embarrassingly long search to replace fired head coach George Felton when they hired Steve Newton, formerly with Murray State. By some accounts, as many as seven higher-profile candidates passed on the job before Newton accepted. Newton inherits a decent roster of talent led by guard Jo Jo English (15 p.p.g.) and defensive specialist Barry Manning. **Tennessee** doesn't measure up in over-all talent, but can match any guard in the nation with Playboy All-America Allan Houston. The Vols lack the inside game to play with the big boys. Coach Tommy Joe Eagles will have the **Auburn** Tigers battling to get out of the middle of the conference pack. Guard Ronnie Battle (17 p.p.g.) and Wesley Person, brother of Indiana Pacers star Chuck, are the Eagles' lethal weapons. **Georgia** has talented guard Litterial Green (20.6 p.p.g.) and a lot of new faces. The Bulldogs need big contributions from redshirt center Charles Claxton (7'1") and junior college transfer Mike Green. **Florida** is busy rebuilding under second-year coach Lon Kruger. The Gators have an outstanding freshman guard in Dan Cross. **Mississippi** coach Ed Murphy is switching the Rebels to a faster style of play. Forward Joe Harvell (17.1 p.p.g.) reminds some of former Ole Miss standout Gerald Glass. **Vanderbilt,** which lived by the three-point shot last season (7.7 made per game), will miss sharpshooter Scott Draud. The Commodores don't match up physically with the rest of the conference. **Mississippi State** (20–9) has to rebuild after losing four starters. Coach Richard Williams has hit the junior colleges in search of help.

SOUTHERN

East Tennessee State, coming off a sensational 28–5 season, has lost standout point guard Keith "Mister" Jennings to graduation. Jennings was the driving force behind the Buccaneers' 89–38 record over the past four years. Primarily because of the return of center Greg Dennis, who missed most of the past season with a fractured toe, coach Alan LeForce will still field a team that is favored to win the conference title. The 6'11" center averaged 19.9 p.p.g. two years ago. **Appalachian State** will extend its string of consecutive winning seasons to five. Steve Spurlock (18.6 p.p.g.) and Tim Powers provide plenty of inside punch for the Mountaineers. **Furman,** 20–9 last season under coach Butch Estes, returns forward Bruce Evans and a super point guard in Hal Henderson. **Tennessee-Chattanooga** boasts one of the conference's top players—6'7" forward Keith Nelson, who averaged 20 points and more than nine rebounds a game last season. Another hot player in the conference is **Western Carolina's** Terry Boyd, a 6'3" guard who averaged more than 23 p.p.g.

SOUTHLAND

Texas-Arlington probably has the best team in the conference because of 6'9" Bobby Kenyon (19.8 p.p.g.), who posts up for the Mavericks. Last season, coach Mark Nixon's squad led the nation in three-pointers made per game (9.1); it should again excel in that category despite the graduation of the school's leading scorer, Willie Brand. **Texas–San Antonio,** which won the Trans-America Conference title last season before switching to the Southland, has two brothers of the Houston Rockets' Hakeem Olajuwon on its roster. Six-seven Taju led the Roadrunners in rebounding (7.3 r.p.g.) last season, while 6'2" Afis enters his first year at Texas–S.A. after attending junior college. Last season's conference champ, **Northeast Louisiana,** graduated four starters from its 25–8 squad, but filled in well with junior college transfers and redshirts. The Indians have had only one losing season in the past 30 years. **Nicholls State** guard Ray Washington returns after missing most of last season when his Army Reserve unit was activated for Operation Desert Shield. **Sam Houston State's** first-year coach Jerry Hopkins hopes at least to keep more bodies around than his predecessor was able to. Eight Bearkats quit the team before the end of the season, forcing the team to play its last five games with only six players.

SOUTHWEST

With Arkansas deserting the Southwest for the S.E.C. and Texas graduating just about everybody with any experience, the Southwest Conference will be weaker than usual. **Rice,** which got its first chance since 1970 to play in a post-season tournament (N.I.T.), has its best team ever at a fortuitous moment. The Owls return all starters, including 6'11" Brent Scott, the conference's leading rebounder (10.1 r.p.g.) last season. Seniors Dana Hardy and Chase Maag are both double-digit scorers; coach Scott Thompson added Northwestern transfer David Holmes, who will likely play the

point. **Texas Christian** has all key players returning from its 18–10 squad of a year ago. Center Reggie Smith, at 6'11", averaged over 17 p.p.g. last season. He's the biggest Horned Frog in the starting line-up. **Houston** coach Pat Foster will try to use the quickness of the Cougars' small line-up. "We've got to get steals and make things happen on defense," says Foster. All-conference forward Craig Upchurch, who missed last season after rupturing a disk in his back, is expected to return. With 11 freshmen and sophomores on the roster, **Texas** should be called the Greenhorns instead of the Longhorns. Coach Tom Penders, who has coaxed 20-win seasons in each of his three years, has his work cut out for him this season. Benford Williams, who at 6'5" is one of the most spectacular dunkers in college basketball, will keep Texas fans entertained while Penders teaches the Horns how to win. **Southern Methodist** is a year away from taking a shot at the conference title. Juniors Mike Wilson and Tim Mason lead a promising group of underclassmen. **Baylor's** Gene Iba, who begins his seventh season as coach, will rely on the scoring touch of guard David Wesley (16.5 p.p.g.). The Bears will do well to play even against the conference. James Dickey (the coach, not the poet) takes over the helm at **Texas Tech.** The Red Raiders, 8–23 last season, will continue to be unimpressive.

Schick

PRESENTS THE

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their colleges, the candidates are judged by the editors of *Playboy* on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The award winner attends *Playboy*'s pre-season All-America Weekend—this year held in Chicago—receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in the team photograph published in the magazine. In addition, *Playboy* awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Stephen Howard from DePaul University. Howard, a 6'10" senior forward, averaged 15.3 points and 6.3 rebounds a game last season for the Blue Demons. Howard, whose major is business administration (pre law), has a 3.42 grade-point average and was a GTE/CoSida (College Sports Information Directors of America) first-team Academic All-American last season. Selected as Chicago Amateur Athlete of 1990, Howard is also a member of Athletes Against Drugs.

Honorable mentions: Craig Riley (Purdue), Mark Daly (Boston University), Craig Michaelis (Miami University), Long Wiseman (Tennessee), Rick Lloyd (Brown), Jarrod Davis (Gonzaga), Sean Schiono (Niagara), Chris Hickmon (New Mexico State), Creighton Drury (Rutgers), Brent Roberts (Air Force), Craig Sedmak (American), Justin Anderson (Louisiana State), Radenko Dobras (South Florida), Michael Fink (St. Francis–Pennsylvania), Doren Engellant (Montana), Grant Moehring (Loyola), Ken Fiedler (Texas Christian), Jeff Warren (Missouri), Jeff Roulston (South Carolina), James Voskuil (Michigan), Bruce Schroeder (Siena), Bob Fick (Youngstown State), John Haase (Navy), Jack Hurd (La Salle), Dell Demps (Pacific).

SOUTHWESTERN

The Southwestern Conference, which doesn't get much attention on the national basketball scene, features two of the best guards in the nation—**Alabama State's** Steve Rogers and **Mississippi Valley State's** Alphonso Ford. In fact, Alabama State gets the nod in the Southwestern because of the superb skills of senior guard Rogers. Named S.W.A.C. Player of the Year, the versatile Rogers finished fourth in the nation in scoring with an average of 29.4 p.p.g. After finishing 9–19 two years ago, **Jackson State** jumped to a 17–13 record last season under coach Andy Stoglin. While the Tigers have excellent backcourt players in Lindsey Hunter (20.9 p.p.g.) and John Taylor, the front line is untested. After landing a strong recruiting class, **Alcorn State** coach Lonnie Walker likes his team's chance for success this year. The Scalping Braves will play a run-and-gun style, with guard Reginald Ward (17.1 p.p.g.) showing the way. **Southern,** which won 19 games last season, lost all five starters but picked up an outstanding junior college player in 6'7" forward Leonard White.

SUN BELT

Merger mania isn't the exclusive domain of banks or airlines. Athletic conferences have also learned to open new markets, increase visibility and stability and gain clout with the media. After five teams bolted the old Sun Belt to seek other conference affiliations, the remaining four teams merged with the American South Conference. The new 11-member league promises to be highly competitive and extremely well balanced. Four teams are likely to be in the conference race down to the wire. **Louisiana Tech** gets the nod because of its strong front court of 6'11" P. J. Brown, Anthony Dade and Ron Ellis. If coach Jerry Loyd can find an answer at guard from freshman Mark Dick to go with senior Eric Brown, the Bulldogs could get past the first round when tournament time rolls around. **New Orleans,** which led Division I teams last season in rebound margin (9.3), returns its top two backboard cleaners—6'11" Ervin Johnson (that has a nice ring for a basketball name, doesn't it?) and Melvin Simon. Johnson is a junior and Simon a sophomore, so Sun Belt opponents are likely to get quite tired of their act over the next two seasons. **South Alabama** will feature the same over-all team balance that added up to 22 victories last season. Forward Cesar Portillo is the Jaguars' most consistent contributor. **Southwestern Louisiana** lost third all-time scorer Kevin Brooks to graduation. But it picked up two junior college players in guard Michael Allen, who sat out last season after transferring from juco national champion Connors State, and 6'9" Carroll Boudreaux. Talented players to watch on other Sun Belt squads include **Central Florida's** Ken Leeks, a 6'9" center who averaged 17.5 p.p.g. last season, and **Texas–Pan American's** Francisco "Paco" Siller, a flashy six-foot guard who was on Mexico's national team at the Pan American Games.

TRANS AMERICA

With the defection of two perennial conference powerhouses—Arkansas–Little Rock to the Sun Belt and Texas–San Antonio to the Southland—the Trans America will be weaker this season. **Georgia State** surprised everyone by finishing strong to win its first T.A.A.C. championship. Georgia State's success, however, was no fluke. With four starters returning, including forward Phillip Luckydo (20.2 p.p.g.), coach Bob Reinhart's charges should make a good showing again this season. After a talented **Georgia Southern** team finished at 14–13, coach Frank Kerns described the Eagles as "the uncoachables." Kerns and three starters are back to give it another try. Guard Charlton Young will lead the attack from the point. Formerly an independent, **Southeastern Louisiana** makes its conference debut under second-year coach Don Wilson. Henry Washington is the top point producer (16.9 p.p.g.) for the Lions. You might think that after 34 years, things would get easier for **Stetson**

coach Glenn Wilkes. But, after a disappointing season that saw the Hatters finish 15–16, Wilkes has only one starter, guard Mark Brisker, returning; a major rebuilding job is at hand.

WEST COAST

This highly competitive conference should pick up where it left off at the end of last season, since every all-conference player returns. The league's five strongest teams lose only two players who made significant contributions last season. Look for **Pepperdine,** last season's conference champ, to repeat. The Waves have 6'6" guard Doug Christie (19.1 p.p.g.), who is fully recovered from off-season arthroscopic knee surgery, and forward Geoff Lear (18.5 p.p.g.), the W.C.C. tournament M.V.P. Only a half step behind Pepperdine is perennial conference power and offensive juggernaut **Loyola Marymount.** Terrell Lowery, the Lions' senior guard who averaged 28.5 p.p.g. last season, could lead the nation in scoring this time around. Tony Walker, who started on LMU's great team of 1989–1990, returns after redshirting. **Santa Clara's** best players are 7'1" center Ron Reis, who led the conference with an average 11 r.p.g. last season, and guard Rhea Taylor, who knocked down 19.9 p.p.g. **San Francisco** continues to improve since reinstituting its basketball program five years ago. The Dons, who finished strong last season by knocking off Loyola Marymount in the W.C.C. tournament before losing to Pepperdine, are led by forward Tim Owens (20.1 p.p.g.).

WESTERN ATHLETIC

A not-so-funny thing happened to Playboy Coach of the Year Rick Majerus two years ago, as he prepared for his first season as **Utah's** basketball coach. He felt chest pains which, in a quick sequence of events, led to bypass surgery. Majerus, who had coached Ball State to a 29–3 season and a trip to the N.C.A.A. tournament, recovered to lead a team picked by most pre-season pollsters for sixth in the conference to a 30–4 record and a trip to the regional semifinals, where the Utes lost to UNLV. College basketball's version of Friar Tuck and his boys will prove that last season was no fluke. Utah returns four starters, including W.A.C. Player of the Year Josh Grant (17.5 p.p.g., 8 r.p.g.). With Paul Afeaki replacing graduated Walter Watts at center, plus junior college transfer Antoine Davison and three players who sat out last season because of academics, the Utes will again go a long way in post-season play. **Wyoming** had a Jekyll-and-Hyde performance last season. The Cowboys opened with 15 wins in their first 18 games and then dropped nine of their final 14 games. Coach Benny Dees blames the downturn on poor shot selection and decision making during the final minutes of the losses. Dees has everyone back, including a slew of seniors headed by Reginald Slater (19.2 p.p.g.) and Maurice Alexander (15.2 p.p.g.). Dees will have to make certain Mr. Hyde doesn't show up again. Junior college transfers Fabio Ribeiro and Kurt Taylor should bolster **Hawaii's** chances of finishing at the top of the conference. The Rainbows, who traditionally play well at home, must find some muscle and better defense to sustain them on the road. **New Mexico** and **Brigham Young** will both be without the talented big men that led them to successful seasons last year. New Mexico's 7'2" Luc Longley is now in the N.B.A. BYU's 7'6" Shawn Bradley is on a two-year Mormon mission in Australia.

INDEPENDENTS

Just like a good marriage gone bad, Richard "Digger" Phelps and **Notre Dame** ended their 20-year relationship in the off season with bitterness and recrimination. Phelps had been an Irish icon, the squeaky-clean coach who graduated his players and who, from 1974 through 1981, guided Notre Dame to eight straight regular-season top-ten finishes. But after the great 1980–1981 team (with Kelly Tripucka, Orlando Woolridge and Tracy Jackson) failed to survive the second round of the N.C.A.A.

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tournament, Irish basketball fortunes began a ten-year decline that was climaxed by last season's 12–20 finish. Digger bashing became a favorite South Bend pastime, and when athletic director Dick Rosenthal failed to give Phelps a vote of confidence, Phelps packed up his chalk, suspenders and patented boutonniere and quit. The moral of the story is that running a clean program is good, graduating your players is better, but winning is best. Notre Dame immediately began its search through the cream of college coaches for a replacement, but found that most of the better coaches were happier where they were. It finally settled on John MacLeod, an 18-year veteran of the N.B.A. coaching wars. MacLeod will change the pace of Notre Dame's basketball, looking for up-tempo offense and aggressive play on defense. LaPhonso Ellis (16.4 p.p.g.) is MacLeod's most talented player, but the enigmatic senior forward has yet to realize his potential. The Irish are facing a brutal schedule, so fans should expect no miracles this season. **Penn State** plays a transition year as an independent before tackling its schedule as a new Big Ten member next season. The football-famous Nittany Lions have quietly improved in hoops over the past several years under coach Bruce Parkhill, winning 20 or more games in each of the past three seasons. Parkhill returns four starters from a squad that reached the second round of last season's N.C.A.A. tournament. **Missouri–Kansas City** will field its best team since entering Division I play four years ago. With all five starters back, the Kangaroos will pack quite a punch.

Here's hoping your team wins.

"That's sweet of you, but I'm already scheduled to be under some other guy's tree on Christmas Eve."

HARRELSON

(continued from page 137)

school years—and there were only two girls in the entire school. I had only brothers, and no female friends. I had no real, solid interaction with girls. When I finally got back into public school, and was really getting into the social scene, my mom came home one time and said, "Your teacher told me you're very popular with the students." I didn't know the meaning of the word. But by golly, my mom approved, and I wanted to do everything I could to perpetuate that approval. [*Pauses*] But don't get me wrong: I've thought I was attractive since I was about five. I just didn't think that girls thought I was attractive. I would look at a picture and say, "Well, there's a handsome guy." [*Laughs*] But I just didn't seem to be getting it from the other gender.

8.

PLAYBOY: When a guy is beginning to become comfortable with his sexuality, what do you think drives it—variety, intensity or any warm body that says, "Oh, all right"?

HARRELSON: Definitely variety. But if I were to put it into one word, I would say the challenge. That's the way we're conditioned. I don't know how many times I've felt as if a girl was just completely offering herself up to me and I had no interest whatsoever. It didn't have anything to do with her attractiveness, it had to do with the challenge. That's what has to carry on into the relationship, because when you get to know someone, if they suddenly start to love you kind of unconditionally, they're no challenge on a deeper level. That we've been conditioned that way is criminal, but it's something I'm working on in my life.

9.

PLAYBOY: Is it proper to exploit the morning erection?

HARRELSON: I have no moral qualms about that. [*Laughs*] You know what my name means—hard-on.

10.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago, you married Neil Simon's daughter Nancy in Tijuana on a whim, planning to get divorced the next day. But the divorce office was closed on Sunday. Did her dad, one of our premiere humorists, find the episode funny?

HARRELSON: Not at first. [*Smiles*] For me, the whole point was doing something just for the fun of it. I do a lot of things on a whim that maybe wouldn't be kosher. He was not happy at first because he thought I was doing it because (a) she was his daughter and (b) because I wanted to get some money out of it—a concern that, as a father in his circumstance, I would definitely have. At the time, I was just an

understudy in a play he was doing, and he didn't know me. He knew I was dating his daughter, but it's not like I hung out with the family. At the time, I would have been much too intimidated. [*Pauses*] We were just down in Mexico and, man, everywhere you looked, it was MARRIAGE/DIVORCE, so it just seemed like the thing to do. Every other American was down there for that reason.

11.

PLAYBOY: Even though you planned to get divorced almost immediately, were you a nervous groom?

HARRELSON: Actually, during the ceremony, there *was* something about the way the guy married us that lent a very serious quality to it. We're like yuk-yuk-yuk, this is fun. And he's saying solemnly, "Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold"—whatever—"in sickness and in health?" And I'm, like, ha-ha, ha-ha, I-i-i-i d-o-o-o. Yeah, it did make me kind of nervous. But then, afterward, we got drunk and forgot about it. I believe we got a bottle of mescal, ate the worm, found a room—things like that. But then, we wanted to get divorced the next day and we couldn't.

12.

PLAYBOY: As Brooke Shields's first public boyfriend, did you enjoy a cordial relationship with her mother?

HARRELSON: Um, I knew her mother about as intimately as I knew her, so there's really little merit to that story about me and Brooke. We went out a couple of times. A couple of nights. And it was pretty much over. We hung out as friends after that. And even relatively recently, we've hung out. I don't remember the last time. She's a cool person, but I don't think we're the stuff affairs are made of. In fact, I would definitely say we're not. I don't know how that ever happened.

13.

PLAYBOY: You rent a Malibu home. You own a Beverly Hills house. You own a Big Bear retreat. What purchases remain to complete your investment package?

HARRELSON: I just bought a place in Paris. But lately, truly, I've been thinking, Simplify, simplify, simplify. So I'll probably have to give up all that stuff soon. In fact, I was talking this morning about liquidating everything. Until I went to Africa last year and lived in a tent outside Nairobi for a few weeks, I didn't realize how easily and how in tune with your environment you can live. All I really need is a piece of land and a tepee. And some clean water, which may be the hardest of all to find.

14.

PLAYBOY: You recently went to Machu Picchu. See anything you just didn't believe?

HARRELSON: I saw the invisible. And I touched the intangible. [*Pauses*] I know. What does that mean? Well, in a sense, it's ineffable. [*Laughs*] Society says that unless something is right in front of your eyes, it doesn't exist. And it makes those who believe that it *does* exist seem foolish. I went with a friend. I'd never even heard of Machu Picchu, but I've always felt like I'm supposed to go with the flow. Life seems just to take care of me. I'm an optimist and a romantic. At Machu Picchu, a transformation definitely occurred. Energy cannot be destroyed. So obviously, when this body is gone, there is some life force that continues. Some energy. My trip was about getting in touch with that energy, though I have no words to describe it—and I'm a hell of a long way from really understanding it.

15.

PLAYBOY: Describe a moment in your life that will never go away.

HARRELSON: I've had a lot of moments like that. Here's one: I was doing this play with John Cassavetes. Gena Rowlands and Carol Kane were in it. Then I had an opportunity to do a movie in Italy. I wanted to be a movie star so bad. So my agent said, "You have to go." It wasn't even a clear thing, but he felt certain I could sell myself. He said, "This is just a short-run play. You have to go." I'd been working on the play a month.

To me, John Cassavetes was one of the greatest artists who ever existed. I would sit with my journal in rehearsals and write down everything that he said, because he was like Faulkner. He told such riveting stories. He had a wonderful love. Very childlike guy—and he was dying at this point. The day came when I had to tell him that I was leaving his play. I'll never forget sitting next to him, trying to tell him. Before I could say anything, he said, "Don't tell me that you're leaving me." And I started crying. I knew, more intensely than at any other time in my life, that this was something absolutely wrong—and I went ahead and did it anyway. It's probably the one regret I have in my life. If I ever could go back, I'd do it differently.

16.

PLAYBOY: You've been an outspoken critic of the war with Iraq. You even got bumped from the Mardi Gras parade for your beliefs. Now that we've won, have we really won?

HARRELSON: It's pretty obvious to most people, including those who were one hundred percent behind this war. The war's over, and there's a tally of at least four hundred thousand people dead. Oil wells were burning out of control, which was the world's worst ecological disaster. And Saddam Hussein is still

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alive. Now, did we win? I certainly don't think you can say that we did.

17.

PLAYBOY: You've lived inside the skin of Woody Boyd for a number of years now. What are the advantages of being dumb, especially in Hollywood?

HARRELSON: I've always considered Woody naïve, not dumb. If anything, an idiot savant. He has an amazing knowledge of trivia and can beat anybody at chess.

When I was young, I used to *love* Jerry Lewis. I thought he was hysterical. He had [*goes nasal*] that character you could consider dumb or dim-witted. I remember thinking that he was a cool persona. In junior high school, one of the most popular girls in school was with one of the most popular guys. And they were razzing me, asking me about what the date was, and I was playing dumb and pretending I didn't know. They kept going on: "Well, what's the month?" "What's the year?" And I pretended I didn't know. I seemed like such a fool, but I was just happy to be getting all this attention. I had just changed schools. I didn't care if they thought I was dumb or anything as long as they were paying attention to me. So, in that sense, playing dumb, naïve, literally can be pretty amusing—as long as someone's laughing.

In Hollywood, the best time to play dumb is when it's time to negotiate.

18.

PLAYBOY: Who's the smartest person you know, and why?

HARRELSON: Sean Young. [*Laughs*] Based on the fact that she can go on working after pulling the stuff she does.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's the last thought-provoking thing someone said to you?

HARRELSON: Wesley Snipes, my co-star in *White Men Can't Jump*, said to me that he thought I had the heart of a brother. Which is quite a compliment.

20.

PLAYBOY: What items of your clothes can your girlfriend wear without asking you? What stuff does she have to ask about, and what stuff is always off limits?

HARRELSON: *If* I indeed had a girlfriend, she could wear anything she wanted. Except there was one alpaca sweater—brown with little llamas on it—that was off limits to everybody. I put so much value into that sweater. I don't know why. It was the only article of clothing I really felt seriously attached to. And I'm saying "was" because I'll be damned if I didn't lose it. There's a lesson there, somewhere. The rest of my stuff is up for grabs. I've never been all that attached to clothes, and if you saw my wardrobe, you might understand why.

"Just how long have you been standing there?"

IT **COMES** AND **GOES**

(continued from page 96)

They, too, were wrestling with mysteries. Otherwise, what were they doing there?

•

The house was gone for two weeks. I checked for it every day. Spring had arrived in full force before it returned. Trees turned green, plants were blooming, the air grew warm and soft.

The woman was back, too, the blonde. I never failed to see her now, every time I went by, and I went by every day. It was as if she knew I was coming. Sometimes she was at the window, but usually she was standing just inside the screen door. Some days she dressed in the red slinky robe, some days in a green one. She had a few other outfits, too, all of them classy but somewhat oddly designed—shoulders too wide, the cut too narrow. Once—incredibly, unforgettably—she came to the door in nothing at all but her own sleek skin and stood for a moment on splendid display, framed perfectly in the doorway, sunlight glinting off her lovely body.

She was always smiling. She must have known I was the one who had been peeping that night and it didn't seem to bother her. The look on her face said, *Let's get to know each other a little better, shall we?* Always that warm, beckoning smile. Sometimes, she'd give me a little come-on-in flick of her finger tips.

Not on your life, sister. Not on your life.

But I couldn't stop coming by. The house, the woman, the mystery—all pulled me like a magnet.

By now, I had two theories. The simple one was that she was lonely, horny, bored, looking for distraction. Maybe it excited her to be playing these games with me. In this quiet little town, where the chief cause of death surely must be boredom, she liked to live dangerously.

Too simple, much too simple. Why would a woman who looked like she did be living a lonely, horny life? Why would she be in this kind of town in the first place? The theory didn't account for the comings and goings of the house. Or for what I had seen happen to the cat, the dog, the tricycle, the boy with the football. The dog had returned—the day I was given the full frontal show, it was sitting on the step just below the screen door, next to an old orange mug that someone had left sitting there—but it never went more than a couple of yards from the house, and he moved in a weird, lobotomized way. There had been no further signs of the cat or the tricycle.

Which led to my other theory, the roach motel theory.

The house comes from the future, I told myself. They're studying the late 20th Century and they want to collect artifacts. So every now and then, they send this time machine disguised as a little white-stucco house here, and it scoops up

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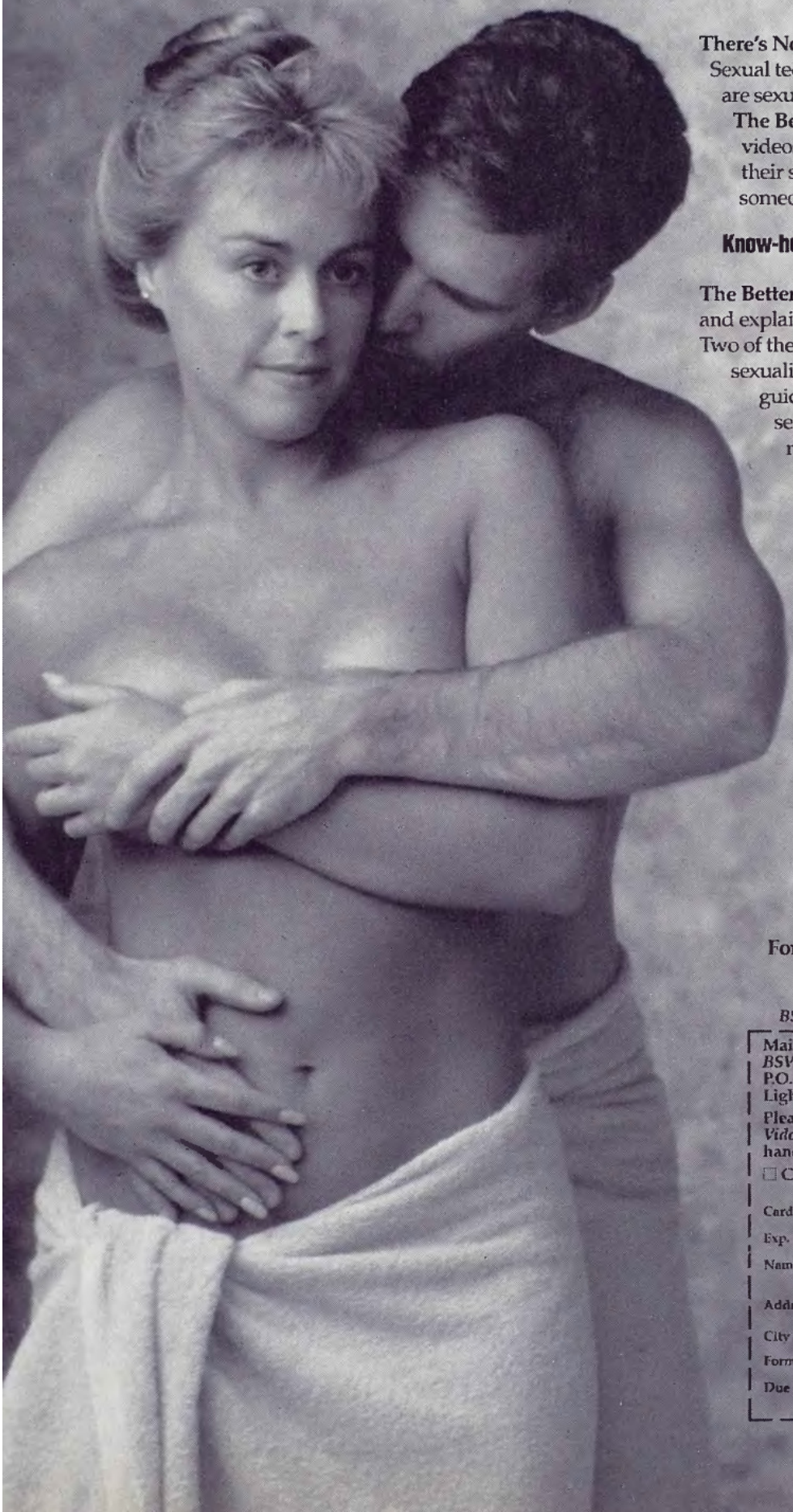

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toys, pets, newspapers, whatever it can grab. Most likely, they aren't really looking for cats or dogs, but they takes what they gets. And now they're trying to catch an actual live 20th Century man. Trolling for him the way you'd troll for catfish, except that you'd use a beautiful woman—sometimes naked—as the bait.

A crazy idea? Sure. But I couldn't come up with a saner one.

•

Ten days into spring and the house was gone again. When it came back about a week later, the woman didn't seem to be with it. They were giving her some time off, maybe. They still seemed interested in luring me inside. I'd come by and take up my position by the curb, and the door would quietly swing open, though no one was visible inside. And it would stay open, waiting for me to traipse up the walk and go in.

It was a temptation. I felt it pulling on me harder and harder every day, as my own here-and-now, real-life, everyday options looked bleaker and bleaker. I wasn't finding a new job. I wasn't making useful contacts. My money, not much to begin with, was running out. All I had was the program and the people who were part of it here, and though they were fine enough people, they weren't the kind I could get really close to in any way not having to do with the program.

So why not go up that path and into the house? Even if they were to sweep me up and take me off to the year 2999, and even if I were never heard from again, what would I have to lose? A drab life in a furnished room in a nowhere town, living on the last of my dwindling savings, while I dreamed of white powder and purple pills and went to meetings at which a bunch of victims of the same miserable malady struggled constantly to keep their leaky boats from sinking? Wherever I would go would be better than that. Perhaps incredibly better.

But, of course, I didn't *know* that the shining visitors from the future would sweep me off to an astounding new existence in the year 2999. That was only my own nutty guess, my wild fantasy. Anything at all might happen to me if I passed through that doorway. Anything. It was a kind of Russian roulette, and I didn't even know the odds against me.

One day, I taped a piece of paper to a rubber ball from the five-and-dime and tossed it through the opened door. On it I had written these questions:

WHO ARE YOU?
WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?
DO YOU WANT ME?
WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?
WILL YOU HARM ME?

I waited for an answering note to come bouncing out. But none ever did.

The house went away. The house came back. The woman still wasn't there. Nobody else seemed to be, either. But the door swung open expectantly for me, seemingly of its own accord. I would stand and stare, making no move, and after a time, it would close again.

I bought another ball and threw another message through the door.

SEND ME THE GIRL AGAIN. THE BLONDE ONE. I WANT TO TALK TO HER.

•

The house went away again and stayed away a long while—nearly a month this time—so that I began to think it would never come back (and then that it had actually never been there at all). There were days when I didn't even bother to walk past the vacant lot where I had seen it.

Then I did, and it was there, and the woman was in the doorway smiling, and she said, "Come on in and visit me, sailor?"

She was wearing something gauzy and she was leaning against the doorframe with her hand on her hip. Her voice was a soft, throaty contralto. It all felt like a scene out of a Forties movie. Maybe it was; maybe they had been studying up.

"First, you tell me who you are, all right? And where you come from."

"Don't you want to have a good time with me, pal?"

Damn right I do. I felt it in my groin, my pounding chest, my knees.

I moistened my lips. I thought of the way the house had reeled in that angry, snarling cat. How it had pulled that tricycle up the stairs. I felt it pulling on me. But I must have more ability to fight back than a cat. Or a tricycle.

I said, "There's a lot I need to know first."

"Come on in and I'll tell you everything." Softly. Huskily. Irresistibly. *Almost* irresistibly.

"Tell me first. Come out here and talk to me."

She winked and shook her head. "Here's looking at *you*, kid." Studying old movies, all right. She closed the door in my face.

•

What they hammer into you in the program is that you may think you're pretty tough, but in fact, when you've added up all the debts and credits, the truth is you aren't as strong as you like to pretend you are. You're too weak not to reach for some sort of drug when you feel a little edgy or a little low; it's only after you admit how weak you are and turn elsewhere for help that you can begin to find the strength you need.

I had found that strength. I hadn't done any sort of stuff on the seventh of February, or the eighth or the ninth. One day at a time, I wasn't doing any drugs, and by now that one day at a time added up to four months and 11 days, and when tomorrow came around I would add another day to the string, and I was beginning to feel fairly confident I could keep going that way for the rest of my life.

But the house was something else again. I was starting to see it as a magic gateway to God knows where, just as drugs had once been for me. It came and went, and the woman smiled and beckoned and offered throaty invitations, and I recognized that I had let myself become obsessed with it and couldn't keep away from it, and the next time the house came back there was a good chance that I'd go sauntering up the path and through the door.

Which was crazy.

I hadn't put myself through this whole ordeal of recovery just for the sake of waltzing through a different magic gateway, had I? Especially when I didn't have the slightest idea of what might lie on the far side.

I thought about it and thought about it and thought about it and decided that the safest and smartest thing to do was to get out of here. I would move to some other town that didn't have houses that came and went, or languid, naked blondes standing in doorways inviting me to step inside. So one drowsy July morning I bought a bus ticket to a town 40 miles from where I'd been living. It was about the same size and had a similar name and looked just about as dull; and on the street behind the lone movie theater I found a house that had a FURNISHED ROOM sign stuck in its lawn and rented a place very much like the one I had (except that the rent was ten dollars more a month). Then I went around to the local program headquarters—I had already checked with my own to make sure they had one here, you can bet on that—and picked up the schedule of meeting hours.

Done. Safe. A clean break.

I'd never see that white house again.

I'd never see *her* again.

I'd never face that mysterious doorway and never feel the pull it exerted.

And, as I told myself all that, the pain of irrevocable loss rose up inside me and hit me from within, and I thought I was going to fall down.

I was in the bus depot then, waiting to catch the bus going back, so I could pack my suitcase and settle things with my landlady and say goodbye to my friends, such as they were, in the program. I looked around and there she was, standing stark-naked in the doorway of the baggage room, smiling at me in that beckoning way of hers.

Not really. It was a different woman, and she wasn't blonde, and she was wearing a bus-company uniform, and she wasn't even looking at me.

I knew that, actually. I wasn't hallucinating. But I had *wanted* her to be the other one so badly that I imagined that I saw her. And I realized how deep the obsession had become.

I must have seen her 50 times during the ride back. Waving at me from the

head of a country lane as the bus flashed by. Smiling at me from a bicycle going the other way. Riding in the back of a pickup truck bouncing along in front of us. Standing by the side of the road trying to hitch a ride. Her image haunted me wherever I looked. I sat there shivering and sweating, seeing her beckoning in the doorway and watching that door closing and closing and closing again in my mind.

•

It was evening by the time the bus reached town. The wise thing would have been to take a shower and go to a meeting, but I went to the house instead, and there was someone standing outside, staring at the screen door.

He was about my age, a short guy with a good gut and tousled, reddish hair just beginning to fade into gray. He looked vaguely familiar. I wondered if I had seen him at a meeting once or twice, perhaps. As I came by, he threw me an uneasy, guilty glance, as if he were up to something. His eyes were a pale blue, very bloodshot.

I went past him about ten paces, paused there, turned around.

"You waiting for someone?" I asked.

"I might be."

"Someone who lives in there?"

"What's that to you?"

"I was just wondering," I said, "if you could tell me who lives in that house."

He shrugged as if he hadn't quite heard me. The blue eyes turned chilly. I wanted to pick him up and throw him into the next county. The way he was looking at me, he probably felt the same way about me.

I said, "A woman lives there, right?"

"Fuck off, will you?"

"A blonde woman?"

"Fuck off, I said."

Neither of us moved.

"Sometimes I come by here and I see a blonde woman in the window, or standing in the doorway," I went on. "I wonder if you've seen her sometimes, too."

He didn't say anything. His eyes flickered almost involuntarily toward the house.

I followed the motion and there she was, visible through the window with the green shutters to the right of the door. She was wearing one of her misty wraps, and her hair was shining like spun gold. She smiled. Gestured with a quick movement of her head.

Come on inside, why don't you?

I almost did. Another five seconds, another three, and I would have trotted down that narrow, paved pathway as obediently as the dog that had the newspaper in his mouth. But I didn't. I was still afraid of what might lie beyond. I froze in my tracks; and then the redheaded man started to move. He went past me and up the path. Like a sleepwalker, like a zombie.

"Hey—wait——"

I caught him by the arm. He swung around, furious, and we struggled for a moment and then he broke loose and clamped both his hands on my shoulders and pushed me with tremendous force into the shrubbery. I tripped over one of the pieces of odd metal junk that were always lying around near the door, and went sprawling on my face. When I got myself disentangled, it was just in time to see the redheaded man wrench the screen door open and run inside.

I heard the inner door slam.

And then the house disappeared.

It vanished like a pricked bubble, taking the shrubbery with it, the garbage cans and other junk as well, and I found myself kneeling on weeds in the midst of a vacant lot, trembling as if I had just had a stroke. After a moment or two, I got shakily to my feet and walked over to the place where the house had been. Nothing. Nothing. No trace. Gone as if it had never been there at all.

•

A couple of days later, I moved back to my old place. There didn't seem much risk anymore, and I missed the place, the town, the guys at the meeting. It's been months now, and no house. I rarely skip a day, going by the lot, but it remains empty. The memory of it, of *her*, haunts me. I look for the redheaded man, too, but I've never seen him. I described him once at a meeting and someone said, "Yeah, sounds like Ricky. He used to live around here." Where was he now? Nobody had any idea. Neither do I.

Another time, I got brave enough to ask some of them if they had ever heard about a little white house that, well, sort of comes and goes. "Comes and goes?" they said. "What the hell does that mean?" I let the question drop.

I have a feeling that it was all some kind of a test, and I may have flunked it. I don't mean that I've missed out on a terrific woman. She was only the bait; I know better than to think that she was real or that she ever could have been available for me if she were. But that sense of a new start—of another life, however weird, beyond the horizon—forever lost to me now, that's what I'm talking about. And the pain runs deep.

But there's always a second chance, isn't there? They tell you that in the program, and I believe it. I have to. From time to time, I've left notes in the empty lot:

WHEN YOU COME BACK NEXT TIME,
DON'T LEAVE WITHOUT ME.
I'M READY NOW. I'M SURE OF IT.

The house comes and goes, that I know. It's gone now, but it'll come again. I'm here. I'm watching. I'm waiting.

COLUMBUS, GO HOME *(continued from page 114)*

"America is growing ever more self-absorbed, unaware of what is going on in the Third World."

had already ruffled Spanish sensibilities. Perhaps it was just as well the king had not appeared. (Hardly anyone had, in fact.) Park had been palmed off on us reporters when it was made clear that he would be an embarrassment on the officials' boat. So he was sequestered, incongruously, in a pack of publicists.

The caravels crawled from Huelva to nearby Palos, the actual site of Columbus' embarkation. (Palos is too silted up to use as a launching area.) When the press boat docked, we were loaded into buses that had nonfunctioning air conditioners and taken to La Rábida, the monastery where Columbus had received much aid and instruction (his patrons, as well as his opponents, were mostly clerics). The talk of Tongsun Park went on as people tried to rehydrate around the refreshment table.

My wife and I were supposed to rejoin Holman and her limousine at La Luz, but when we got there, she asked us to wait in the lobby bar. Park and his popsy were already seated in that jammed and sweltering bar—clearly in exile from upstairs, where white-uniformed naval officers bustled.

With her harried efficiency, Holman crisscrossed the lobby, moving coolly through the humidity, whispering at intervals with Park. He soon disappeared into what we had begun to think of as *our* limousine and was whisked away, no more to be seen—not that night at the consulate, not beside the Alfonso pool (which was decorated with his popsy). Holman had found us another ride, with the American photographer who had recorded the day's activities for Texaco.

The contract Goudie had drawn up between Texaco and the Spanish government sprang leaks and sank overnight. The Spanish claimed (though Texaco denied) that Goudie gave away rights they would never have granted—e.g., to have the ships fly the Texaco pennant across the Atlantic and into all the ports they would visit. Texaco said it had not been indemnified by private insurers of the ships. When Texaco refused to make its next payment, the commission could not meet its $600,000 in debts to Spain. The commission fell behind on its office rent. The House Census Subcommittee called in the General Accounting Office to audit the commission's books. The investigators found an incredible mess. As they later reported, "the commission kept four sets of books that contained conflicting financial information." A friend of Goudie's had been given the contract for the commission's glossy magazine, *Five Hundred*. The auditors reported 27 specific irregularities. The subcommittee called in the GAO's criminal investigators, and Goudie was scheduled to testify about his time in office at a November hearing—a session at which the chairman, Thomas Sawyer of Ohio, promised "bizarre" revelations.

Meanwhile, Goudie's private affairs were catching up with him. Florida had lifted his real-estate license for misappropriation of escrow funds ($10,000 of which had been used for Republican Party activities). He was found to be in contempt of court for failing to turn over financial documents. He had not filed income-tax returns for 1986 and 1987. In December 1990, after six years of bungled preparations, Goudie resigned, leaving a discredited and debt-ridden commission behind. The only thing he had really raised money for—the caravels' trip from Spain to the Americas—was now called off.

George Bush called in a friend and former campaign assistant of Jim Baker's, Frank Donatelli, to straighten things out. Donatelli's only connection with Columbus is that he is of Italian descent. But he was the executive director of Young Americans for Freedom in the early 1970s, and he followed Baker into Reagan's White House as the conservative on Baker's staff who was meant to temper charges of Baker's "pragmatism."

Donatelli tried to straighten out the caravel situation. Texaco would not step back into that tangle, but Spain agreed to assume control of the American tour—now reduced from 50 to 18 cities, after a belated departure of the ships in October 1991. This would not leave much time for visiting the Caribbean—the caravels will stay in Puerto Rico until the new year and then will begin their spring tour of the East Coast.

Donatelli also brought the first native American to the commission board—Bill Ray of the Native American Advisory Committee, an early critic of the commission for doing such things as naming its educational grants Columbus Scholarships rather than 1992 Scholarships. The commission claims a new sensitivity to its critics, though it still has on its board Lynne Cheney, who has blocked grants from the NEH to projects not sufficiently reverent to Columbus. The commission remains a product of the Reagan era. Its belated need to raise funds quickly makes it, more than ever, geared to wooing rich people.

The commemoration of Columbus in 1893 redefined the nation. It not only reflected but helped determine the national condition. The same is true of the 1992 observances. The unity that Henry Adams found in Chicago is nowhere evident in this year's activities. Most people blame this on the protesters, on multiculturalism, on the pressure for politically correct attitudes and on the resentment expressed toward Columbus as a "dead white male" speaking only for the colonial and exploitive elements of American history. But the blindness and ineptitude of the Reagan years is also a part of this story. The Administration that threw the most lavish parties for itself—Inaugurations given for and by fat cats—was unable to muster a unifying vision for public affairs, for uniting the various parts of the nation.

This is an era that heralds a new world order to follow the Cold War. In the Cold War, emphasis on the superpower conflict fostered neglect of the Third World at a time when anticolonialism had remade half of the globe and created new nations, new peoples, new troubles and opportunities in regions crucial to the future.

The civil rights movement reflected African experiences. The indigenous peoples' movement led to things like the altered celebration of Australia's quadricentennial in 1977. Most of the world is nonwhite. Yet America, as Senator Paul Simon points out, is growing ever more monolingual, self-absorbed, unaware of what is going on in the Third World. Those who were surprised by or resentful of the new attitudes toward Columbus resemble the Lone Ranger when he tells Tonto, "We're surrounded." A number of Americans, and not only native Americans, were saying, "What do you mean *we*, white man?" This is not, after all, something that came up all of a sudden. The National Council of Churches and the World Council of Churches both warned against any triumphant celebration of the quincentenary. The House of Representatives' resolution for striking commemorative coins required that they celebrate "the *discovery* of America." Those who think any departure from the bogus, old Columbus of the Washington Irving myth is an internal problem of the United States, a part of the Vietnam syndrome, are proof that blindness to the rest of the world is a requirement made by some forms of patriotism. For the rest of us, the discovery of America is something that is an ongoing task and surprise and blessing. It involves the rediscovery of the world.

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MADONNA, INC. *(continued from page 94)*

"Looking ahead to fiscal 1992, Madonna, Inc. is planning a hostile take-over of Whitney Houston."

female suburban teenager desiring to shock her parents, rebel against society (though without actually doing anything dangerous) and, if possible, to have sex with a major religious figure. These consumers look to Madonna, Inc. for leadership and inspiration.

Meeting the challenge to attain ever-higher shock levels, controversy-enhancement technicians in our Blatant Outrage Division work constantly to devise new quotations to rattle the press. Our outstanding Madonnaism of 1991—"Every straight guy should have a man's tongue in his mouth at least once"—won a $25,000 incentive bonus for Big M master quote fabricator J. T. Hedwig. It brought 16,875,432 approving calls on our Tell It to Madonna 900 hotline (at $25 a call) from Madonna wanna-bes—our most faithful customers—who dress and talk exactly like President Ciccone and espouse her ideals, namely, freedom, tolerance, artistic integrity and the right to fellate a Vichy bottle.

The Blatant Outrage Division also deserves credit for the *Justify My Love* video, crafted with care to exceed even MTV's loose standards of decency. The outright ban is the marketing tool of the future; we will use it well.

To maintain its market share, Big M strives to broaden its consumer base by originating globe-sweeping fads such as the successful underwear-on-the-outside look, which revolutionized fashion. This year's innovation, rapid hair-color change, did not achieve the same results, though President Ciccone's switch from platinum to brown to black within 24 hours did engender a *Wall Street Journal* editorial demanding her imprisonment. As a result of the shortfall, 4000 trend disseminators were laid off in our Fad Development Division, and the launch of Truth or Hair Tint was canceled.

On the plus side, after *Vanity Fair* revealed that President Ciccone loves to shock the "suits" at meetings by fishing popcorn out of her cleavage and eating it, the storage of snack treats in brassiere cups has blossomed among girls in the 12 to 18 age group. Accordingly, sales of Teenage Slut brand popcorn, a Big M product, tripled. Designers in our Sexy Appliance Division redoubled efforts to ready our exclusive refrigerated bra for the 1992 model year.

"The gentleman at the other end of the bar would like to know if you're interested in meeting the man behind the myth."

As is obvious from such advances, the key to Big M's profits is synergy—the coordination of all Madonna activities so that each successful product also sells another. Our 1991 synergy campaign kicked off with a spectacular Big M press promotion, titled the Cannes Film Festival. There, we introduced both *Truth or Dare*, Big M's top-of-the-line film product, and the 1991 Madonna model, a triumph of superior style undistracted by content, a formula that has proved irresistible to the American consumer.

Dropping her kimono to unveil a white-satin torpedo bra and a girdle with garter belt, President Ciccone achieved another Madonna transcendent moment and threw the entire European *paparazzi* sector into a frenzy, generating megapublicity translatable into movie tickets, sales of CDs and video singles, as well as into Madonna dolls, T-shirts and Wanton Harlot brand lingerie, a Big M product available at shopping malls coast to coast and soon to be available in the Ukraine.

But, as always at Big M, our goals for next year are even more ambitious. Looking ahead to fiscal 1992, Madonna, Inc. is planning a hostile take-over of Whitney Houston and the outright purchase of Paula Abdul for the purpose of cannibalizing their assets and terminating their operations. This will not only remove two competing brands but will also bring further Big M ego expansion (notwithstanding critics who contend that full capacity has been reached).

As planned last year, Madonna's 1992 image will be the Intellectual/Athlete, sensuous but serious. Roll-out began in 1991, with President Ciccone discussing her impressive art collection in all interviews and making a baseball film, *A League of Their Own*, for 1992 release. Key synergistic tie-ins will include the introduction of Big M's Exquisite Tramp Workoutfit, a lace sweat suit with a plunging neckline and breakaway loin sash, and the Brainy Bimbo line of books, a collection of erotic classics illustrated with 3-D pop-ups and with an introduction by Camille Paglia explaining why Shakespeare, Freud and Plato would have wanted to date Madonna.

On behalf of management, President Ciccone would like to acknowledge with gratitude the dedication and hard work of all 60,000 Big M employees, and to express her appreciation to you, the shareholders and press toadies, for your continued loyalty and support—though she wishes you'd quit coming around at all hours and trying to crash her house, as there are too fucking many of you to invite in at two A.M. for a heart-to-heart, on top of which, many of you appear to be stoned, which is strictly against company policy.

Sincerely,
Madonna L. Ciccone

REACH OUT

(continued from page 152)

however, is as far beyond us today as TV would have been to Leonardo da Vinci.

Scanning and reconstructing a human being—or even an inanimate solid object—would be orders of magnitude more difficult than creating a system that carried only images. The amount of information involved would be so enormous that its transmission might take astronomical periods of time. A circuit with the same capacity (or bandwidth) as one of today's TV channels would take about 20 million *million* years to transmit a human being's physical pattern. It would be quicker to walk. Even fiber optics would knock off only one of those millions, so I fear it will be a long time before anyone says the equivalent of "Beam me up, Scotty."

Perhaps the feat could be accomplished, under certain circumstances, not by a scanning technique, but by taking a short-cut through the wormholes in space postulated by some physicists. Unfortunately, only very small worms could make it through these holes, which appear to be subnucleonic in size. Stephen Hawking summed it up in a TV discussion with Carl Sagan and myself when he said that a wormhole traveler would end up looking like spaghetti or "a passenger in some airlines my lawyer won't let me mention."

•

As we enter the final decade of the most brilliant yet barbarous century mankind has ever known, we should feel a kinship with the Roman god Janus, who simultaneously looked forward and backward. But Janus was also the god of beginnings (hence January). If we can learn from the past, there is hope for the future.

That future, as H. G. Wells warned us long ago, will be a race between education and catastrophe. Television is the most potent educational medium ever devised, and programs deliberately devised to instruct are only the tip of an enormous iceberg. Every time the camera presents a political demonstration, a parliamentary debate, a UN relief operation, even a sporting event, it serves the cause of education, in the widest sense of that word.

This was proved most convincingly during the August revolution in the Soviet Union, which appears to be rapidly reversing the October 1917 one. In his August 24, 1991, "Letter from America," Alistair Cooke contrasted 1917's ten days that shook the world with this year's 60 hours. The coup failed, he stated, "mainly because of something new—satellite broadcasting." He paid tribute to CNN, which, as in the Gulf war, served as a two-way, interactive medium, creating history as it reported it.

The battle over Kuwait was, in fact, the first time in history that the U.S. saw what war—and, even more importantly, its aftermath—was really like. In Vietnam, and even in the Falklands conflict, the images were already history when they reached the viewer. There is an immense psychological gulf between real time and replay.

During the Gulf war, communications satellites became the conscience of the world—a function already rehearsed in such global telecasts as the concerts in aid of Bangladesh and Ethiopia. There is a danger, of course, that overexposure to disaster and tragedy will induce compassion fatigue, but the alternative—the indifference of ignorance—is surely worse.

Another danger, and perhaps a more serious one, is that these wonderful new services may overload our capacity to absorb them. There is still much more to come. Already there have been spectacular demonstrations of high-definition television (HDTV), and now there is the equally exciting promise of applying digital sound to inexpensive radio receivers—both using direct-broadcast satellites. DB radiosats may make the old short-wave services instantly obsolete, and give rise to new global networks of major importance.

Yet, bombarded with megabytes, we may simply switch off, or not bother to use, these wonderful new toys once the initial novelty has been exhausted. Satellite empires have already risen and fallen, and the money lost in the early Atlantic cables has been eclipsed by the fortunes that evaporated in mergers and launch-pad explosions.

But these, I am sure, are temporary setbacks. The sky will continue to fill with new stars, whose names would puzzle the old-time astronomer—Anik, Palapa, Statsionar, Arabsat, Asiasat. Let us use them well, always remembering that information is not knowledge and knowledge is not wisdom.

Let me close by recalling one of the most powerful tales from the Old Testament—the Tower of Babel. A recent article in *Scientific American* traces nearly half of today's languages to a homeland only 300 miles north of Babylon. Be that as it may, there is an eerie symbolism to the fact that today's makers of communications satellites are now busily *unbuilding* the Tower of Babel 23,000 miles above the equator.

To quote from *Genesis* 11: "And the Lord said, 'Behold, they are one people, and they have all one language; and this is only the beginning of what they will do; and nothing that they propose to do will now be impossible for them.'"

On that first occasion, those words were a warning of disaster. Today, they should be a message of hope, a description of the future that lies within our grasp.

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WAKE UP *(continued from page 109)*

"The Nineties will not be an age of moping. R.E.M. and Sinéad O'Connor will eventually go away."

the Eighties. In the Eighties, the word "arb" was interchangeable with the word "genius." In the Nineties, the word "arb" will be a term of pure contempt. In the Nineties, when a company says it is "restructuring," people will no longer think that this is an indication that the visionary corporation is taking bold steps to become lean and mean. They will know that the company is going under. In the Nineties, there are not going to be any more movies about Yuppie fact checkers at snooty East Coast magazines (*Bright Lights, Big City*), there are not going to be any movies about upwardly mobile superbartenders trying to make it to the top of the mixological universe (*Cocktail*), and there are not going to be any movies about the diurnal problems of callow youths named Ferris. Although there will still be plenty of people named Sting, River and Keanu, they will probably have the good sense to name or rename their children James, Karen and Shirley. Otherwise, their kids are going to get their clocks cleaned when they show up for nursery school.

Throughout the Eighties, Americans devoted an immense portion of their economic and intellectual resources to combating the spread of communism. Now that the triumph over the Soviets has been achieved, those same resources can be used in a national crusade against the *next most terrifying* threat to human development: the United States Government. In the Nineties, our elected representatives are either going to fix the schools, fix the roads, fix the banking system and fix the environment—or we'll find other people who will.

The Nineties will be a great time to be an American, a bad time to be a foreigner. While we have rid ourselves of our worst enemy—the Soviet Union—the West Germans have just annexed East Germany, which is basically Ecuador with less pizzazz. Let's see how well that finely tuned German economic machine works now. For 2000 years the French and the English have been prevented from annihilating each other only because of the mitigating topographical barrier of the English Channel. Once the Chunnel is completed, the two ancient enemies can proceed directly to the Final Conflict. No English pedestrian will be safe once French drivers hit the roads, and the French, having survived thousands of years of eating garlic-soaked pig's intestines and the heavily marinated stomach lining from wild boars, will find themselves felled by the most cardiovascularly menacing comestible on the planet: plum puddings. *Bon appétit*, guys!

The Japanese will fare no better. In the Eighties, the Japanese got rich and fat by selling Americans VCRs that never break, CD players that never break and cars that run for 145,000 miles without needing a lube job. So what are they going to sell us now? Americans don't need any more cheap TVs; they have six spare ones in the den. CD players cost less than a hundred bucks, and everyone already has a spare six-pack. Toyota's Previa vans will still be running smoothly the day after Armageddon.

The Nineties will be an era of immense safety: Fear will be out. With the Soviets down for the count, the Libyans down for the count, the Iraqis mostly down for the count, the Chinese down for the count, it's no wonder that Freddy Krueger has decided it's time to call it a career. Terror is out, dread of a nuclear holocaust is out, fear of the unknown is out. Carl Sagan and the rest of the boys and girls in the pop apocalypse business are going to have to find a new line of work.

The Nineties will not be an age of moping. Professional sourpusses like R.E.M., Suzanne Vega and Sinéad O'Connor will eventually go away. Books like *Slaves of New York* will not make it to the top of the best-seller lists. Robert Altman will not make a comeback. Neither will Ingmar Bergman. Liv Ullmann will not be welcome. The long-awaited moment when Jane Alexander will tower over the world of American drama will not come to pass. Neither will the resurrection of crooks like Dennis Levine and Mike Milken. People like Jay Leno will have an easy time of it in the Nineties. People like Ralph Nader will not.

The signs of rebirth are all around us. Farmland prices are on the rise for the first time in a decade. Madonna has stopped being Marilyn Monroe. Merrill Lynch is rehiring. Arsenio Hall just got a haircut. The United States Olympic basketball team will not be scored upon during the 1992 Summer Games in Barcelona. Jim Wright is gone. The K.G.B. is finished. Law firms are laying off people left and right, hopefully leading to a wave of long-overdue suicides in the legal profession. Baseball is booming in Minnesota, Pittsburgh and Atlanta. The Dallas Cowboys have come back from the grave. The Refrigerator has reasserted himself. Sales of spinach pasta are on the decline. Performance artists and mimes are having a hard time getting Federal subsidies. No one is going to give Woody Allen $20,000,000 to make another movie like *Interiors*. And all across the nation, a powerful grass-roots movement is gaining momentum as harassed diners everywhere, too long cowed by legions of spindly waiters—persons named Cameron or Trish—rise from their seats and proclaim with one voice: WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THE GODDAMNED SPECIALS. WE'RE ORDERING FROM THE MENU!

It's a great time to be alive.

NAVIGATING

(continued from page 111)

Desert Storm to have been:

A. A hideous and unnecessary mismatch in which American imperialism once again subjugated a helpless Third World country.

B. A glorious victory in which American boys, allied with coalition forces and American technological know-how, squashed an evil tyrant and liberated Kuwait.

C. Jonathan Winters' best movie.

Answer C is wrong since, contrary to popular belief, Schwarzkopf and Winters are two different people, though the retired general may have occasionally donned his grandmother's dresses. Answer A alone is too P.C., answer B alone not P.C. enough—therefore, the correct answer is A and B. P.C. is both antiwar and pro-veteran, in which case the Gulf war was ideal, producing more veterans (well, American veterans, anyway) per war-hour than any other war in history.

•

6. Appropriate behavior at an Iron John seminar led by Robert Bly in a woodlands clearing includes:

A. Singing ancient tribal chants, spinning myths around a campfire and beating on a drum.

B. Cursing your father, weeping copiously around a campfire, admitting you have tiny genitals and then beating your hairless chest.

C. Howling at the moon, passing a pitcher of martinis around the campfire and then beating the crap out of Robert Bly.

If you answered A, you're confusing the New P.C. Masculinity with Indian Guides, which it strongly resembles. C, beating up Robert Bly, is appropriate behavior only at his poetry readings. The right answer is B. Blaming others, especially past generations, is central to the P.C. movement, whose motto is NO BUCK STOPS HERE.

•

7. If Julia Child were to cook a P.C. meal, the menu would feature:

A. Carrots, barley, oats, grass and silage.

B. Brewer's yeast, calendula, tofu, uva-ursi leaves, *kasha* and bulgur.

C. Cheeseburgers, chocolate malts, french fries and pies.

The answer is B. A is the wrong answer because it lists foods which are tested on animals. C is wrong because cheeseburgers taste good and are *made* from animals. Politically correct dining institutionalizes eating disorders such as anorexia and bulimia by equating food with poison and consumption with guilt. The only correct foods are either antidotes (brewer's yeast, calendula) to everything you've eaten in your life to date or foods (tofu, *kasha* and bulgur) which, in a world of famine, even famished people won't eat.

•

8. When the check-out girl at the supermarket asks me if I want paper or plastic, the correct answer is:

A. "Paper, because it's recyclable and doesn't deplete the world's oil supply like plastic does."

B. "Plastic, because it's recyclable and doesn't deplete the world's forests like paper does."

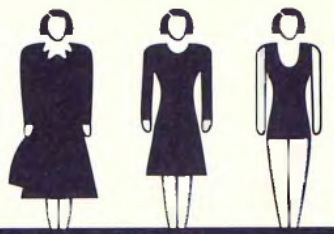
C. "I brought my own cloth bag."

If you answered A, you're probably hoping that it rains and the bag gets wet and the bottom tears and your brewer's yeast, tofu, *kasha* and bulgur spill all over the street and you won't have to eat them. If you answered B, you forgot that plastic is a petroleum product and are thus encouraging further American armed intervention in the Middle East. A P.C. person carries a cloth market bag, which you can recycle by cutting two holes in the bottom and using as a diaper.

•

Finally, any ideology worth its salt has a vocabulary and a diction all its own. Remember, it doesn't matter how you feel, as long as you use the right words. Match the following words with their politically correct counterparts:

1. A person with an I.Q. less than 60 is called:
   A. retarded
   B. intellectually challenged
   C. Mr. Vice-President
2. Human females are called:
   A. women
   B. wimmin
   C. vagino-Americans
3. A female business seminar leader might be called:
   A. Madam Chairwoman
   B. Ms. Chairperson
   C. the boss in the gray-flannel panty hose
4. A person who needs his head examined is:
   A. in therapy
   B. emotionally challenged
   C. a Democratic Presidential candidate
5. Michael Jordan is:
   A. an African American
   B. a person of color
   C. God
6. A person without a penny to his name or a place to live is called:
   A. a bum
   B. homeless
   C. Donald Trump
7. The woman who brings you food in a restaurant is a:
   A. waitress
   B. server
   C. servo-American
8. A man on his second martini is:
   A. a businessman
   B. in denial
   C. patiently waiting for the year 2000



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POLITICS (continued from page 112)

"I am empowered to offer you a deal: Sign the confession, and then we'll take you out and shoot you."

anti-environment?

PRISONER: But I wasn't! I separated my garbage every night. I cut up those plastic six-pack tops so they wouldn't strangle waterfowl. I used nonphosphate detergent, unbleached coffee filters and I made sure never, ever to ram an oil tanker into the state of Alaska.

GUARD: So what did you want, a medal?

PRISONER: I just wanted to be left alone. I didn't want to have to feel guilty every minute of every day. I wanted to escape the politics. The politics of everything. Like when I was in that restaurant.

GUARD: We have that on your record. You were intercepted by a militia unit of the Peace and Love for All God's Creatures movement.

PRISONER: They stabbed me with a steak knife!

GUARD: Yes, but you were eating veal at the time. Do you know how those poor calves are raised? They're imprisoned in 22-inch crates and made anemic. It's inhuman.

PRISONER: It's inhuman to stab somebody with a steak knife, isn't it?

GUARD: It depends on your priorities. The Peace and Love for All God's Creatures movement believes it is justified in killing human beings as long as it's done to save an animal.

PRISONER: When I got out of the hospital, I tried to be careful. I realized nobody was safe from the zealots. I tried to clean up my act. I even went down to the basement and dug out my old Crayolas and threw away the FLESH color. I don't suppose any of the Crayola people escaped?

GUARD: Oh, no. We caught them in the first big cleansing.

PRISONER: They meant no harm.

GUARD: That's what they claimed. But since not everybody's flesh is the same color, how dare they label one color as flesh? The Crayola people were offensive and politically retrograde.

PRISONER: May I ask what happened to them?

GUARD: We hanged them from trees. But it was in the name of brotherhood.

PRISONER: I began to watch every step I took. I avoided circuses and rodeos because of the way they treated animals. I stopped rooting for the Cleveland Indians because of the way they stereotyped native Americans. I bought a copy of John Robbins' *Diet for a New America*, in which he says: "Don't eat anything that has a face. Don't eat anything that has sexual urges, that has a mother and father or that tries to run away from you."

GUARD: Kept you busy, I'll bet.

PRISONER: It was incredible. I had to worry about everything I used, whether it was a petroleum product or a forest product or an animal product. I couldn't win. I got rid of my leather shoes and thought I was safe, until a mob chased me through the streets for wearing Nikes. I had to duck into a theater to escape.

GUARD: Sure. Where an illegal performance just *happened* to be taking place.

PRISONER: It was Shakespeare. *The Merchant of Venice*!

GUARD: Religious stereotyping of the worst sort. And very unfair to merchants.

PRISONER: I didn't know that Shakespeare had been banned.

GUARD: Along with the works of Charles Dickens, Mark Twain, H. L. Mencken, Rita Mae Brown, Robert Mapplethorpe and Wayne Newton—to name but a few.

PRISONER: Wayne Newton?

GUARD: You play *Danke Schön* backward and it sounds like he might be saying a dirty word in Spanish.

PRISONER: I thought I'd be safe in *The Merchant of Venice* because all the actors were actually from Venice.

GUARD: They had to be. After the flap over *Miss Saigon*, they passed a law. If you were playing an Asian, you had to be Asian. If you were playing an Italian, you had to be Italian. They had a heck of a time finding enough real orphans for *Annie 3*, but you'd be surprised how many kids were willing to kill their parents to get a part.

PRISONER: I tried to do the right thing, I really did. But then I found out that the zealots couldn't even agree on their zealotry.

GUARD: I suppose you mean the diaper wars.

PRISONER: Thousands died!

GUARD: It was for a good cause.

PRISONER: I never did understand it. In the late Eighties, some Yuppie parents stopped using disposable diapers.

GUARD: Because it takes between four hundred and five hundred years for disposable diapers to biodegrade in landfills. And since fifteen point eight billion disposable diapers were being used annually in America, the landfills began to fill up.

PRISONER: Some people switched to cloth diapers and hired diaper services.

GUARD: Yes.

PRISONER: But then the disposable diaper Yuppies figured out the energy costs of washing all those diapers in hot water, along with the cost of the gasoline for the delivery trucks and the exhaust emissions. And so they began attacking the cloth diaper Yuppies. And chaos ensued.

GUARD: You can understand why. The Yuppies didn't really care which was better for the environment. They just wanted to be socially correct. They couldn't stand the thought of being politically unhip.

PRISONER: The violence was terrible. Dy-Dee trucks rammed by BMWs. Booby-trapped boxes of Pampers. The horror, the horror.

GUARD: And when the government stepped in to end the diaper wars, it seemed logical to pass certain laws to determine what was politically acceptable and what was not.

PRISONER: Which is when I went underground.

GUARD: What was the name of the pathetic group you formed?

PRISONER: The Retro Rangers.

GUARD: How precious. How *très, très* droll.

PRISONER: We started small. We broke into restaurant kitchens and replaced the margarine with butter. We put real cream in the little silver pitchers they give you with the coffee. And at night, we'd sit around the campfire and grill hot dogs without embarrassment.

GUARD: Disgusting.

PRISONER: But we didn't care! That was the whole point. We didn't care about the politics of anything. We told ethnic jokes. We converted our cars to leaded gas. We never wore seat belts. We had sex without condoms. *And we put salt on our food without tasting it first!*

GUARD: I'm glad you have confessed. I am sure you feel better. I am empowered to offer you a deal: Sign the confession, and then we'll take you out and shoot you.

PRISONER: What the hell kind of deal is that?

GUARD: You don't understand. Before we shoot you, we let you have the one thing that has been banned for as long as anyone can remember. It was the first thing that divided America and set us down the path to our current state of affairs.

PRISONER: You don't mean——

GUARD: Yes! Just before we shoot you, we let you smoke a cigarette.

PRISONER: May I talk to a lawyer before I decide?

GUARD: I'm sorry, but we hanged the lawyers even before we hanged the Crayola people.

PRISONER: Well, I guess no society is *all* bad.

 (continued from page 132)

"'Unless you personally break the curse, it'll torture you till you die. And not just you. Me, too.'"

pulled up a couple of chairs and listened to the overtures to *Tannhäuser* and *The Flying Dutchman*."

"And after that, you got your bread?"

"Right. Most of what he had in the shop. Stuffed it into our bag and took it home. Kept us fed for maybe four or five days." I took another sip. Like soundless waves from an undersea earthquake, my sleepiness gave my boat a long, slow rocking.

"Of course, we accomplished our mission. We got the bread. But you couldn't say we had committed a crime. It was more of an exchange. We listened to Wagner with him and, in return, we got our bread. Legally speaking, it was more like a commercial transaction."

"But listening to Wagner is not work," she said.

"Oh, no, absolutely not. If the baker had insisted that we wash his dishes or clean his windows or something, we would have turned him down. But he didn't. All he wanted from us was to listen to his Wagner LP from beginning to end. Nobody could have anticipated that. I mean—Wagner? It was like the baker put a curse on us. Now that I think of it, we should have refused. We should have threatened him with our knives and taken the damn bread. Then there wouldn't have been any problem."

"You had a problem?"

I rubbed my eyes again.

"Sort of. Nothing you could put your finger on. But things started to change after that. It was kind of a turning point. Like, I went back to the university, and I graduated, and I started working for the firm and studying for the bar exam, and I met you and got married. I never did anything like that again. No more bakery attacks."

"That's it?"

"Yup, that's all there was to it." I drank the last of the beer. Now all six cans were gone. Six pull-tabs lay in the ashtray, like scales from a mermaid.

Of course, it wasn't true that nothing had happened as a result of the bakery attack. There were plenty of things that you could easily have put your finger on, but I didn't want to talk about them with her.

"So, this friend of yours, what's he doing now?"

"I have no idea. Something happened, some nothing kind of thing, and we stopped hanging around together. I haven't seen him since. I don't know what he's doing."

For a while, she didn't speak. She probably sensed that I wasn't telling her the whole story. But she wasn't ready to press me on it.

"Still," she said, "that's why you two broke up, isn't it? The bakery attack was the direct cause."

"Maybe so. I guess it was more intense than either of us realized. We talked about the relationship of bread to Wagner for days after that. We kept asking ourselves if we had made the right choice. We couldn't decide. Of course, if you look at it sensibly, we *did* make the right choice. Nobody got hurt. Everybody got what he wanted. The baker—I still can't figure out why he did what he did—but, anyway, he succeeded with his Wagner propaganda. And we succeeded in stuffing our faces with bread.

"But even so, we had this feeling that we had made a terrible mistake. And somehow, this mistake has just stayed there, unresolved, casting a dark shadow on our lives. That's why I used the word curse. It's true. It was like a curse."

"Do you think you still have it?"

I took the six pull-tabs from the ashtray and arranged them into an aluminum ring the size of a bracelet.

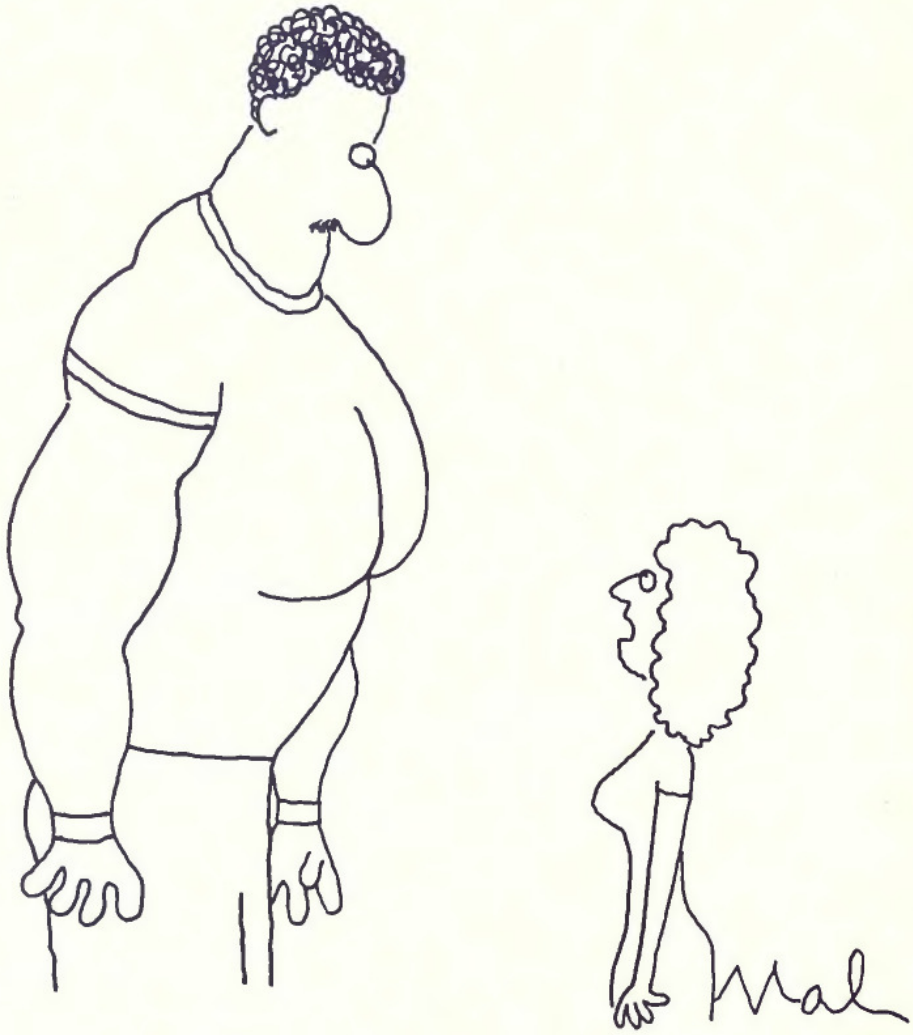
"Who knows? I don't know. I bet the world is full of curses. It's hard to tell which curse makes any one thing go wrong."

"That's not true." She looked right at me. "You can tell, if you think about it. And unless you, yourself, personally break the curse, it'll stick with you like a toothache. It'll torture you till you die. And not just you. Me, too."

"You?"

"Well, I'm your best friend now, aren't I? Why do you think we're both so hungry? I never, ever, once in my life felt a hunger like this until I married you. Don't you think it's abnormal? Your curse is working on me, too."

I nodded. Then I broke up the ring of pull-tabs and put them into the ashtray



"Sorry, Boris, I refuse to date anyone whose pecs are bigger than my tits."

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again. I didn't know if she was right, but I did feel she was on to something.

The feeling of starvation was back, stronger than ever, and it was giving me a deep headache. Every twinge of my stomach was being transmitted to the core of my head by a clutch cable, as if my insides were equipped with all kinds of complicated machinery.

I took another look at my undersea volcano. The water was even clearer than before—much clearer. Unless you looked closely, you might not even notice it was there. It felt as though the boat were floating in mid-air, with absolutely nothing to support it. I could see every little pebble on the bottom. All I had to do was reach out and touch them.

"We've been living together for only two weeks," she said, "but all this time I've been feeling some kind of weird presence." She looked directly into my eyes and brought her hands together on the table top, her fingers interlocking. "Of course, I didn't know it was a curse until now. This explains everything. You're under a curse."

"What kind of presence?"

"Like there's this heavy, dusty curtain that hasn't been washed for years, hanging down from the ceiling."

"Maybe it's not a curse. Maybe it's just me," I said, and smiled.

She did not smile.

"No, it's not you," she said.

"OK, suppose you're right. Suppose it is a curse. What can I do about it?"

"Attack another bakery. Right away. Now. It's the only way."

"Now?"

"Yes. Now. While you're still hungry. You have to finish what you left unfinished."

"But it's the middle of the night. Would a bakery be open now?"

"We'll find one. Tokyo's a big city. There must be at least one all-night bakery."

•

We got into my old Corolla and started drifting around the streets of Tokyo at 2:30 A.M., looking for a bakery. There we were, me clutching the steering wheel, her in the navigator's seat, the two of us scanning the street like hungry eagles in search of prey. Stretched out on the back seat, long and stiff as a dead fish, was a Remington automatic shotgun. Its shells rustled dryly in the pocket of my wife's windbreaker. We had two black ski masks in the glove compartment. Why my wife owned a shotgun, I had no idea. Or ski masks. Neither of us had ever skied. But she didn't explain and I didn't ask. Married life is weird, I felt.

Impeccably equipped, we were nevertheless unable to find an all-night bakery. I drove through the empty streets, from Yoyogi to Shinjuku, on to Yotsuya and Akasaka, Aoyama, Hiroo, Roppongi, Daikanyama and Shibuya. Late-night Tokyo had all kinds of people and shops, but no bakeries.

Twice we encountered patrol cars. One was huddled at the side of the road, trying to look inconspicuous. The other slowly overtook us and crept past, finally moving off into the distance. Both times I grew damp under the arms, but my wife's concentration never faltered. She was looking for that bakery. Every time she shifted the angle of her body, the shotgun shells in her pocket rustled like buckwheat husks in an old-fashioned pillow.

"Let's forget it," I said. "There aren't any bakeries open at this time of night. You've got to plan for this kind of thing, or else——"

"Stop the car!"

I slammed on the brakes.

"This is the place," she said.

The shops along the street had their shutters rolled down, forming dark, silent walls on either side. A barbershop sign hung in the dark like a twisted, chilling glass eye. There was a bright McDonald's hamburger sign some two hundred yards ahead, but nothing else.

"I don't see any bakery," I said.

Without a word, she opened the glove compartment and pulled out a roll of cloth-backed tape. Holding this, she stepped out of the car. I got out my side. Kneeling at the front end, she tore off a length of tape and covered the numbers on the license plate. Then she went around to the back and did the same. There was a practiced efficiency to her movements. I stood on the curb staring at her.

"We're going to take that McDonald's," she said, as coolly as if she were announcing what we would have for dinner.

"McDonald's is not a bakery," I pointed out to her.

"It's *like* a bakery," she said. "Sometimes you have to compromise. Let's go."

I drove to McDonald's and parked in the lot. She handed me the blanket-wrapped shotgun.

"I've never fired a gun in my life," I protested.

"You don't have to fire it. Just hold it. OK? Do as I say. We walk right in and as soon as they say 'Welcome to McDonald's,' we slip on our masks. Got that?"

"Sure, but——"

"Then you shove the gun in their faces and make all the workers and customers get together. Fast. I'll do the rest."

"But——"

"How many hamburgers do you think we'll need? Thirty?"

"I guess so." With a sigh, I took the shotgun and rolled back the blanket a little. The thing was as heavy as a sandbag and as black as a dark night.

"Do we really have to do this?" I asked, half to her and half to myself.

"Of course we do."

Wearing a McDonald's hat, the girl behind the counter flashed me a McDonald's smile and said, "Welcome to McDonald's." I hadn't thought that girls would work at McDonald's late at night,

so the sight of her confused me for a second. But only for a second. I caught myself and pulled on the mask. Confronted with this suddenly masked duo, the girl gaped at us.

Obviously, the McDonald's hospitality manual said nothing about how to deal with a situation like this. She had been starting to form the phrase that comes after "Welcome to McDonald's," but her mouth seemed to stiffen and the words wouldn't come out. Even so, like a crescent moon in the dawn sky, the hint of a professional smile lingered at the edges of her lips.

As quickly as I could manage, I unwrapped the shotgun and aimed it in the direction of the tables, but the only customers there were a young couple—students, probably—face down on the plastic table, sound asleep. Their two heads and two strawberry-milk-shake cups were aligned on the table like an avant-garde sculpture. They slept the sleep of the dead. They didn't look likely to obstruct our operation, so I swung my shotgun back toward the counter.

All together, there were three McDonald's workers: the girl at the counter, the manager—a guy with a pale, egg-shaped face, probably in his late 20s—and a student type in the kitchen, a thin shadow of a guy with nothing on his face that you could read as an expression. They stood together behind the register, staring into the muzzle of my shotgun like tourists peering down an Incan well. No one screamed and no one made a threatening move. The gun was so heavy I had to rest the barrel on top of the cash register, my finger on the trigger.

"I'll give you the money," said the manager, his voice hoarse. "They collected it at eleven, so we don't have too much, but you can have everything. We're insured."

"Lower the front shutter and turn off the sign," said my wife.

"Wait a minute," said the manager. "I can't do that. I'll be held responsible if I close up without permission."

My wife repeated her order, slowly. He seemed torn.

"You'd better do what she says," I warned him.

He looked at the muzzle of the gun atop the register, then at my wife and then back at the gun. He finally resigned himself to the inevitable. He turned off the sign and hit a switch on an electrical panel that lowered the shutter. I kept my eye on him, worried that he might hit a burglar alarm, but, apparently, McDonald's restaurants don't have burglar alarms. Maybe it had never occurred to anybody to attack one.

The front shutter made a huge racket when it closed, like an empty bucket being smashed with a baseball bat, but the couple sleeping at the table was still out cold. Talk about a sound sleep: I hadn't seen anything like that in years.

"Thirty Big Macs. For takeout," said my wife.

"Let me just give you the money," pleaded the manager. "I'll give you more than you need. You can go buy food somewhere else. This is going to mess up my accounts and——"

"You'd better do what she says," I said again.

The three of them went into the kitchen area together and started making 30 Big Macs. The student grilled the burgers, the manager put them in buns and the girl wrapped them up. Nobody said a word.

I leaned against a big refrigerator, aiming the gun toward the griddle. The meat patties were lined up on the griddle, like brown polka dots, sizzling. The sweet smell of grilling meat burrowed into every pore of my body like a swarm of microscopic bugs, dissolving into my blood and circulating to the farthest corners, then massing together inside my hermetically sealed hunger cavern, clinging to its pink walls.

A pile of white-wrapped burgers was growing nearby. I wanted to grab one and tear into it, but I couldn't be sure that such an act would be consistent with our objective. I had to wait. In the hot kitchen area, I started sweating under my ski mask.

The McDonald's people sneaked

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glances at the muzzle of the shotgun. I scratched my ears with the little finger of my left hand. My ears always get itchy when I'm nervous. Jabbing my finger into an ear through the wool, I was making the gun barrel wobble up and down, which seemed to bother them. It couldn't have gone off accidentally because I had the safety on, but they didn't know that and I wasn't about to tell them.

My wife counted the finished hamburgers and put them into two small shopping bags, 15 burgers to a bag.

"Why do you have to do this?" the girl asked me. "Why don't you just take the money and buy something you like? What's the good of eating thirty Big Macs?"

I shook my head.

My wife explained, "We're sorry, really. But there weren't any bakeries open. If there had been, we would have attacked a bakery."

That seemed to satisfy them. At least they didn't ask any more questions. Then my wife ordered two large Cokes from the girl and paid for them.

"We're stealing bread, nothing else," she said. The girl responded with a complicated head movement, sort of like nodding and sort of like shaking. She was probably trying to do both at the same time. I thought I had some idea how she felt.

My wife then pulled a ball of twine from her pocket—she came equipped—and tied the three to a post as expertly as if she were sewing on buttons. She asked if the cord hurt, or if anyone wanted to go to the toilet, but no one said a word. I wrapped the gun in the blanket, she picked up the shopping bags and out we went. The customers at the table were still asleep, like a couple of deep-sea fish. What would it have taken to rouse them from a sleep so deep?

We drove for half an hour, found an empty parking lot by a building and pulled in. There we ate hamburgers and drank our Cokes. I sent six Big Macs down to the cavern of my stomach, and she ate four. That left 20 Big Macs in the back seat. Our hunger—that hunger that had felt as if it could go on forever—vanished as the dawn was breaking. The first light of the sun dyed the building's filthy walls purple and made a gigantic SONY BETA ad tower glow with painful intensity. Soon the whine of highway-truck tires was joined by the chirping of birds. The American Armed Forces radio was playing cowboy music. We shared a cigarette. Afterward, she rested her head on my shoulder.

"Still, was it really necessary for us to do this?" I asked.

"Of course it was!" With one deep sigh, she fell asleep against me. She felt as soft and as light as a kitten.

Alone now, I leaned over the edge of my boat and looked down to the bottom of the sea. The volcano was gone. The water's calm surface reflected the blue of the sky. Little waves—like silk pajamas fluttering in a breeze—lapped against the side of the boat. There was nothing else.

I stretched out in the bottom of the boat and closed my eyes, waiting for the rising tide to carry me where I belonged.

—Translated from the Japanese by Jay Rubin

SERPENT IN THE CHAPEL

(continued from page 140)

take last rites. No one had, and Father Newport's friend described the carnage they found: Men, women, children, torn to pieces, hung in the trees, strewn like garbage over the jungle floor, where their bodies had lain for days in the merciless heat. All of a sudden, the tough-guy missionary wasn't so tough anymore. Because there, among those hundred corpses, he suffered an epiphany so horrible that the only way he could relate it was to whisper it to his old friend in the form of a question.

"Father," he said, "do you know what part of your body rots first when you die?"

•

It's a long way from that jungle to "a gracious God, delighting in our sexuality." I suppose that if Father Newport weren't dead he'd say, "What do you expect from Protestants, anyway? I'd rather see a boy dead at my feet than watch him become a Protestant." But the truth is that though most of the reformed churches are somewhat more liberal than the Catholic, the body-hating, fear-mongering pessimism of Augustine stands at the heart of their restrictive sexual teachings, too.

The Presbyterians, for instance, allow divorce and birth control, and have been ordaining women ministers since the Fifties. Still, they condemn all sex outside of marriage—including, of course, gay sex. It's a position that leaves the ministers of the church with no guidance to give, no comfort to offer the faithful who struggle with the real-life dilemmas that arise as sweeping cultural changes widen the gap between what the church teaches and what people actually do.

That gap between behavior and belief prompted the Presbyterians to form the Special Committee on Human Sexuality and to ask it for recommendations on how the church might work to ease the pain, confusion and guilt and, at the same time, staunch the flow of half a million members out of the denomination in the last 20 years.

Predictably, conservatives in the church were against any study of sexuality. If people were in pain, they said, it was because the leaders of the sexual revolution had tried to edit a moral order written by the hand of God. The Bible, they insist, speaks clearly and unequivocally on fornication and homosexuality.

Most scholars will tell you the opposite: The Bible speaks clearly and unequivocally on just about nothing at all. It's the product of too many sources and too many authors, for one thing. On top of that, its stories come to us by a twisted linguistic route that has seen them translated from Aramaic to Greek to Latin to English, from culture to culture, from one age to another. They are now so far

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from the source that to read them without careful, informed interpretation can result in meanings the authors never intended. For instance, "sodomy," which is generally used by Christians as if it were synonymous with homosexuality, refers, in *Genesis*, not to gay sex, but to murderous gang rape.

Conservative Christians, of course, never have been much interested in subtleties of language, at least not when they go against things they wish to believe. They prefer what they call a more literal reading of the texts, which always reminds me of a tale about a little translation trouble Coca-Cola encountered when it introduced Coke into China a few years ago. When the company translated its ad line "Coke adds life" into Chinese, what they got was "Coke brings your ancestors back from the dead."

In a way, bringing the spirit of their ancestors—Augustine and Jerome—back from the dead is exactly what fundamentalist Christians would like to see. The opponents of the Presbyterian report argued against it by calling for a full retreat to old values. And what you needed for that, they said, was faith, not another study. Especially not a study authored by the liberal types appointed to this committee: doctors, nurses, professors, a renegade minister, even a sex therapist. Traditionalists immediately challenged the make-up of the committee as being unrepresentative of the general church membership and predicted that if such a group were sent out to study human sexuality, its recommendations would only cause trouble. And when the report was published in early 1991, their worst fears were realized.

"The crisis of sexuality," the report began, "is, in fact, a massive cultural earthquake, a loosening of the hold of an unjust, patriarchal structure built on dehumanizing assumptions, roles and relationships. This unjust structure stifles human well-being and stands in contradiction to the Gospel mandate to love God and neighbor as self."

It was quite an opening salvo. In one paragraph, the authors of the report said that the church not only had gone off the track with its negative sexual attitudes but that its suspicion of Eros, its separation of sex and spirituality, its unyielding rules and pronouncements, had also put the church in opposition to the heart and spirit of Jesus' teachings.

The signs of the crisis lay "not in the divorce rate, but perhaps [in] the number of loveless, spiritless marriages." And the roots of the trouble grew from fear and injustice: "We are too often a fearful people, unable to keep sex and sexuality in proper perspective. More tellingly, we suffer from distorted power dynamics between men and women, between gays and nongays and between the married and the single."

Then, having defined the crisis, they expressed the dilemma in blunt terms. "We face a moral choice," they wrote. "On the one hand, the church can retreat into silence or, worse yet, participate in a reactionary effort to buttress traditional patterns of oppression and sexual exclusion. On the other hand, the church can work diligently to dismantle this dehumanizing edifice."

With that introduction, the authors boldly pushed on to outline a set of principles based on social justice that might serve as a foundation for a new Christian sexual ethic. It was not, they insisted, an ethic of relaxed standards or sexual license. In fact, it was a call for a higher, more demanding morality, one that would rule out any sexual relations that abused, exploited or violated the people involved, whether or not they were married. Common decency, not fixed rules, would be the guiding principle of the new standards. They would not exclude or condemn any sexual expression in which equality and mutual respect were present. They called the new ethic justice-love, and said that central to its spirit was accepting responsibility for our actions, staying faithful in sexual relationships and being willing to learn from mistakes.

The heart of the report discussed in great detail the way such principles could give moral sanction to a wide variety of sexually active people who had been branded as sinners by the old ethic. That included teenagers and single adults whose relationships met the tests of justice-love. It also included gays and lesbians who, they noted, had suffered particular brutalities under prevailing church attitudes, and whose exclusion from the ministry was "an affront to the good God who made us."

As I read the report, it was hard to imagine that many of the old-guard Christians would get past the opening sections, which accused them of oppression and patriarchy, of misinterpreting the Bible in order to run a cruel and unjust sexual agenda that was white, male and middle class. These were fighting words, and the church fundamentalists had seen them coming and were ready.

Before the report was published, Presbyterian conservatives had already begun heating tar and slashing pillows. Several members of the committee broke away to issue what they called a minority report, reactionary groups mounted a highly organized and emotional campaign against it by spreading the lie that

"Many people feel vulnerable during the holidays—are you such a person?"

it condoned adultery and fornication.

By the time the Presbyterian general assembly met in June to vote on whether or not to adopt the report, debate had turned to fire storm. Members of the committee were accused of trying to turn Presbyterianism into a fertility cult. They got hate mail. Their thoughtful, compassionate attempt to allow Eros a healthy place in the life of the church was called "barnyard theology."

Meanwhile, the report was selling like nothing the church had ever published. Ordinary church reports sold maybe a couple hundred copies. By the time of the general assembly vote, *Keeping Body and Soul Together* had sold an astounding 42,000 copies (at five dollars each), and the church ordered another 13,000 to be printed. (Copies may be obtained by phoning 800-524-2612.) Nevertheless, on the eve of their convocation, most Presbyterians were predicting that the report was wildly out of touch with the pew-sitting majority of the church and that their representatives in the general assembly would defeat it soundly. As it turned out, that was an understatement. On June 12, 1991, the vote of the general assembly was 31 for, 541 against.

Later that summer, Episcopalians and Methodists also doused the spirit of renewal. Both denominations had before them resolutions that could have undone the Christian condemnation of gays and lesbians and offered them full church membership, including, in the case of the Episcopalians, ordination. The Methodists remained divided on the issue, refusing either to condemn or to condone homosexuality. The Episcopalians decided to continue to allow local bishops to ordain gays and lesbians, but stopped short of adopting the practice as official church-wide policy.

At that point, I imagined Saint Augustine, Saint Jerome and old Father Newport falling back into peaceful sleep after a moment that must have found them all rolling at least once in their graves.

•

I haven't been a Christian for 25 years; still, there was something in me that couldn't help rooting for the notion that maybe Jesus had something a little different in mind, something a little warmer than what his message had been twisted into. When that spirit went down like the troops at the Alamo, I felt an old anger well up again. It's the same as it's always been, I thought: Whenever there is a spark of joyful humanness, it will be drowned. If the old dead candle even threatens to jump into flame, the leaders of the Christian churches will get up a bucket brigade that would empty the sea, if that's what it took to put out the fire. Nothing has changed.

In the real world, of course, every time the church hierarchy affirms the hard line, its priests and ministers are left on the battlefield like medics without bandages, doing the best they can to save the wounded. And in many cases, their improvisations simply ignore the official teachings of the church.

Sometimes it's a practical matter of survival, as one conservative Presbyterian minister from Minnesota told me when we talked about life in the clerical trenches. "These days," he told me, "ministers are asked to officiate at marriage ceremonies where the couple has almost inevitably lived together. Everybody knows that it violates the moral beliefs of the church. But if the pastor tries to hold that position, he's likely to get a hysterical call from the parents of the bride, who are prominent church members. If you want to look at it in the noble light, you can say he makes his choice according to the dictates of his conscience. In the less noble light, you can say that if he marries them, it's because the power brokers in the congregation will see to it that he doesn't pastor that church anymore if he doesn't."

Sometimes the difference between church law and the advice its shepherds give is a matter of compassion. "In ministry, pain sets the agenda," is how the report describes what happens to those who face suffering day after day.

When I asked a New York Jesuit what he would say to a married couple who

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asked him about birth control, he talked about circumstances and intentions, and then said that under certain conditions he didn't think artificial means were necessarily sinful.

"That's not what the Pope says," I reminded him.

"I dissent," he said.

Later in the conversation, he did a wonderfully Jesuitical tap dance around the subject of divorce, in which he told me that the rules for Catholic annulment were now being interpreted to allow even long marriages that resulted in children to be declared void by the Church, thus permitting remarriage. Just a decade or two ago, only unconsummated marriages were eligible for such treatment.

Talking theology with Jesuits always leaves me feeling like I've been hand-sorting eels, but, finally, it is hard for me to blame them, or any of the clergy I talked to, for whatever tortured logic they are forced to use to humanize the pastoral hand of Church morality.

When I asked John Carey, the head of the committee that wrote the Presbyterian report, why he thought the church still refused to close the distance between official belief and what people actually do, he said fear played a major role.

"We live in a culture that has inherited very negative attitudes on sex," he said, "and in our report we were attempting to undo some of that. But it's very complicated. On the one hand, we talk about it as a gift of God and a source of joy, fulfillment and satisfaction. But on the other side of that, sex contains some element of human vulnerability, which means there is great potential for exploitation, abuse and pain. I think that's why the church continues to feel that it has to be controlled and tightly limited. But the limits the church currently imposes tend to alienate and ostracize many people—women, gays, singles, the poor—and these people bear great pain as a result. That's why any commitment to sexual justice entails a commitment to social justice. And that means we have to see through the nature of patriarchy, which is tough going in American culture, because it goes right to the heart of things."

When we talked about the crushing rejection of the report by the Presbyterian General Assembly, Carey said that it wasn't the total defeat it seemed.

"The right wing in the church wanted the report condemned," he said, "and that didn't happen. The general assembly acknowledged the importance of issues we raised, and they authorized the use of the report, which means these things are still on the church agenda. I think we have to consider that something of a victory."

For some of those I talked to, however, small gains are not enough anymore.

"I'm tired of gradual victory," said Malcolm Boyd, when we talked about the summer struggles of the church. Boyd is a gay Episcopal priest and author who has suffered with and written about the cruelties of Christian sexuality for more than 30 years. "I'm tired of a certain segment of the population claiming ownership of Jesus Christ and of morality, and then daring to tell the rest of us what we can and should think. The church is afraid of sex, and it's a fear of mystery, of spontaneity . . . almost a fear of God. It's time for the great religious bodies to get with it, to take the risk of fundamental change and accept the pain that goes with it."

And if they don't?

"They could end up like the all-white church in Grosse Pointe, Michigan, which spent years agonizing over whether or not to accept black members. Finally, they voted to let them in. The next Sunday they braced themselves for the horde that they expected would descend on the congregation. Not one showed up. If the church waits too long, nobody's going to care."

Somehow, though, as angry as he is with the old church morality, Boyd's faith wouldn't let him end our conversation on a hopeless note. "But you know," he said, "we're not in a stationary situation, not ever. Christianity isn't a closed corporation. God is dynamic. He has never ceased to move or to create or to be."

•

"I'm not exactly sure when they stopped busing seniors up here for those retreats," said Father John Bisenius, an affable young Jesuit who helps run El Retiro. "Probably sometime in the late Sixties."

We were walking the hillside trails I had walked 30 years before. It was spooky to be back, despite the quiet, overgrown beauty of the massive oaks and old orchard trees, the smell of the pines, the big, blue view of San Francisco Bay. When I asked about Father Newport, Bisenius said he'd died sometime in the Seventies, and though he'd never met him, he'd heard stories about him. Then he assured me that the style and content of the retreats had changed dramatically.

"I've always thought he seemed a little too good to be true, but my God—this stuff about Mrs. Claus and Frank Sinatra!"

"For the most part, these days," he said, "they cover spirituality and prayer and relationship with Jesus Christ. There's no emphasis on sexual matters anymore. When they do get into sexual ethics, the tone is much more positive."

When he showed me a schedule of retreats—open to Catholics and non-Catholics—the titles did seem to reflect a New Age consciousness. There was one called "Inner Freedom Through Imagination and Body Movement." Father Bisenius was co-leading that one, and he talked enthusiastically about the positive nature of the mind-body connection.

As we climbed a trail that was flanked by small statues that dramatized the Stations of the Cross (Jesus bears his cross, Jesus is stripped of his garments, Jesus is nailed to the cross), I asked Father Bisenius if we could visit the Garden of Agony. He looked puzzled. He'd only been retreat master for a few months, but he'd never heard of anything called that.

It was an olive grove, I told him, with a statue of a grieving Jesus set up to resemble the scene in the garden of Gethsemane, where he spent the last night of his life contemplating the evils of humanity—especially the sins of the flesh—that doomed him. Father Newport had sent us there several times a day to meditate on the consequences of our lust.

No, said the priest. He didn't know of anything like that on the property.

Maybe I made it up, I thought to myself as I walked to my car. It's been a long, long time; long enough, maybe, for my imagination to add its own demonic details to the nightmare. But I didn't believe that, any more than I believed the Church had changed its heart about sex.

I was almost to the car when I spotted the sign—on a hidden hillside at the back edge of the property—nailed crookedly to the trunk of an old tree. THE AGONY, the sign read. And a few steps down a short trail, there it was: the statue of Jesus, kneeling in the deep shade of 30 or 40 huge old olive trees. His forearms rested on a rock, the look on his face was pathetic and his eyes were pointed toward a heaven obscured by the canopy of branches.

It's still here, I thought, whether the young Jesuit knows it or not; the image of Jesus frozen in permanent sorrow by the people who lead his Church.

I knelt on the flagstone kneeler near the statue. It hurt, but just in my knees, not all the way down to the bottom of my soul, the way it did when I was 18, when I believed that suffering and denial were what this passionate village preacher had been asking for through his example. Now, I know: There has to be room for delight in this olive grove.

Call me when you put a smile on that statue, I thought, as I made my way up and out of their miserable little garden.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

STYLE

Page 26: **Stripe Hype T-shirt** (shown) by *Communique*, at Été, 1419 Washington Ave., Miami, FL, 305-672-4742; Urban Outfitters, nationwide, 215-564-2313; All American Boy, 8947 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, CA, 213-271-5747. **Polos** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, through Tommy Hilfiger, USA, 800-548-6595. By *Blueprint*, at Today's Man, Route 17 & Ridgewood Ave., Paramus, NJ, 201-670-7117; 125 W. DeKalb Pike, King of Prussia, PA, 215-265-7477; 5714 Columbia Pike, Bailey's Crossroads, VA, 703-845-1307. **Shirts** by *Hang Ten*, at Beach Access, 3333 Bristol #2825, Costa Mesa, CA, 714-754-0221; Electric Chair, 410 Main St., Huntington Beach, CA, 714-536-0784; The Longboard Grotto, 5037 Newport Ave., Ocean Beach, CA, 619-223-9922. **Dress shirts** by *J. Crew*, at J. Crew, 203 Front St., N.Y.C., 212-385-3500; Cambridge Galleria, 100 Cambridge Place, Cambridge, MA, 617-225-2739; San Francisco Centre, 865 Market St., San Francisco, CA, 415-546-6262. **Ties** by *XMI*, at XMI, 212-722-1455. By *Andrew Fezza*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000; Macy's Herald Square, 151 W. 34th St., N.Y.C., 212-695-4400; Jacobson's, Florida, 800-635-4770.

Formal Flux

Tux and **vest** by *Christian Dior*, available at your local formal-wear specialist, nationwide. **Jacket** by *The Firenze Collection*, available at your local formal-wear specialist, nationwide. **Patterned tuxes** by *23 Night for Michael Jordan*, available at your local formal-wear specialist, nationwide. **Waistcoats** and **shirts** by *Nicole Miller*, at Paul Simon, 1027 Providence Road, Charlotte, NC, 704-372-6842; Lucky's, 7267 Dadeland Mall, Miami, FL, 305-669-0124; Parsow's, 120 Regency Parkway, Omaha, NE, 402-397-7900.

Hot Shopping: Philadelphia

Uptown: Boyd's, 1818 Chestnut St., 215-564-9000; Allure, 1509 Walnut St., 215-561-4242; Wayne Edwards, 1521 Walnut St., 215-563-6801. **Downtown:** Classics Illustrated, 322 South St., 215-923-5346; Zipperhead, 407 South St., 215-928-1123; Neo Deco, 414 South St., 215-928-0627.

Viewpoint

Hat by *Stetson*, at J. J. Hat Center, 1276 Broadway, N.Y.C., 800-622-1911; Sheplers, 6501 W. Kellogg, Wichita, KS, 800-835-4004; Cheyenne Outfitters, 210 W. 16th St., Cheyenne, WY, 800-234-0432. **Jeans** by *Wrangler*, at Wrangler, 335 Church St., P.O. Box 21488, Greensboro, NC, 800-888-8010. **Boots** by *Kolton Boot Company*, at Kolton Boot Company, call 800-551-2668 for the outlet nearest you. **Jacket** by *Manuel*, at Manuel, 1922 Broadway, Nashville, TN, 615-321-5444.

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

Pages 98–101: **Jukebox** by *Antique Apparatus*, available through Hammacher Schlemmer catalog, 800-543-3366; Selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores or through catalog, 800-345-3454. **Clock** by *Michel Perrenoud International Inc.*, at Michel Perrenoud International Inc., 1111 Clifton Ave., Clifton, NJ, 201-778-1194. **Discman** by *Sony*, at Macy's Herald Square, 151 W. 34th St., N.Y.C., 212-695-4400; Impulse, nationwide, 800-388-1535. **Steambrush** by *Rowenta*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 800-777-4999; Jordon Marsh Co., 800-328-1212; The Bon Marché, 3rd and Pine, Seattle, WA, 800-345-2661. **Dumbbells** by *Ivanko Barbell Company*, at Paragon Sporting Goods, 871 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-255-8036; Wisthoff-Winnetka Fitness Equipment, 948 Green Bay Road, Winnetka, IL, 800-359-4609; Fitness Equipment Center, 11564 W. Pico Blvd., West Los Angeles, CA, 213-473-2967. **Diary** by *Zona Alta Projects*, at Tommy at the Beach, 458 Ocean Drive, Miami Beach, FL, 305-538-5717; Chiasso, 303 W. Madison, Chicago, IL, 800-654-3570; Sparks, 1014 W. Sixth St., Austin, TX, 512-477-1014. **Clock radio** by *Proton*, at Harvey Electronics, 2 W. 45th St., N.Y.C., 212-575-5000; Audio Consultants, 1014 Davis St., Evanston, IL, 708-864-9565; Magnolia Hi-Fi, Inc., Seattle, WA, 206-623-7872. **Champagne** by *Taittinger*, at Sherry Lehmann, Inc., 679 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-838-7500; Schaefer's, 9965 Gross Point Road, Skokie, IL, 708-673-5711; The Wine Merchant, 9701 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA, 310-278-7322.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page 207: **Antique sterling-silver bowl** and **antique sterling-silver ladle,** at Bulgari, 730 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-315-9000.

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

THE BOWL GAME

If you're throwing a New Year's Eve bash, auld acquaintances won't be forgot if you skip playing bartender and spend the evening mingling with your guests instead. A bowl of tasty punch, of course, is the answer. Not only does it leave you free to play the congenial host, but, if you pick your recipe wisely, what you serve will also make for a happier—and safer—holiday on the road. Sure, a glass bowl looks great at a wedding reception, but silver is the way to go on New Year's Eve—and if you can afford a hallmarked bowl such as the stunning example pictured here, so much the better. For all you couch-potato quarterbacks, punch also makes a nice alternative to beer when you and the gang sit down to watch the bowl games New Year's Day.

Pictured below is a sterling-silver punch bowl made in England circa 1935, $3500 (not including cups), and an antique sterling-silver ladle, $2000, both from Bulgari, New York. To make the whiskey punch shown, combine 1½ bottles bourbon with 4 cups orange juice, 12 ounces lemon juice, 3 ounces curaçao and 3 tablespoons sugar syrup. Just before serving, add 2 quarts club soda plus fruit and chunks of ice.

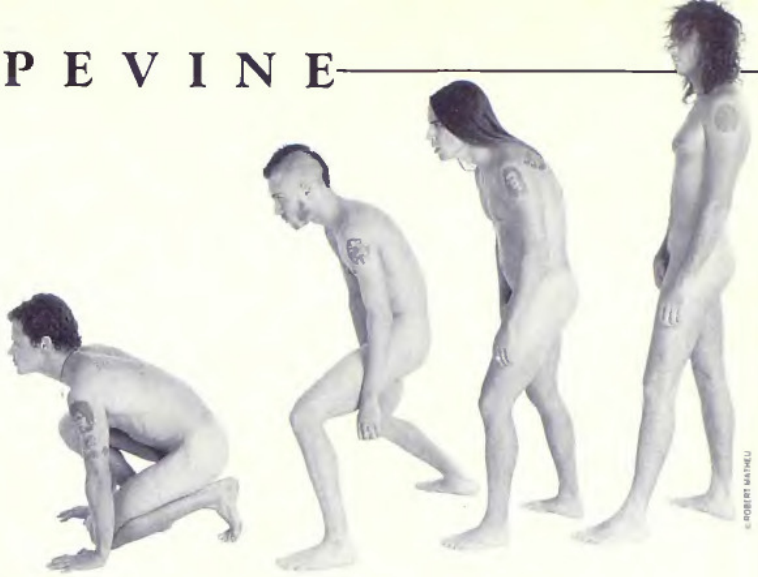
JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 205.

Buns of Fun

Actress JASAÉ graced the big screen in *Road House* and *Bad Girls from Mars*. She also appeared on *360*, a *Playboy at Night* cable show. We like her like this.

© DAN GOLDEN



© ROBERT MATHEU

The Descent of Man

These guys can descend and ascend at the same time. The RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS are currently touring the U.S. in support of their LP *Blood Sugar Sex Magik*, and they're *not* paying a cent for wardrobes.

© ALBERT FERREIRA.COM

Accentuate the Positive

Supermodel ELLE MACPHERSON's latest calendar retails for $13.95 and includes, as Elle puts it, "sexy and commercial" photos. That's a concept *Grapevine* can get behind 100 percent. Elle's swell.

ANDY YEARLMAN

Arms and the Woman

CINDY MARGOLIS calls herself America's number-one poster girl, and with more than 50 posters on the market, she might be right. Cindy has modeled swimsuits all over TV. Less is more.

Brad's Conversation Pitt

Actor BRAD PITT made a splash in *Thelma & Louise*. Look for him in Robert Redford's movie of *A River Runs Through It*. Brad, your fly's open.

Kim Shows Off

Does KIM GAGLIANO look familiar? Her titles include Miss New York Seltzer 1988 and Miss Miller Lite Hawaii 1989. She had the cover of *Swimwear Illustrated*, a poster for Nautilus of California and a *Hot Rod* magazine calendar. Seeing *is* believing.

Round-Trippers

Look out for 3RD BASS. The LP *Derelicts of Dialect* has gone gold on the charts, and the single, *Pop Goes the Weasel*, struck gold, too. If you've only seen the *Weasel* video, catch them on tour. These guys are slugging humers.

READ UP, DRINK UP

Want to know how to make a slippery nipple or what term is used to identify a shaken martini? Order a copy of *The Professional Guide to Bartending*, "An Encyclopedia of American Mixology," by Robert Plotkin and Carol Ann Hermansen. It's crammed with everything you need to know about the fine art of serving and savoring cocktails and wine. The American Bartenders' Association in Sarasota, Florida, 800-626-3316, sells the guide for $45, postpaid. Cheers!

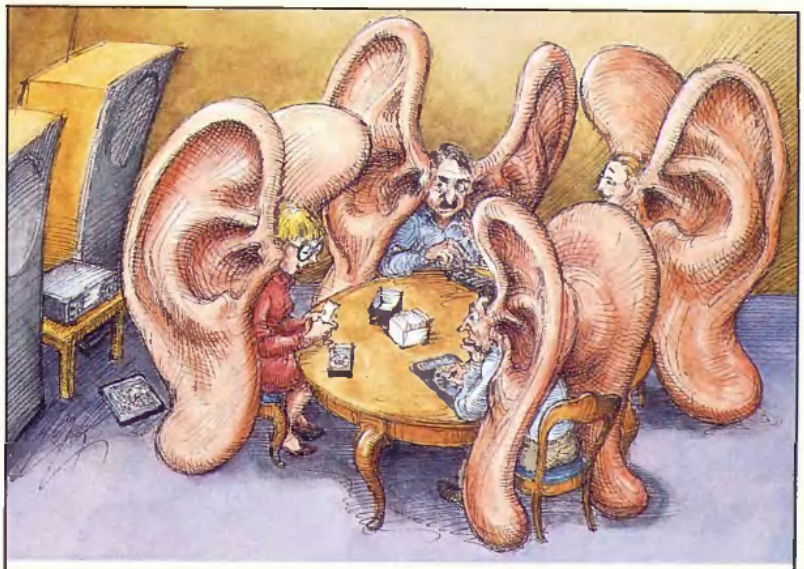
ISTVAN BANYAI

DEAD-HEADED

"Several members of the Grateful Dead are comic fans and many of our cartoonists are Dead fans, so this is a natural marriage," says publisher Denis Kitchen, whose Kitchen Sink Press has just released a *Grateful Dead Comix*. The first issue presents interpretations of four songs—*Dire Wolf*, *One More Saturday Night*, *Casey Jones* and *Terrapin Station*—drawn by various artists. Call 800-365-7465 to order.

GIVE YOURSELF THE FINGERS

In medieval Japan, samurai warriors retained specially trained masseurs who administered a deep, invigorating Shiatsu massage. To enjoy the same benefit today, check out the Kneading Fingers Shiatsu Massager, a lightweight, portable unit that simulates the hand action of a Shiatsu masseur. Key operating elements of the unit are two fabric-covered, thumb-sized massage nodes that rotate clockwise or counterclockwise and are coupled to a heavy-duty motor. Well Spring Products in Los Angeles sells the massager for $184; phone 800-233-5152, extension 1700.



JOHN BLANCHARD

STICK IT IN YOUR EAR

Now hear this: Play It by Ear, "a CD game of memory, skill and strategy," features hundreds of original sound bites that players listen to in an attempt to answer questions, recall details or perform crazy verbal stunts based on the clips they hear. Categories include pop music, television, news and history, among others. (Sample question: Name the actors who played the neighbors on this TV series. The sound clip is the theme to *I Love Lucy*. Answer: Vivian Vance and William Frawley.) If this is the way you'd like to while away a winter night, a call to 800-2-EARFUL will get you the name of the nearest record, toy or department store stocking the game. Price: about $45.

THE FELLINI OF FOAM

For years, the only way you could ride the cinematic waves that director Bruce Brown caught on film in such surfing classics as *The Endless Summer* was to see them on *The Late Show*. Now *The Bruce Brown Golden Years of Surf Collection*, a seven-volume boxed set of his films, is available on VHS from Pacific Arts Video for $140, postpaid, by calling 800-776-8300. Besides *The Endless Summer* and *Barefoot Adventure*, you'll get *Surf Crazy*, *Waterlogged* and more. Moondoggie, eat your heart out.

SHIPSHAPE SHOP

North Star Galleries, 1120 Lexington Avenue, New York 10021, opened not long ago, and if you've ever wanted to own a museum-quality ship model, this is the place to drop anchor. Columbus' Niña (pictured here), for example, will set you back $1800; a copy of a Linea Mexicana container ship, however, heaves to at $20,000. Model trains, planes and other means of transportation are also on display. Bring your credit cards.

YOU RANG, MILORD?

No, that's not Dyan Cannon dressed as a Victorian domestic. It's a five-foot-tall soft-sculpture maid that's available from Isadora & Mizrahi, 225 Fifth Avenue, Suite 525, New York 10010. Since the maids are considered to be works of art, each comes signed, numbered, dated and named. *Elspeth Parkinson* (shown here) is available in two versions: nonspeaking, for $650, plus shipping; and fitted with a sound box that automatically starts an eight-second message (which you've recorded) when someone approaches her, for $895, plus shipping. Horny aristocrats should call 800-542-8689 for more information.

GLENN ARMSTRONG

THE ORGANIZATION MAN

When it comes to New Year's resolutions, "Getting organized" ranks right up there with "Go on a diet." So, to help you with the former, there's the Portmanteau, which "puts the clutter where you can find it." The top of the 14"x10"x8" alderwood Portmanteau is a space where you store your mail. The bottom section, which has movable dividers, is designed to hold a year's receipts, etc. The Portmanteau costs $127, postpaid, sent to S. Mitchell, 548 Forest Lawn Road, Webster, New York 14580.

LET'S GET PERSONOLLAGE

Pictured at right is a Personollage created by D. M. Suchocki, a Scottsdale, Arizona, artist who constructs "personal graphic collages" for individuals based on an extensive questionnaire. "What's your favorite sport?" "At the jukebox, I always play. . . ." "I would be lost without my. . . ." "I did not need it, but I went out and bought. . . ." Those are just a few of the many subjects he probes before creating a 36"x24" Personollage. And, if you choose, he'll make double or triple Personollages. Prices begin at $500, and you can get more facts by writing him at P.O. Box 5108, Scottsdale, Arizona 85261.

NEXT MONTH

LEAN YEARS

WORLD'S WONDERS

CAR FARE

RACHEL'S HITS

"LOVE IN THE LEAN YEARS"—A MIDDLE-AGED STOCKBROKER MARRIES HIS WEALTHY CLIENT, ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT HER LAST THREE HUSBANDS MET ACCIDENTAL DEATHS—FICTION BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

"THE GHOST OF BUGSY SIEGEL"—NOBODY PERSONIFIED GANGSTER STYLE BETTER THAN THE FOUNDER OF THAT NEON EMPIRE, LAS VEGAS. ON THE EVE OF **WARREN BEATTY'S** *BUGSY*, THE INSIDE STORY OF A SHORT, DANGEROUS LIFE—BY **PETE HAMILL**

"PLAYBOY'S WORLD TOUR '92"—A BREATH-TAKING VIEW OF THE HOTTEST MODELS FROM *PLAYBOY*'S INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

LIZ SMITH, GOSSIP COLUMNIST *EXTRAORDINAIRE*, GOES FOR THE DEEP DISH ON HER INVOLVEMENT IN THE **TRUMP** WAR, AMERICA'S INSATIABLE THIRST FOR DIRT AND THE ETHICS OF TATTLING ON CELEBRITY FRIENDS IN A JUICY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"MY ROMAN HOLIDAY"—THE WORLD'S MOST NEUROTIC COMEDIAN ABANDONS GIRLFRIENDS AND SHRINK TO COSTAR WITH **SEAN YOUNG,** THE WOMAN WHO GAVE **KEVIN COSTNER** HOLLYWOOD'S BEST LIMO LAY EVER—A WACKY SEXUAL ADVENTURE BY **RICHARD LEWIS**

"THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO WORKING WITH WOMEN"—IN THE WAKE OF THE **CLARENCE THOMAS–ANITA HILL** BATTLE, WE EXPLORE ON-THE-JOB RELATIONSHIPS WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX—BY **DENIS BOYLES**

JENNIFER JASON LEIGH REVEALS WHY SHE LOVES BAD GIRLS, WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A PEEP-SHOW PERFORMER AND HOW SHE PREPARED TO BE PULLED APART BY A TRACTOR-TRAILER IN A LIVELY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"THE CONSPIRACY THAT WON'T GO AWAY"—WAS IT THE NATION'S MOST NOTORIOUS COVER-UP? CONSPIRACY THEORIST **JIM GARRISON** ASSESSES THE STATE OF THE KENNEDY INVESTIGATION AS WE AWAIT **OLIVER STONE'S** MOVIE—BY **CARL OGLESBY**

PLUS: SECOND LINES FROM TOP FASHION DESIGNERS, BY **HOLLIS WAYNE;** A SPECIAL PICTORIAL WITH SUPERMODEL **RACHEL WILLIAMS;** A BECKONING CALL TO THE OPEN ROAD; THE UNVEILING OF **"PLAYBOY'S CAR OF THE YEAR";** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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